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THE

SOCIETY OF FRIENDS:

A Domestic Narrative,

ILLUSTRATING THE PECULIAR DOCTRINES

HELD BY THE

DISCIPLES OF GEORGE FOX.

BY MRS. J. R. GREER,

AUTHOR OF "QUAKERISM; OR, THE STORY OF MY LIFE."

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PREFACE.

THE design of the following pages is to direct attention to the *peculiar doctrines* held by the Society of Friends. In my former work illustrative of the *peculiar practices* of the sect, I abstained from doctrinal points; considering such a subject was of far too deep importance for a pen so little versed as mine in theological argument. The present work aspires only to attract attention to the subject, not to dogmatize on it. Those portions of the accredited writings of the Society, which startled my mind into an unwilling belief, that quakerism was not in accordance with the everlasting gospel of Jesus Christ, are here brought forward, in the hope that they may be the means of leading others also to examine for themselves, and compare those writings with the Holy Scriptures.

If it be said, that Friends can, and do explain the meaning of the expressions used by their writers, so as to show them in accordance with the Bible; I would ask, why are they advisedly perverse in the use of a phraseology which is blasphemous, until explained? Whoever will patiently examine George Fox's writings, and compare them with the occasional avowal of continued belief in his doctrines, will clearly see, that Friends to the present day approve of them, without any reservation.

In his book entitled "News coming out of the North," page 15, George Fox says, "I am the door that ever was, the same Christ yesterday, to-day, and for ever." In the title-page he says, "Written from

the mouth of the Lord, from one who is naked, and stands naked before the Lord, clothed with righteousness whose name is not known in the world, risen up out of the north, which was prophesied of, but now is fulfilled."

The "Yearly Meeting Epistle" of 1675, says, "It is our sense, advice, admonition, and judgment, in the fear of God, and the authority of his power and Spirit, to Friends and Brethren in their several meetings, that no such slight and contemptible names and expressions as calling men's and women's meetings—courts, sessions, or synods; that faithful Friends' papers which we testify have been given forth by the Spirit and power of God, are men's edicts or canons. Elders in the Church, Popes, and Bishops, no such scornful sayings be permitted among them, but let God's power be set upon the top of that unsavory spirit that uses them."

Edicts or canons are thus too contemptible in their meaning, to express the authority Friends consider due to their epistles. Pope or Bishop is too scornful an appellation for the Friend who claims equality with God.

Friends believe that the only true and entire revelation of the Gospel was made to them by George Fox. They believe themselves to be the only people upon earth, who hold "the truth as it is in Jesus." They believe George Fox to have been a true apostle, and that he was moved by the immediate inspiration of the Holy Spirit to call the people out of all creeds and churches, into a company of true spiritual worshippers of the Most High. They believe his words to be as true as the Bible, and his doctrines are called "The Truth."

When George Fox forsook the trade of a journeyman shoemaker, his honest calling, he was for some time doubtful in what line to start as an empiric. The witch mania was then in full force, and credulity and fanaticism went hand in hand with superstition. In his "Journal," third edition, folio, edited by William

Penn, printed 1765, from which my quotations are taken, we are told, "he knew not only a renewal of the heart, and a restoration of the mind; but the virtues of the creatures were also opened to him, so that *he began to deliberate whether he should practice physic* for the good of mankind."

Preaching, however, seemed a better trade, and he began that with a high hand. Like Mohammed, he went to heaven for ordination. He tells us, page 16, "*Now was I come up in the Spirit, through the flaming sword, into the paradise of God.** I knew nothing but pureness, innocency, and righteousness, being renewed up in the image of God by Christ Jesus; so that I was come up to the state of Adam, which he was in before he fell. I was at a stand in my mind; but I was immediately taken up to see another state more steadfast than Adam's, even into a state in Christ Jesus that should never fall." No pretension could be higher.

It seems strange to find in the present day a body of twenty thousand professing Christians, all wealthy and educated, willing to prostrate their intellects before the teaching of a few fellow creatures, whose assumption of infallibility and dogmatical assertions, may have been indeed devoid of all shadow of doubt to themselves individually, but certainly whose freedom from error is not thereby established.

Any religion, founded at a time when all the social and political elements of the kingdom were notoriously in a state of chaotic turbulence and unrest, when the style of argument and language common amongst all parties was unmeasured in its fanaticism, ought surely to be severely tested by sober judgment now, instead of being, as it is by the Friends, credulously and implicitly believed.

The extraordinary method the Society adopts of deciding any question brought under its notice, is, doubtless, the reason for so long a continuance in this

* George Fox left his flaming sword to Nat. Mead, in his will. See Appendix.

credulous belief of the sanctity and infallibility of its founder. Let the question under notice be religious or temporal, important or trivial, the decision is always made by *weight:* that is—by the dicta of the "*weighty Friends.*" These for the most part have weighty purses also. A weighty Friend has only to say, "I am of opinion," without assigning any reason, he is supposed to be inspired, and the question is settled. None dares to ask a reason; no "weighty Friend" would condescend to give one. The government of the Society is thus entirely thrown into the hands of the most dangerous kind of oligarchy. The free spirit of inquiry is damped. Religion is degraded, and an assumed sanctity demands that the natural faculty of judging be renounced, and an implicit obedience be yielded.

A quaker may be a member of parliament or of a municipal corporation, and in those assemblies where matters of the gravest importance are to be determined, he may question the propounder of a scheme, and demand a reason to be given for it; and the more searching his desire to come to a just decision leads him to be, the more credit he will get for wisdom and prudence. Before such an auditory, he would never dream of proposing any plan, without giving his own reasons for it, and being prepared to meet objections and difficulties; but when he takes his place on the monthly, quarterly, or yearly meeting seats, he must change his habits in toto; he must sit still with his hat on, his eyes cast down, stupidly silent; ask no questions, admit no doubts, but passively receive with docility, whatever the "weighty Friends" judge fit to set before him. And if he is himself a "weighty Friend" in the same way, he will inflict his own ideas on his tame auditory.

There are many quakers who profit largely by this state of things, and who will therefore spare no pains to perpetuate it; but the mass of the Society are objects of pity. They are unequal to the task of freeing

themselves from the mental and bodily thraldom in which they lie. Born slaves to a system, the iron has bowed their spirits to its yoke. Moral courage is a rare virtue; its place is usurped by credulity and indifferentism.

We are often told that it is no matter what opinions a man holds, so that he is only conscientious in maintaining them; and that it is no business of ours to endeavor to unsettle his mind, that no responsibility attaches to us. This is not a scriptural argument, and we, who have cause to thank God that we were not ourselves left to the blindness of a conscience which prejudice had darkened, must evince gratitude for our escape from that plausible delusion, by telling others that a man should first ascertain what truth really is, before it is possible for him to hold that truth with a sound conscience.

Conscience must be instructed in knowledge, before it can judge or determine wisely, otherwise it will lead its credulous votaries astray, as it did St. Paul, who verily thought he was doing God service, whilst persecuting to death the martyrs of the Lord.

Many of the Friends have no doubt whatever on their minds, that they are the most spiritually minded, and the purest worshippers God has on earth. Without taking the trouble of research, they have received this sentiment from their parents, and with a credulity amounting almost to imbecility, they hold this belief as unflinchingly, as if they had personally ascertained its truth.

Friends do not pretend that George Fox was more than a man. They nevertheless accord a divine character to the revelation he has originated. They yield implicit obedience to his ordinances. They have presumed to stamp with the great seal of heaven, those peculiarities, singularities, and trivialities, which he presumptuously dared to introduce as a part of the gospel dispensation. He has fathered his own imaginations upon God, and they have cherished his bant-

lings as divine, although it is a sin against which the Bible provides both prohibitions and threatenings.

Friends are not singular in seeming to themselves to be the servants of God, and yet being all the while their own masters. No error is more common. Self-deception is an almost universal evil. Would we be delivered from it, we must not shrink from examination, from open discussion. If quite certain that we hold the truth, we are boldly ready to challenge the whole world to find out flaw or error in our system. It is a miserably poor homage we pay to our own creed, when we keep our idol shut up in the dark, as Friends do George Fox's writings. It is more degrading still, when we fear that even beneath our own touch it would crumble to atoms.

The narrative into which I have introduced these subjects is partly fictitious. Each character introduced, has indeed had its prototype in the sect, each event narrated has occurred. Every sentiment put into the mouths of the speakers has already emanated from the lips of a quaker; and the quotations are taken from the standard writers of the Society. With scrupulous care I have given each *sermon*, in the exact words in which it was publicly spoken. As you would string beads together, so have I connected my simple history. The beads were prepared for me; I have only supplied the almost invisible thread which connects them together.

The Society of Friends wears a smiling face as she walks abroad in the world; when safe within the privacy of her own enclosure, this mask is laid aside. During the forty years that I lived in this enclosure, I saw much of the evils of the system, but like the other *uninitiated* members, I only thought with pain, how dreadfully wicked the whole world must be, when even amongst "the little flock of pure spiritual worshippers," so much of wickedness was to be found. I long believed, as I had been taught, that all Christendom was in a state of dark apostasy, and that Friends

were the alone possessors of "The Truth." A personal event, comparatively trifling, was, thanks be to God, made instrumental to my deliverance from this delusion. Some "faithful, weighty, concerned Friends —standard bearers," having been guilty of flagrantly dishonorable conduct, and the rules of the Society which so plausibly appear to promise justice, having been appealed to in vain; when I found that instead of being censured, (although the false dealing was admitted, and gently blamed,) they were suffered to continue it as long as it pleased them so to do; when I saw great efforts made by other "faithful, weighty, concerned Friends" to screen them, and that ultimately, monthly and quarterly meetings came forward to countenance and aid them, I was induced to look into the records of quakerism to find a precedent; and was there startled to discover that these "faithful Friends" and their accomplices, were but treading in the paths of George Fox; and that the conduct which true Christians instantly have reprobated as dishonest and false, was perfectly in accordance with the doctrines and practices of the primitive quakers. I found that whilst professing to be sinless and perfect, Friends permit each other to transgress all the commandments of God, provided they uphold the testimonies of George Fox. In a book entitled "The Spirit of the Hat," printed 1673, we are gravely told, "it is expedient to hush up complaints when they touch persons eminent in the ministry," &c., &c. In my research, I made the discovery that quakerism, whilst using the language of a Christian, applies it to the services of an Anti-Christ, and that others may be saved the trouble and annoyance which I had, I send this volume into the world with an earnest prayer that it may be blessed by God, to the good of souls, to the exaltation of truth, and to the downfall of error.

Friends profess to worship God—they worship only "nothingness," and a silent meeting, without Bible, prayer, praise, or thanksgiving, is most appropriate

homage to that idol. They profess to be Christians—they bow before no Saviour, but only a something they call Christ, in themselves. They profess to be guided by the Holy Spirit—they are guided by a miserable substitute, which they call "best wisdom." They profess to honor the Bible—they dishonor it by setting their own writings above it. They profess to hold the truth—for truth they have substituted the delusions of George Fox.

Whilst truly grateful for the kind reception given by the public to my former work, I feel more keenly than when first venturing to publish, the difficulty of my task, more sensitive to the criticisms which I have now learned to dread, as well as to appreciate, more conscious of the importance of the subject I have ventured to handle, and more diffident of my own ability to serve the cause of righteousness and truth.

Friends cannot stigmatize me more severely than they have done. "A blasphemer" and "an incarnation of moral depravity," are amongst the epithets bestowed upon me, for having dared to publish the incidents of my quaker life. Bad as these names are, they are nice, as you will see, compared to those which George Fox and his disciples were wont to bestow on the Bible, and upon the ministers of religion.

Call me, dear Friends, any name you like, if it "eases your mind" to do so, only read my book, and think of it, and may our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, in whose blood, shed on Mount Calvary, there is alone salvation to be found, lead you by his grace, out of all the vain traditions received from your visionary and fanatical predecessors, and bring you into the true fold—into the only home where the heavy laden are unburthened, where the weary are at rest, and where a light which it is impossible to counterfeit, will lead you on from grace to glory.

DUBLIN, Oct., 1852.

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THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

CHAPTER I.

"Plainness is one of the most obvious of our characteristics."
J. J. GURNEY.

THE slanting rays of the setting sun were cheerfully streaming through the windows of a good-sized room, in one of the most respectable of the private streets in Dublin. A very elegantly neat tea-table was drawn to one side, the better to enjoy its gladdening influence, and the family gathered around it consisted of father, mother, one son, and two daughters. They were quakers, and their costume was strictly in accordance with the rules of the Society of Friends. The parlor was all drab, relieved only by the highly varnished furniture, and the steel fire-irons, which glinted back the sunbeams like polished mirrors.

"How bright and pleasant the setting sun is!" said the father. "Look at the sky; it is bright and red as molten gold."

Susanna rose and walked to the window. "It is, indeed, beautiful," she said. "How delightful the country must be! Oh! how I wish you would take it into your heads to go spend a few weeks out of the town, where we might see something to relieve our sight. Come, Jenefer! help me to prevail on father to indulge us this summer with a lodging at the seaside, or somewhere in the country."

The father smiled, and answered, "It would not be difficult to persuade me; but what says mother? Martha, dear! shall we indulge the girls this summer? The town is very hot, and Susanna looks drooping. Shall we go to Enniskerry or to Kingstown?"

"Dear mother!" said Susanna, "say Enniskerry. Think of the flowers, the beautiful flowers, at that sweet little cottage on the hill, near the mountain, which we had before, and which father can always get for us. The grass is greener, the trees more beautiful, and the birds sing more sweetly there, than anywhere else in this wide world, I do believe. Eustace is getting to look like an old man, with the weight of the world on his shoulders. The mountain breezes would soon make him young again; and unless he gets something to rouse him up, and to make him cheerful, it is my opinion he will either go mad, or begin to speak in meeting."

"Susanna," said Jenefer, sternly, "how can thee speak so heedlessly? Remarks made in a spirit of levity might greatly impair our brother's usefulness if he should indeed be required to assume the ministerial office."

"Nonsense, Jenefer, how thee does talk!" exclaimed Eustace. "Why I had rather enlist as a soldier than turn preacher. Cannot thee keep to the subject before thee, and let me alone? I vote for Enniskerry; although it can make no difference to me, as I must stay to look after the business."

"Well," said the mother, "I think it would be very pleasant. We could get fruit, cream, and new-laid eggs in perfection, and plenty. I have no doubt the country air would do us all good. Jenefer, does not thee think so?

"There is one great objection," she answered, "which it seems strange to me you should all have forgotten. Enniskerry it so far from meeting, that we could not attend regularly. I do not think that the Friends are justified for the sake of health, or rather of pleasure, in absenting themselves from meeting. There is a meeting-house near Kingstown, and

benefit to ourselves, as well as to others, might result from attending there for a season. Eustace could often come out to see us, and as there are many Friends' families residing in the neighbourhood, we should have the advantage of their society?"

"But," argued Susanna, "we have plenty, and too much of the society of Friends' families at home. It is change we want. Kingstown is like the city—shops and cars, crowds, and dust. It is no doubt very pleasant for those who can partake of the amusements of the place; but we could not even enjoy boating, with our Friends' bonnets on. Even walking on the pier is unpleasant, one is so conspicuous; and a nosegay is as great a rarity there as in town. Oh! let us go to Enniskerry. We can sit still in our parlour on first-day morning, and that will be just as good as meeting."

But Susanna's pleading was all in vain. The serious objection which Jenefer had started had much influence with the mother, who had long accustomed herself to consider her eldest daughter as the wisest and most prudent of the family.

Jenefer was not so much beloved as Susanna, but she had far more power. She was not handsome, but had a fine, tall, graceful figure; and she was several years older than her youthful and exceedingly lovely sister, of whom she was very jealous.

Daniel and Martha Sillington were themselves a very handsome pair. He was a merchant, and, between his business, and the large property which his wife had brought him on their marriage, they were wealthy, and lived in the enjoyment of all the necessaries and comforts of life.

Eustace, the only son, now twenty-five years of age, younger than Jenefer, and older than Susanna, was a well-looking young man. His dress, like the generality of quaker young men, was simple and unpretending. The practised quaker eye would observe some minute roundings on the corners of his coat, which marked his connection with the society; but these

were so studiously unobtrusive, that in his intercourse with strangers, his coat would pass unnoticed, and he had, on purchasing a hat, for several years past been careful to select one, the brim of which should be an imperceptible degree narrower than the last; so that Jenefer, who watched this article with care, was unable to complain, although the result now arrived at was evident to all—a hat on which no comment could be made.

It was fianlly resolved, that Jenefer and her father should the following day go to Kingstown, and hire a furnished house for the four summer months.

When Jenefer had gone up stairs to put on her bonnet and shawl, Susanna drew near her father, and playfully gave many directions for the selection of their house, ending with, "And above all things, dear father, choose a pleasant sitting-room, with red window-curtains, a looking glass in a gilt frame, and pictures on the walls, if possible; for it is very pleasant to have such things to look at, and thee knows it is no harm in a furnished lodging."

He smiled, and kissing her fondly, promised to gratify her, but warned her, "Do not say a word to Jenefer or mother about the red curtains, or they would scold thee, my pet, for having such unfriendly tastes."

"I know they would," she replied, "but I know, too, that Jenefer would herself prefer a gaily furnished house, as the plain Friends always do. It affords an unfailing topic of conversation when Friends call in to pay a visit; we like to say, 'Did thee ever see anything so vulgar as these high colours are?' it causes a pleasant feeling to think how our own sober drabs evince a genteel taste; I think," added Susanna, sighing, "I must be very vulgar, for I love blue, and red, and gold."

Martha Sillington, having an appointment to meet Peggy Austin, with whom she had been nominated by the last monthly meeting to visit Ann Jackson, an English governess, who had lately come to reside in a Friend's family, and to

inform her of the receipt and acceptance of her certificate of membership, went out early in the day, leaving Susanna all alone.

As soon as the door had closed on her mother, Susanna sent a servant to the circulating library for a new book. She then arranged some small articles of *bijouterie*, nicely-bound books, and some engravings, on the tables, and in a few minutes gave the room an air of taste and neatness. She opened her work-box of tortoiseshell, inlaid with silver, and laid the implements for needle work with careless grace beside it; unfolded pieces of clear muslin, and opened a delicate white silk handkerchief, as if she were preparing to hem it. "Now the room is ready for visitors," she murmured. "I am sure I hope some will come to day: it is so stupid here all alone." She then ran up stairs to arrange her own attire, that when the expected volume came, she might enjoy it without watching the usual hour to dress.

Susanna knew that she was very handsome. Once, when her mother and Jenefer had sorely tried her naturally very sweet temper, and she was hastening to her room to hide the burning cheek and streaming eyes, her father had met her, and throwing his arms tenderly around her, had asked, "What ails thee, my beautiful pet?" The loving act, and still more the flattering words, had sunk deeply into her memory. The eyes and the tongue, too, of more than one admirer, had told the same tale, and her looking-glass, also, confirmed the story. She now loitered longer than usual before its bright reflection, and, gazing, thought,—"brown hair, white skin, blue eyes, rosy cheeks, red lips, white pearly teeth—how is it that Friends are not born all drab? We ought to be all one color, or all shades of one color—a livid green would do—or a muddy yellow—or a light shade of brick color, would not be objectionable; but my face is not fit for a Friend, nor for a Friend's dress, for it does not match it; and as I cannot alter the face, ought I not to alter the dress, and bring the two into some unison? Jenefer

would say, that was carnal reasoning, but her face does match her dress very well. I do not think she could wear anything more becoming, for clear muslin and grey silk do give some appearance of elegance to her; but they do not suit me, and I do not think it is right for me to disfigure myself. Friend's insist upon our taking up the cross, and say it is the way to the crown—perhaps so; but why do they make me carry it? It is no cross at all to themselves to dress plain: they take pride in it. The cross part of the thing is only to us, young people, who do not not wish for a cross, or know how to value the privilege of carrying it. But what use in thinking about it? I cannot help myself. A Friend I must be, and drab I must wear—ay, and," she added bitterly, "a hypocrite I must be, appearing to the world to think that there is religion in my dress, when I know there is none. The veriest kitchen-maid is happier than I am. She may dress any way she pleases, and no one minds her, or thinks of how she is clad; but I cannot even go into the street in comfort—my bonnet is so conspicuous, it attracts attention."

A blush, bright and delicate as the opening petals of a moss rose, suffused the neck, brow, and cheek of Susanna, as memory recalled the scene of yesterday. She and Jenefer had gone out shopping, and as they passed along Merrion-square, a young officer in undress had exclaimed, "How very lovely!" The sisters had both instinctively looked round, to see what the object of admiration was. The officer immediately saluted them. Offended at the liberty, and vexed with themselves for having turned round, they hastened on in silence, Jenefer walking more erect, and with a firmer step, and Susanna so nervous, that she allowed her parasol to slip from her hand. Quick as thought the gentleman sprang forward, and, gracefully presenting it, said, "Pardon me, beautiful lady. I did not mean to offend, but it is so rarely that mortal eyes are permitted to gaze on the face of an angel, that it is impossible to refrain from admiration, even though," he added, smiling,

comically, "a cloud surrounds the lovely vision." Susanna took the parasol, with a frown, to uphold her dignity, and a smile at the extreme compliment, but she did not speak.

After passing down more than one street in silence, Jenefer said "How disgustingly vulgar officers are! I am sure no member of our society would be capable of such rudeness as to address a female in the street. What did the man mean, Susanna, by a cloud? Thee was of course the angel."

"Which of us is the angel, I cannot say," replied Susanna; "but there cannot be any doubt that the ugly bonnet is the cloud."

"Ah! perhaps so," said Jenefer, "I did not think of that."

Susanna knew right well that it was the repulsive expression of Jenefer's face that was compared to the cloud, but she laid the blame gladly on her bonnet; whilst she kindly relieved her sister from a suspicion of the unwelcome truth. The recollection of this occurrence, and seeing herself blush so deeply at the bare thought, annoyed the young girl. Should Jenefer speak of it in the family, and then should the colour rise, as doubtless it would, what would they all say and think! It was a disagreeable thought, and she foresaw that trouble would result from it. So in her wisdom, she resolved to think of it constantly, and to say over to herself the flattering words, in the expectation that, as she did not care for the gentleman, indeed, believed she would not know him if she chanced to meet him again, that, familiarising herself to the scene, she might get so hardened to it that no tell-tale colour would rise at an unlucky moment.

The book—a new novel—came, and Susanna soon became fascinated with the tale; so much so, that when her maid informed her that Mr. Ralph Moneymore had called with a present of a beautiful bunch of flowers, and when told that all but herself were from home, had requested to be indulged with the favor of her company for a few minutes, she declined to receive him, and bade the maid say she had a headache, and was not well enough to receive visitors.

The maid returned and said, "Mr. Moneymore says, Miss, to tell you that he thinks he can cure your headache, as he has some headache snuff in his pocket; and he hopes you will come down, for he wants very particularly to speak to you."

"I will not go down, Jane," she replied; "he is a forward, impudent fellow; but do not tell him that: say I have a bad headache, and am too ill to get off my bed." "Officers disgustingly vulgar indeed! Jenefer says so," she thought; "but I think her pet Ralph Moneymore, the dear religious youth, is ten times more disgustingly vulgar. He is a forward creature to ask twice to see me. I wish they would not encourage his coming to the house so often. Yet he always brings something with him. Flowers for me,—pious books for Jenefer,—and game for my mother. I am glad to get the flowers, however, although they do come from his great, ugly, red hands." She settled herself again to read, but Jane returned.

"Mr. Moneymore says, Miss, that he will sit down in the parlor and wait for half an hour; that he is not in any hurry, and he hopes your poor head will soon be well."

Susanna was provoked at the repeated interruptions. She desired the servant to beg Mr. Moneymore would not trouble himself to wait, as it was not convenient to receive him. "Get him out of the house any way you can, Jane," she added, "for I will not come down to him."

She listened with much satisfaction to the noise of the hall-door opening and shutting. Jane did not return, and she was satisfied the intrusive friend had gone away. She resumed her book, but the spell was broken, her thoughts were scattered, and wondering what had induced him to urge an interview with her, and fearing that it might have been some message for her mother or Jenefer which she ought to have received, she paced the room, looked out of the window, and then resolved to go down stairs and put the flowers in water. Descending, she saw Jane come out of the parlor, shut the

door after her, and hasten to the kitchen. "I am sorry I left my work-box open," she thought; "that girl has been rummaging it, and taking my needles." She opened the door: a very beautiful nosegay was on the table; she hastened forward, and raised it with delight. A slight noise attracted her attention: she turned round, and there, behind the door, sat Ralph Moneymore, grinning with delight at the success of his scheme. He immediately rose, took her hand, which she almost refused, pressed it in both of his, and sympathizingly inquired how her headache was; hoping she had not hurried herself inconveniently in coming down to receive him.

"Well," she replied, quietly, "it is not convenient to me; but if thou hast anything to say, pray let me hear it quickly. Some important message from the meeting for my mother or Jenefer, I suppose?"

"Nay," he answered; "but, dear Susanna, wilt thou not sit down?"

Dear Susanna! Her blood was hot before at his impudence, —it now boiled madly; but she retained her cold, calm look of pride. He shut the door, and then handed her a chair, drawing one for himself as close as possible.

"I met thy mother and Peggy Austin," he said. "They are gone to take a drive now. I heard Peggy say she felt a little ailing and would be obliged to thy mother to take her a drive for a few miles into the country. It is very kind of thy mother to employ her carriage and horses, as she so often does, in the service of those dear Friends who are not in circumstances to indulge themselves; but I have no doubt the satisfaction she feels in her own mind is more than a recompence."

Susanna sat quite silent.

"Hast thou heard that Madge and James Jones, from America, have arrived in town? James is not a minister, but he was led to apprehend that it was his duty to accompany his wife in her prospect of service to this country: as he is

an elder in the meeting, he is included, I understand, in her certificate."

He paused, but Susanna made no reply.

"They will remain, I believe, for about a week with Richard Mippleton. He very kindly received them on their landing; and then thy cousin, Reuben Stephenson, told me he expected they would favor thy aunt Abigail, by remaining under her roof during the remainder of their stay in town. It is a nice arrangement; for as there are several rather scattered families of Friends living near Richard Mippleton's, they can have the convenience of his carriage to pay those visits."

He waited again for a reply. "I fear," he said, "my conversation wearies thee. Art thou suffering much from headache?" and he laid his hand on hers. She withdrew it, as if stung by a nettle. "I thought," she said, "thou had a message for my mother, and I am waiting a long time to hear it."

"Nay," he replied, "I have no message to give. I did not say I had. I only called, because knowing thou wert all alone, I thought it would be kind to pay thee a visit. I have heard thee say thou wast fond of company; and," he added, looking up into her face, and smiling with perfect self-complacency, "I greatly enjoy a sociable, pleasant little conversation like this, when we can have it undisturbed."

She instantly rose up. He sprang forward to place himself between her and the door. "Thou must not go," he said; really thou must not leave me yet; I have half-an-hour longer to remain, and I have much to say to thee."

"Thou must say it some other time, then," she said, and crossing over to the bell, pulled it very violently.

Jane had been listening at the door, and instantly opened it. "Open the hall door for Mr. Moneymore, and show him out," she commanded, and out he slunk without another word.

Jane hastened back to her young mistress, who, provoked almost beyond endurance, was unable longer to repress her

feeling of indignation. "Jane," said she, "why did you not tell me that man had remained in the parlor? I thought he had gone before I came down."

The girl was really sorry to see her so annoyed; and being very fond of her, and often employed to perform secret services for which she was amply remunerated; and, moreover, having a personal dislike to Ralph Moneymore, she confessed that he had given her a half-crown piece to allow him to open and shut the hall door, and then to return and seat himself in the parlor, expecting the flowers would attract her down.

"There is another half-crown for you, Jane, for telling me," she said; "and now, mind what I say; take all he offers you, and let me just know what he wants you to do. I will screen you, and perhaps play a trick on him at the same time; but mind, Jane, this is a secret between you and me." The girl gladly entered into the scheme, and promised herself much increased influence, as well as gains; whilst the idea of a counterplot, and the prospect of making her services indispensable, elevated her in her own estimation.

Ralph Moneymore was not born a quaker. He was the son of a man Friend who had been disowned for marrying out of the society. His mother died whilst he was an infant. He had, however, as is not unfrequently the case with children so circumstanced, been received into membership at seven years of age; when, by the desire of some of his quaker relatives, he had said, to a committee of men Friends who were appointed by the monthly meeting to visit him, that "he would like to be a Friend;" immediately after which confession of faith, he was received for education into one of the Friends' provincial schools, where he remained for seven years, the full term allowed, with scarcely any expense to his father, who was glad to get the burden off his hands by any means. When school was ended, Ralph went to live entirely among his mother's relatives—so that his boyhood had undergone changes of scene and tuition. Such religion as is to be learnt out of the Friends'

Catechism, he had by rote. Practical religion had never come under his observation. He was, as a boy, unnaturally keen; and the impulses of his heart, which should have been cultivated into affections, were, from neglect, and the privation of all childish sympathy, converted into distrust, cunning, and deceit. He was now about twenty-seven years of age. A low small figure; his face had a peculiarly keen look, piercing eyes, a large nose, and a remarkably wide mouth. He was always smiling. Even in meeting, and when, as he would himself say, he was favored with permission to sit with Friends when they were "having an opportunity,"* the smile remained upon his mouth. His manners were particularly gentle and insinuating—soft and courteous. If you had but a finger ache he would tenderly sympathize with you. His good nature bordered on officiousness. His anxiety to please, and to become a general favorite with "the weighty Friends," was unwearied; and he succeeded, as they always do who lay themselves out to please, and are unscrupulous in the use of flattery.

Susanna Sillington was the only individual on whom all his arts and his flatteries had been exhausted in vain. The society he had moved in among his relatives was not remarkably good, although he often spoke of his "worldly connexions" as if they were votaries of fashion, immersed in all the follies and vanities of life, and adorned with all the attractions which polished manners give to elegance and wealth. Ralph was too careful and constrained ever to appear at his ease; but when he felt himself greatly at fault, his error was frankly acknowledged, whilst with a meek sigh, he would regret that he had only had the privilege of partial training amongst the

* An opportunity means the silence which ministering Friends fall into when paying occasional visits, or under appointment from the meetings to sit with individuals or families. They are then directed to become "very deep and weighty in spirit, laboring with ardor of soul, suited to the occasion, for the arising of the ancient spring of life."—Book of Minutes, p. 161.

people of his affections. His dress was made of the most superfine cloth. Light-colored trowsers, and a brown coat; black silk vest, and white neck-tie. His hat was white, and very broad-brimmed. In his person he was studiously neat and clean, and no dandy on the club-house steps could show a more highly polished or a better made boot. He was a general merchant, and well supplied at all times with money. He loved Susanna with as intense an affection as his nature was capable of. Her beauty had captivated his fancy; her good humor and playful conversation had charmed him since the first evening they had met; and now, his pride was piqued to find the only one he really cared for so indifferent to him.

Ralph had repeatedly tried his hand at fascination. He had succeeded, too, in so far ingratiating himself into the favor of different young women Friends, as to feel that he had but to propose, to be accepted; and he had also ascertained that pleasing fact, without laying himself open to the charge of jilting. So bland and free to all females, and so officiously polite to every one, that those he had been practising on were obliged to content themselves by thinking that they had deceived themselves, and that he had no ulterior meaning in the pointed assiduities bestowed on them; in short, that his manner was that of a courtly man of fashion, who had not been able to divest himself of unquakerly habits.

Susanna, having some knowledge of the manners of the "people of the world," which she had derived from books, was not deceived in Ralph Moneymore. She knew of his having drawn out the affections of her cousin, Experience Stephenson, and was indignant at the unmanly, simpering affectation with which he spoke of "poor dear Experience having allowed her feelings to become manifest in his favor;" but she had no idea of his attachment to herself; and it was in the belief that he was presuming to act towards her in the same way as he had to her cousin, that she had courageously dismissed him so unceremoniously.

Evening brought back the family, and the refreshing cup of tea went round, its genial and exhilarating aroma shedding a gladdening influence on each. Jenefer and her father told of their successful excursion.

"I hope," said the father, "you will all like the situation we have selected. It commands a fine sea view—there is a small garden—not very far from the baths, or the railway, and within a pleasant walk of the meeting-house, or drive, for mother. The house is new and well furnished"—and he smiled at Susanna in a loving way, which told her her gay fancy had not been forgotten.

"I think," said Jenefer, "we have been led to select a suitable place."

"Led to select!" repeated Eustace. "Why, Jenefer, one would think thee was aspiring to a seat in the gallery."

"Jenefer is quite right," said the mother; "in all things, a consistent Friend is led by the light within, the only safe guide; and I wish, Eustace, thou wast more attentive to the guiding of that light. I am not satisfied at all with thee latterly, Jenefer and I have had several serious conversations about thee, and I have only waited for an opportunity of telling thee, that I consider that coat thou hast on, as quite a disgrace to the family. It was only to day that Peggy Austin told me several Friends had remarked how inconsistent thy dress had become. It has ever been the first wish of my heart that my family should be 'consistent,' and thy father and myself, and I will add, thy sister Jenefer, have ever set thee an example of Friendliness."

"Indeed you have, my dear mother," he replied, smiling, "and so has Susanna, only, poor thing, she does not look so consistent—her face wont let her. However, I will pay due attention to thy admonitions, and to Jenefer's suggestions, and to Peggy Austin's tittle-tattles, and if I feel called on to make the surrender of my poor old coat, I hope I may be made

willing to take up the cross, and buy myself a new one of a more consistent make, and of course a finer texture."

"Now, Jenefer," said the mother, with much self-complacency, "I told thee I would speak boldly to Eustace, and I knew he would yield to my wishes. I am glad it is over, for I do not like to appear even to blame thy brother; but his affectionate and good-humored yielding to thy wishes is very cheering, and I trust he will have the reward of peace."

"Ah!" replied Jenefer, "I am afraid there is too much lightness in Eustace's manner. His words are satisfactory enough, but I do not like to see him glancing over in that ridiculous way to Susanna, and—" she hesitated a moment, and then continued, "and to my father. It bespeaks a want of solemnity; and shows me, at any rate, that he does not feel as he ought the importance of the subject. Eustace," she continued, very gravely, "it is an important subject, and thou ought not to treat it lightly. Thou hast, it is true, arrived at man's estate, and perhaps thinks thou art quite able to judge what is right and proper for thee to do; and no doubt thou art fully competent to do so, but thy time and thoughts are so occupied with thy daily business, that thou canst not be expected to pay so much attention to the consideration of Society matters as we women can; and therefore, it would save thee trouble to follow simply the counsels of thy mother: surely thou dost not doubt either her affectionate interest in thy well-being, or her competency to direct thee in a due adherence to the peculiarities of our religious Society? Our learned and worthy predecessor, William Penn, in speaking of Friends neglecting the discipline or customs of our Society, says, 'The better liver the more dangerous if not a conformist'—(Address to Protestants, page 245.) Their general conduct being so blameless, induces me greatly to dread the danger thou art in from adopting a conformity to the world."

"Very clever, Jenefer, very clever; thee deserves a seat in the gallery," laughed Eustace. "Oh! poor coat," and he

stroked down the sleeve, "who would think that Friend Jenefer would make a sermon off thee? But seriously, Jenefer, I fear it would scarcely be right to lay the burden of my dress on my mother, or on thee either, for thee would no doubt share it with her, and counsel her about it. I remember when I was a little boy, that mother kept me dressed up with three large pearl buttons on my shoulder-blades, to keep up my little grey cloth trousers. I did not like it then, and I am afraid I am too far gone in unrighteousness to be inclined to like the three pearl buttons again; besides, I am not so wholly absorbed in business, but I can make time to run over to the tailor. I do not think it would look nice to see thee and mother going into the tailor's shop to order clothes for a big man like me—eh, Jenefer? But come, tell us when are we to move to Kingstown?"

"We have taken the house from next second day," said the father, for Jenefer was sunk into a solemn and dissatisfied looking silence. She was trying "to sink into nothingness," there to find a reply to what she deemed her brother's sinful disregard of the coat peculiarity; but, before the words came to her, the time for speaking them was gone, and the subject completely changed, Susanna having promptly aided her father and brother in their attempt to change the subject of conversation.

Susanna told them of Ralph Moneymore's visit and present of flowers, but she concealed the rest of the story; she did not tell how she had turned him out of the house. She rightly guessed he would submit to the indignity, and soon come back as if nothing had happened.

The family were soon comfortably settled in their new abode. All their numerous acquaintances had visited them. The Dublin Friends, desirous of indulging in a day's pleasure, found it very convenient to call on dear Martha Sillington, whose good housekeeping was as notorious as the ready hospitality with which she furnished a plentiful repast. The Sil-

lingtons were all generous and open-handed. No one visited their house without being offered refreshment, and rarely was even a beggar sent away without relief. Ignorant of the meaning of poverty or want, ignorant of the misery and destitution, the wretchedness and squalor which abound in the city, they were yet always ready to give freely of their abundance when asked for it; and they felt a sincere pleasure in the indulgence of these benevolent feelings. They were not in the habit of visiting the poor. Martha Sillington and Jenefer were constant in overseeing the management of the few poor women who were dependent on the Meeting for their support; but these were all living in clean, furnished rooms; not really poor people who knew the tyrant Poverty, and struggled to keep bare soul and body together.

Martha Sillington had never been accustomed to visiting such scenes, and now she felt, at her time of life, and with her delicate nervous system, it would not be advisable she should go into contact with wretchedness, and perhaps disease. Jenefer said, "Friends had quite enough to do among themselves." She felt herself particularly called to visiting invalid Friends, and she considered it a high privilege to sit solemnly at the bed-side of a sick Friend. On one of these occasions she sat in silence, in deep silence, and as a minister chanced to call, and hold "an opportunity" with the sufferer, Jenefer was most glad to be a partaker of the mystical period; but she had to endure a mortification on her return home, when expatiating to her mother, with the quintessence of piety, on the feeling of solemnity which she had experienced, and the sympathy which had been as a covering to her mind, while the opportunity lasted. Susanna, glancing gaily over at Eustace, added: "And the port wine, and the plum cake, Jenefer, what effect had they on thy feelings? Wast thou moved to partake?"

"Of course," she said, "refreshments were handed round and of course I partook of them; but it is painful to speak,

you treat the most solemn subjects with such irreverence. Sickness, pain, and death are solemn realities; you jeer at them, as if you imagined an exercised mind could visit such scenes and remain unmoved; but I hope I may be enabled to continue in the path of duty, and that you may both be led to regret the levity you are now strengthening each other in."

"Jenefer, my dear Jenefer," said the mother, "thou hast chosen the better part. I hope thou will not be discouraged. I think the call thou hast received is very clear. I hope thy brother and sister will feel it right to abstain from making comments, so calculated to wound thy feelings."

"Indeed, mother," answered Eustace, "we had no idea of hurting her feelings, or of speaking irreverently; but when Jenefer wants to make us think that she is particularly pious, because she goes so often to visit sick Friends, and talks of solemnity of mind, and her covering of sympathy, and such cant phrases, we cannot understand why it is that her piety never calls her to visit poor people. She only goes where the cake and the wine are sure to be handed round; and yet, I suppose, the soul of a poor man is as valuable as the soul of a Friend."

"Jenefer, dear, answer thy brother thyself; thou art fully competent to do so," said the mother.

Jenefer clasped her fingers together, and slowly twirling her thumbs, remained silent for a couple of minutes, and then said, "I have not felt that it was required of me to visit the poor. The Lord does not require the same service of us all. I have been given to understand that my services among Friends are acceptable in the Divine sight; and although I humbly feel that I am but a child in experience of spiritual things, still, perhaps, by faithfully following the guiding of the light vouchsafed to me, I may become useful. I cannot answer thy question, Eustace, as to the comparative value of souls; but I think, as the Lord has deigned to call *us*, His chosen and peculiar people, and has given to *us* so many precious promises, that

we are warranted in assuming that *we* are they whom He has promised to watch over as the apple of His eye. It is not wise to look into the state of either the rich or the poor who belong to the world. We do not know how it will be with them, nor does it concern us to inquire; but the command is very positive to *us*, 'Come out from amongst them, my people, and be ye separate.' Thy idea of visiting the sick poor seems very plausible, but if carried out, it would prove a specious device of the enemy, and lead to mixings up with others. Besides, such people cannot appreciate our silent worship, they cannot unite in our solemn spiritual waiting. There might be danger also of coming in contact with their priests and clergymen, which would be very trying, and might call for painful and humiliating explanations of our peculiar religious views, unsuited to a sick listener, and not likely to be productive of good; for experience tells us, that persons who consider themselves wise and learned in religion are the most likely to remain hardened in their false views of truth. No: I would give money freely to relieve the bodily wants of my fellow-creatures, but my spiritual ministrations I think right to confine to our own people."

"Well," replied Eustace, "I am not religious, and I hope I never may be so, for all the religious people I know are very uncharitable and disagreeable. It is not consistent for them to enjoy any pleasure but eating and drinking; and they seem to think it a sign of piety to force others to be contented with the same kind of happiness as they are. I wonder how the pious people will manage to be contented in heaven.; for there, I suppose, every one is to be good humored, contented, and happy; and in our Society, we know, they are never satisfied, unless when constraining others to give up all pleasure and enjoyment that is not consistent with their notions. Now, Jenefer, as I see thee is aspiring to a seat in the gallery, of course thee is competent to explain Friends' views: tell me, pray, how thee has found out that our Society is, of all the

people upon earth, the chosen and peculiar people of the Lord?"

"There are many ways," she replied, "by which to ascertain that important truth. The scripture is very clear on that point. 'Fear not, *little flock*, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Of all the various professors of Christianity, Friends are 'the little flock.' Many of the worldly-minded professors of protestantism seem to forget this unerring word of Holy Writ. It is for the express purpose of adding to their flock, that missions are sent into all parts of the world. They want to have large flocks. They cannot submit to the humiliation of being a little flock. And therefore I think, as our Society is willing to be small in number, and has been preserved from an unwholesome increase, although so long living amongst the people, that the promise of the kingdom does especially belong to us."

"That is the reason, I suppose," said he, "that Friends object to our subscribing to missions. About a week ago, two ladies called at our office and asked me to subscribe to the Wesleyan missions. They quite interested me, telling of so many poor heathen being converted to Christianity, burning their idols, and living honestly and cleanly; they spoke as if great good had already resulted from the missionary work, and that money alone was wanted to extend their usefulness. I gave them a five pound note to help them on, but as I knew missions are not approved of by Friends, I requested them not to publish my name."

"I am sure," said Jenefer, "my father and mother will deeply regret to hear of their son's disregard of the important testimony which is comprehended in our refusal to subscribe to missions. The men sent out with the money collected are all hireling teachers. As far as their souls are concerned, the heathen might just as well keep their idols, as go to worship under the teaching of men who are themselves ignorant of the

Spirit's work. It is very wrong to contribute in any way to beguiling souls."

"But Jenefer, would thee not give the heathen any chance at all of salvation?"

"Not by sending out men," she said, "who for filthy lucre's sake go amongst them, to bring them out of one error by plunging them still more deeply into another. Friends have from time to time been raised up to leave their native lands, and go into the dark parts of the earth. They have spent two, three, and even five years, going from place to place to spread the knowledge of Friends' principles."

"But no one ever heard of these Friends converting the heathen, or making one single proselyte. They spent a deal of money, all on themselves, and what good came of it? Was it not the resident, hard-working missionaries who even translated their sermons for them?"

"They did what they could," she replied, "and whilst it is necessary to promulgate the knowledge of our existence as a 'peculiar people,' it is not desirable that large numbers should flock to our standard. Dost thou not know, Eustace, that in our 'Book of Minutes,' under the head of 'General Counsel to Youth,' we are warned, that 'a benevolent desire to promote the Lord's work in the earth, and to serve their fellow-creatures, may have imperceptibly led some from a close and frequent examination of their own hearts? In mixing in public companies, and in witnessing the success of the efforts that are used to promote the common good, our own minds may be gratified, but our quick perception of spiritual instruction may be weakened. Friends' views on the subject of engaging in works of public benevolence are very cautiously worded; but quite enough is recorded to warn the Society, 'lest, in a love for the cause of religion, they be led into action.' The example also of our leading Friends is decided. They do contribute to hospitals, and to the dispersion of the sacred volume, and often feel

a lively interest in the moral and religious instruction of the poor; but with them there is no unfaithfulness, or compromise of our religious principles. And the rules of the Society distinctly inform us that to us, as a society, 'no way appears to open for our adopting any specific measure, in order to communicate to the heathen the knowledge of the truths of the gospel.'" *

"They are in a bad plight, then," he said, "if those who are willing to teach them are not enlightened enough to be suffered to do so; and we who are gifted with 'the light' are not kind enough to share it with them. Surely it was the intention of our Saviour that all men should be offered salvation."

"In due time," replied Jenefer, "the whole world will be leavened and become Friends. We are now hid, as it were, but our peculiar views will yet be triumphant. 'Neither the art, wisdom, nor violence of men or devils shall be able to quench that little spark that hath appeared; but it shall grow, to the consuming of whatsoever shall stand up to oppose it. Though we are few in number, in respect of others, and weak as to outward strength, *The mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.*'" †

"Appearances are, however, against that prophecy of Barclay's," said Eustace. "We are the weakest of all sects now. For two centuries we have failed to convert the world; and is it not strange that the more learned and intellectual we become as individuals, the less we cherish those peculiarities which separate us from all intercourse with our fellow-christians? Yes, Jenefer, thee may shake thy head, and look horrified; but for all that, quakerism is declining, and will soon vanish away, if our musty old rules are kept to much longer. If learning, arts, and sciences continue to be ignored by the Society, the world, instead of admiring, will give us

* "Book of Minutes," p. 82. † Barclay's "Apology," p. 586.

little credit for wisdom of any kind. Money-making, plain dress, and silent meetings, are the only peculiar and visible results of our system of religion. If the tree was originally good, it ought to have borne some better fruits, in the two hundred years it has flourished."

CHAPTER II.

"The whole religious peculiarity of Friends, consists in a series of testimonies, which they believe it to be their duty to bear."—J. J. GURNEY.

THE extensive and most beautiful panoramic scene which is presented to the view as you stand at the obelisk on Killiney Hill, is truly delightful to the heart, as well as to the eye of an Irishman. A feeling of pride in belonging to a country so rich in nature's choicest gifts, will involuntarily rise. Pleasure in beholding the calm and happy look of the cultivated and populous region will spring up, and gratitude to the great Maker and providential preserver of the glorious scene; these feelings will glow intensely in the Irish heart, and with them will mingle, like the low, faint, but yet distinct murmur of the waves on the strand beneath, the sorrowful remembrance of the hapless people who, like ourselves, claim this lovely land for their birth-place.

The landscape is indeed exceedingly lovely. There are the Wicklow mountains, rich in their mineral wealth, only waiting to be worked, to pour their golden treasures into the lap of poverty-stricken Erin. They rise in towering grandeur in the distance, and tell of the people who, possessed of intelligence and natural genius of the highest order, wait like those mountains for the energetic laborer to make their native wealth available, by spreading amongst them that knowledge which makes a people useful and active; and that learning which can alone make them wise and happy. Turn from the mount-

ain view, and the glorious sea, calm in its unrest, stretches on to the horizon; whilst Bray Head, dark and beetling; Killiney Bay, its white shining sands glittering in the sunbeams; and Dalkey Island,, with its bright greensward, and martello tower, charm the eye; and pleasure-boats with gay and light-hearted freights send round the enlivening and mellowed sounds of the French-horn and cornopean. All is calm loveliness in the sea view; but what are all those fishing boats about? The Irish heart beats quick to see them; not for envy or regret that the men of Cornwall should leave their own distant waters to fish in our seas, but that, alas! poor Erin, thy own sons are an hungered, and lack the skill and enterprise to supply themselves from the abundance of food which Providence has sent to their very shores. Then look to the harbor, that magnificent work. See those two long piers stretching themselves out to invite the sea-worn mariner to enter within the still waters, like the arms of a fond mother extended to welcome her wanderer home; or rather like the gracious promises of holy writ inviting the weary and heavy laden to enter into covenant with the All-merciful, and there to be at rest. See Kingstown, gay in its neat dwellings, and swarming with its pleasure-seeking inhabitants. Does it not tell of Ireland's capabilities? A few years ago an insignificant village—now a large and populous town. Those charming villas suggest the idea of wealth; and those well-tilled fields and picturesque groves of varied foliage, tell of taste and elegance, of skill and well-directed labor. Like a garden trimmed and highly cultivated, the rich foreground lies at our feet, and whispers of hope; for where civilization has once planted her footprints, she will maintain her ground, and gradually and gently win her way.

Susanna Sillington, her father and brother, gazed long and silently on the magnificent view which now glowed in all the splendor of a rich summer sunset. They were charmed with its varied and exceeding loveliness, invigorated by the fresh sea-breeze, amused with watching the numerous groups who,

like themselves, were enjoying it, and happy in their own sympathy of taste and most true affection. A large vessel loomed in the distance. They watched her approach as she came distinctly inside the hill of Howth, and Eustace exclaimed aloud, "If I had but a glass, I could tell her very name." A young gentleman instantly stepped from the other side of the obelisk, and politely offered a glass he had just been using. It was frankly accepted, and the stranger entered into conversation about the ship. Then an awkward boy fell down in his attempt to gain the platform on which they stood; both laughed at the ludicrous tumble, and before five minutes had elapsed, they were gaily and freely chatting and laughing together, like old acquaintances.

"Your glass is a very good one," said Eustace; "may I hand it to my father and sister? I think they would like to look at the ship."

"Certainly," replied the stranger; and taking off his hat, he bowed low to them.

The father returned the salute with grave politeness. Susanna turned away her head. The stranger was the offender of Merrion Square, and each had instantly recognised the other. Why did her heart beat quick? Why did the blood mount so provokingly to her cheeks? Why did she hesitate to speak, lest her voice should tremble with emotion? She had done no wrong. She cared not for the stranger, and yet the very sight of him had caused every pulse to vibrate and to tingle with a feeling annoying and painful; and yet, truth to say, pleasing from its mysterious origin. Susanna felt happy that the deep poke of her Friend's bonnet was so calculated to hide her face. She accepted the offered glass, used it, and returned it with a slight bow, but no word. Her silence, however, passed unnoticed. The three gentlemen conversed together, Susanna leaning on her father's arm; and when at length they slowly descended the hill, the stranger, pointing out some fresh beauty in the landscape, or selecting a smoother

pathway, interested the trio greatly with his original and entertaining conversation until they reached the entrance-gate: there he parted from them, and Susanna was forced to smile, in return for the look of intense admiration with which his farewell salute was made to her.

Eustace, as they walked home, was loud in his praise of the gentlemanly young fellow, hoping he might meet him again, and wishing to know who he was. Father and son both agreed he must be English, from his refined accentuation, and a traveller, from his varied discourse; whilst Susanna carefully abstained from telling them what she knew, that he was only one of the Dublin officers.

"If I had thought he was altogether a stranger in the country, I would have invited him to come and take a cup of tea with us," said the father; "but as he may belong to some of the families living about here, I refrained from doing so, as it would not do to make acquaintances amongst them."

"Really," said Eustace, "when one meets a pleasant fellow, it is provoking to be obliged to drop the acquaintance. Because we are Friends, is that any reason we must confine ourselves entirely to Friends' company? In every turn of our daily life, these principles and peculiarities and testimonies of ours, hedge in our way from pleasure, and kind and charitable feelings towards our fellow-creatures. Now, father, just think how thee enjoyed that stranger's pleasant, intelligent conversation; what harm has it done any of us? and yet, although we like each other, and although we are children of the same Heavenly Father, fed and cared for by the same Providence, and journeying to the same heaven, and even more than that, called by the same name, for are we not all Christians? yet, just because of these hats and bonnets which our dead old grandfathers left us as a legacy, we must shut ourselves out from all intercourse with the wisest and best of the world, and confine ourselves to our own narrow circle of bigotry, hypocrisy and pride."

"Oh, Eustace! thee is going too far now," said his father; "we have very much that is amiable, and wise, and good amongst us. If we indulged in intercourse with 'the people of the world,' no doubt our testimonies would soon be neglected, and perhaps even our pure spiritual worship might be disregarded. But how do we know but that young man, whose passing conversation was so pleasant, may be a disreputable character, and his family such as it would ill become us to associate with? I am very glad I did not yield to the momentary wish I felt to ask him to take tea with us, for, indeed, such free and polished manners he has, indicate his having mixed with fashionable society."

"Well," replied Eustace, "perhaps we may never meet the young gentleman again; but, father, does thee really think there is anything wrong in associating with persons, our equals in all things—good characters—intelligent, benevolent, religious people?"

"I cannot say," he replied, "that there is anything actually wrong in it, but it is not approved of by Friends. For my own part, I can truly say, some of the most estimable persons I ever met were church people. Before I was married, I had many acquaintances amongst them, and I valued them highly; but, with a family about me, it would not be prudent to keep up intercourse with them; and," he added, smiling, "I think both mother and Jenefer would be very much distressed if I were to do so."

"We know their ideas on the subject well," said Susanna. "We are often told of the danger of holding any communication with the people of the world, of the difficulty of upholding our testimonies, and the probability there would be of our adopting their customs and habits, and ceasing to cherish and esteem our own peculiarities. But, dear father, thee has been accustomed to associate with them, and having found no evil to result from it, does it not seem uncharitable to treat our fellow-christians as if there was contamination in their society?

If our peculiar doctrines are so likely to lose their value in our own eyes, when we become acquainted with those held by others, why, I think our doctrines must be untenable. At least, the jealous care which is taken to keep us away from all intercourse with the church people, is calculated to make us think that Friends have doubts themselves of the stability of our profession, as it does not bear being brought into collision with others."

"I know, in a business way, very many who are not Friends," said Eustace, "and I like them much better than our own people in general. They perform religious acts, and do kind things, without talking of them; and whilst they never annoy me by alluding to my quakerism, they often shame me by not appearing ashamed of their own creed, whilst I am sure I often am of mine. I can give no better reason for being a quaker than that I was born one; and even to myself, that is not satisfactory. Susanna tells me she has taken the trouble to read through all Barclay's Apology; and even she has not been able to come to a much better understanding of it."

"It is better not to try to comprehend too much," replied the father; "it only disturbs one's own mind. We are born Friends, and therefore it is our duty to conform to the rules of our Society. The Advices and Minutes do sometimes press rather hard upon our individual liberty; but we must remember that it was in best wisdom our predecessors were gifted with ability to give them forth: and as we must submit to them, it is wiser to do so unreservedly. Look at two horses bearing the same load of harness; one kicks and frets at it, the other jogs quietly on, and soon becomes so reconciled that he ceases to find it any burden at all. So it is with our Society. The steady-going, plain Friend, gets on much more smoothly than he who, thinking for himself, and acting on his own judgment, is sure to deviate from the beaten track, and so draw down on himself the attention of the overseers, and consequently to become subject to their dealing."

"Tell me, father, how is it that, although thy coat and hat are so very orthodox, still thee is never appointed to any office in the meeting?" queried Eustace.

The father smiled, and said, "You are both pressing me too hard. Friends are advised not to converse on such subjects. To read and meditate on them is all right, but speaking is not approved of. Mother and Jenefer are much better qualified to explain Friends' views than I am."

"Ah, father, do answer Eustace," said Susanna; "I often wished to know why thee never was appointed."

"You are too curious," he replied, again smiling. "I might be appointed, if I liked it; but Friends know that I would not accept any appointment."

"Yes," she replied, "but why will thee never accept any appointment? Most Friends are ambitious of such distinctions. Ralph Moneymore, for instance, would give anything to be made even doorkeeper; and thee might have the very best and most honorable offices in the meeting, and yet thee refuses them. Peggy Austin was saying, a few days ago, that she did not think there was any Friend in the city who stood so much in his own light as thee does, by not accepting appointments; and Jenefer then remarked, that thy holding back was a great injury to us all."

The father laughed. "Do they," said he, "talk thus about me? I formed my resolution many years ago, and have seen no reason to depart from it. My business requires my attention; neither would I relish the idea of submitting my opinion to Peggy Austin, or to Jenefer either. The women have quite as many men to do their bidding as is needful. I do not incline to interfere in meeting matters. But, my dears, you must not speak of those things. If either of you feels drawn to take part in the management of the Society, the way is as open for you as for Jenefer. If not, it is far wiser to keep so quiet and unobtrusive as to escape attention being attracted to you. People who begin by reasoning and inquiring into our

peculiar views, comparing them with Scripture and the creeds of the church people, generally end by leaving our Society altogether."

"Would it not be more honest," said Eustace, "to leave the Society, if its doctrines were found to be contrary to truth, than to remain in it, without firmly believing them to be true?"

"It might be more honest, certainly," he answered, "but it would surely be a very inconvenient thing to happen. Unless a man is prepared to renounce all his family ties, all his personal interests, his character, his money, and his friends, he had better not think of changing his religion, whatever it may be. But we must not talk of those things. It is very censurable to do so. At least," he added, good humoredly, "let Jenefer be present at any further conversation on such subjects. She has all the Friends' answers off by heart, ready at a moment's notice. I have not, and might make a mistake."

Although interested in the subject, and by no means satisfied, the young people refrained from prolonging a conversation which had now evidently become uncongenial to their beloved father. Outwardly repressed, their thoughts turned inward, and both felt that their father, plain Friend as he was, had not that reverential regard for the peculiarities of quakerism which their mother had taken such pains to instil into their minds.

Eustace being so constantly engaged in business, and having so many varied occupations and objects of interest to engross his attention, soon turned his thoughts from the subject; although the seed sown by that conversation took deep root in his heart, and in time brought forth its own appropriate fruits.

With Susanna it was different. She was a very isolated being. There was no communion of thought between her and her sister. Jenefer was accustomed to dictate on any subject so decidedly and promptly, that it was evident she had not a

shadow of doubt on her own mind. And she always treated her sister as one of whom nobody would expect either wisdom or discretion. For her mother Susanna felt a very strong affection. She would have died to serve her; and when sickness or ailment required her attentions, she was unremitting in her efforts to soothe or relieve that beloved parent; but to converse with her of the thoughts and feelings of her heart, was an idea that had never occurred to her. She felt instinctively, that her mother neither could appreciate her confidence, nor would respond but as Jenefer might dictate. Eustace and her father were equally dear to her; but they were men, and no young girl could make a confidant of such.

Susanna being naturally a thoughtful and meditative character, fed her mind for weeks and months with questions and unsatisfactory answers of the dogmas of quakerism. She sat in the silent meetings, beautiful in her calm demure look of purity, to all appearance as tranquil in mind as unruffled in her spotless attire; and yet her mind was tossed and torn by conflicting emotions. Jenefer had striven hard, and had attained to the perfection of quakerism. She could "centre into nothingness" in meetings; could enjoy the holding of "opportunities," and could expatiate on her peaceful feeling in being "a standard bearer." Jenefer was very highly thought of by both the men and women Friends. Having long since been placed in the minor offices of the Society, she was now beginning to appear in the ministry.

Susanna felt gratified by her sister's elevation, and fully appreciated the increased attention which was consequently bestowed on the whole family: but Susanna knew, in the secret of her heart, that Jenefer was deceiving herself. She knew that true religion or the fear of God had no part in Jenefer's character, that it was the ambitious nature of her mind, which having no other outlet for gratification, readily availed itself of the notoriety offered as a female preacher, and of the flattering elevation in the Society, which so suited her naturally aspiring disposi-

tion. Susanna knew that Jenefer was as fond of dress as herself, and far more careful in the selection of costly, and what she deemed becoming shades, than she was. She knew that Jenefer was very proud, too proud to bear contradiction or reproof from any one; and that the frequent preaching in the family, and dropping into silence when company was by, was an assumed appearance of sanctity, that she might be able to exercise not only control, but an almost tyrannical command over each member of it. She knew that Jenefer was very ignorant of the scriptures, indeed, on account of an early calamity, never having been sent to school, she was profoundly ignorant of everything except Friends' books, a knowledge of which being essential for the realization of her aspirations after greatness in the Society, she had laboriously studied to attain.

Susanna, as she sat in meeting, would ponder on her sister's character, and the means she was making use of to attain supremacy among the Friends. She never would permit herself to doubt that Jenefer was sincere in wishing and believing herself to be religious, but she would mentally resolve to give up the appearance of a plain Friend herself, as soon as an opening for free action presented itself. "I am a hypocrite now," she would think; "but may the Lord forgive me; I cannot help it. I am not allowed to dress myself. I must, by wearing the dress of our order, appear to consider it as a cross which it is necessary to bear, if I would attain the crown of righteousness. I know that in these silent meetings there is no spiritual worship for me; and as to 'feeling the true Life running like a stream from one member to another, without a word being spoken,' as Barclay says Friends do,* I never

* "It (the Life running through the Meeting) is really a power, as they call it, and a great and wonderful one! It was very frequent among them at the first setting out of quakerism; but is of late much abated, of which many complain, as a departing of the spirit from amongst them. It was more than fancy, as was visible from the

felt it, and I am like a deceiver, sitting here pretending that I do. Can I ever shake off these galling chains, which bind me down to this formal profession?"

One first day morning, as thoughts like these afresh perplexed her mind, an American Friend, George W——, who was travelling the nation with the usual certificate of approbation, and attestation of his being a true quaker preacher, and held in good repute in his own country, addressed the meeting in the following words: *

"In all my travels nothing has given me more joy than to

effects. I have been told by some of the ancient quakers, that they have felt this power entering into them, and burning from the crown of their head to the soles of their feet, in most vehement manner. And I remember one of them, an old man, telling me how it first entered into him, said, that when the violent burning came upon him, a voice came within him, saying, '*Now is the spirit entered into thee.*' 'But soon after,' said he, 'another voice came, which said, '*Now thou art bewitched.*' This last, in the heat of his spirit, he blurted unawares, and immediately took himself up and said, 'He was sorry he had told me that part of it, lest I might take occasion to believe the last voice rather than the first; but he was sure the first was the right, and the last but a temptation.'

"I have been assured by some of good sense among them, that this power did pass, in their silent meetings as well as others, from one to the other, or, in their phrase, 'flew from vessel to vessel,' and that a person sitting betwixt two could tell from which it came. Sometimes it would run in a manner universally through the meeting. Nay further, that some of them had the faculty to communicate this power to one another by a grip of the hand, a staring them in the face (which sort of look I have observed with some quakers,) and other external means. To this power they did ascribe those monstrous quakings and shakings, and terrible possessions with which they were seized, and boasted of them as the great power of God."—LESLIE'S WORKS, vol. ii., p. 578.

George Fox, in his journal, frequently mentions the burning heat which he felt whilst being particularly moved by the Spirit.

* These sermons are copied literally from a volume of manuscript quaker sermons, which has kindly been sent to the authoress.

see people walking in the truth, or more grief than to see them depart from it. I believe there are many concerned for the prosperity of Zion, and others who are making only an empty profession, satisfying themselves to meet with the Lord's people—not clothed with the Spirit—resting in the outward court where the table is not spread. If ever, my dear Friends, you are admitted into the pearl gates, it must be through the cross to the natural will. Some wish to think they can get into heaven some other way, but, 'he that saveth his life shall lose it.' It was by tribulation, John saw it in a vision, these had entered; they had washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. It remains to be in the way of the cross, that these in the present day must enter; the reward is sure. Could we ascend and hear the voice of angels around the throne of God, we might not conceive the joy that awaits the upright. Ye shall have trouble in this land, but our ancestors passed through much, and were at last helped; they have left us in ease, and if we let go our testimonies, we shall not find our enemies to flee before us, but we shall be taken into captivity and die."

The speaker made such long pauses between the clauses of his sermon, that Susanna had ample time to record the words. She perceived that the drift of his sermon was to inculcate a surrender of the intellect under the specious idea of taking up the cross; that it was a cross to the natural will, not the cross of Calvary, which was to be considered as the portal to heaven; and that to uphold "the testimonies" was the secret of success. She thought, like Jenefer, perhaps, the poor dear Friend thinks he is called to the ministry, and does the best he can in the way of preaching; but, indeed, they might have sent one better skilled, when they sent at all.

Another Friend now rose in the gallery, stood silent with shut eyes and outstretched arms for some seconds, and then spoke with a curiously shaken voice, as follows:

"Behold I require obedience to the requisition of duty, and

restriction to the law. It is thus only we can obtain the approbation of our great Priest. It is but seldom we are called to give up to great things. It is to the restriction of the law we are most frequently called. Daily to take up our cross this way,* and if we do not bear the cross, we shall never wear the crown. It is the gracious design that we should every one be partakers of his kingdom, and we must sooner or later bow in mercy or in judgment."

The speaker stood some time, as if he expected that more words would flow from his mouth: in vain—they would not come, so he resumed his seat with great gravity.

"Well," thought Susanna, "Friend Richard A—— has made out a text for himself. He is independent of the Bible altogether; although he thinks, no doubt, that many or most of us will belive his text is taken from the Scriptures. 'The law' he means, is the Book of Discipline; and the cross, like the American's, is to the natural will, or, in other words, penance. To wear a peculiar dress because we do not like it, is his cross; and to uphold the peculiarities is another cross, because we can see no sense in them. I doubt much, is this the cross in which Saint Paul says he gloried; or was such the cross which our Lord commanded us to take up, if we would be His disciples; for there is no self-denial in an enforced conformity to outward acts: there is no cross to the sinful propensities of our nature in assuming before men an appearance of sanctity."

As usual, when a stranger has spoken in the gallery, the

* In the "Book of Rules" we are distinctly told what Friends mean by "the cross of Christ," (p. 207.) "We exhort all such as are professors of the truth, faithfully to obey the same, (the ancient testimony truth begat in our hearts about plainness,) in keeping to the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, so that none may despise the day of small things, or turn aside from the plainness. O that our young women would cease from all unseemly appearance in their apparel! Certainly, both males and females who take such undue measures, fly from the cross of Christ; and, if they do not repent and return, they will thereby suffer great loss."

native preachers stir up their gifts also. A woman, Friend Anne M——, now rose and said,—"That she had very high authority—that His name is the Lord of Hosts—believed she was commanded to declare that His servants were, like good soldiers, to wait at their posts, and observe the motions of their captain or commander—some to stand in the front of the battle and fight, others to go forth as with a sword in the hand, and woe unto them if they unsheath it not unto blood. There never was a time when there was more necessity to be bold and valiant in the Lord's cause—not to say peace where there was no peace, or to daub the wall with untempered mortar, that were not of his building: we have been invited to his table, spread with the choicest things—the invitation continues to the present time, but if we still make excuse we shall not be permitted to taste of the supper."

This dear Friend, a young woman, shook her forefinger at the congregation, in the impressiveness of her zeal. The warning was lost on Susanna, who thought awhile on the metaphor of an army, and then on one certain individual in the army. She forgot herself entirely; and in the silence, now unbroken, her thoughts flowed strangely on. "Anne M—— is going to be married; I wonder does she think of her lover as she sits in the gallery. What queer stories, tales, and romances could be made here! The Friends just before me would form excellent characters. What funny love stories some of them would be! No occasion to draw on imagination. Here on the very seat beside me, is poor Paulina Bird; I feel her trembling; and the tear-drops have fallen from her poor eyes ever since the meeting began. She is the gentlest, kindest, simplest of good-natured creatures—for seven years courted by that consistent man Friend opposite, who has the impudence to sit where he can command a full view of his victim. The wedding day was fixed, the bridal attire all purchased, the company, myself included, were invited; when that hypocritical villain wrote her a letter to say that indeed—'it had been

borne in on his mind that she was not the wife that the Lord had designed for him; and that he hoped she would be made willing to resign herself to the leadings of unerring wisdom, as he had been.' Every man in the meeting knows the story, but because he dresses so plain, and she will be sure to take it quietly, Friends think it prudent to take no notice, lest 'the cause of truth' should suffer, if it were known to the public. Paulina, poor Paulina, is gradually wasting away in her uncomplaining resignation, and he, the ——" Susanna's thoughts were interrupted. The gallery Friends were shaking hands, and the meeting was over.

Whilst her mother and Jenefer hovered about the American, to attain the privilege of shaking hands with him, and to invite him to their house, Susanna accosted Paulina, for whom her sympathy had just been exercised, with a warmer shake-hands, and a more tender interest than ever before.

"Thee is very kind, Susanna, dear," she replied, "but I cannot speak, it hurts me to do so." And with brimming eyes she turned away almost abruptly.

The Sillingtons had gone into Dublin that morning for the purpose of hearing the American Friend, or rather in the hope that he might feel moved to address them. They were not disappointed; he had also graciously engaged to dine with them during the week, and they now returned to their marine home, in the railway train.

As usual with Friends, they entered a first-class carriage, and were just about starting, when the vacant seat was filled by an officer, the offender of Merrion Square, the stranger of Killiney. He bowed low on recognising his companions, and immediately commenced chatting with the gentlemen. Jenefer had not remembered him. Susanna marvelled she could be so blind, but was very glad indeed that it was so; and as Daniel Sillington had slightly introduced him, with "an acquaintance, my dear," to his wife, as she looked surprised at the friendly shake-hands, which in quaker fashion had passed

between the gentlemen, she felt more at her ease, and quite able to reply with a calm and steady voice to a casual observation which the stranger had addressed to her. Susanna had courage to look at him also, and to remark that, although he was a fine, manly-looking fellow, he was not at all handsome; and she smiled as she thought—"if he was dressed up now, like one of our men, he would be downright ugly." He saw the smile, and as if conscious he was the object of it, returned it with a very meaning glance. Arrived at the terminus, he handed the ladies out with deferential respect; and at parting, presenting his card to Eustace, he asked in an off-hand, careless way, to be allowed to introduce himself—Captain Weyburgh. The name was repeated, but nothing more said about him, and greatly would his vanity have been lowered, had he known, as he gazed after the party, and saw them talking earnestly, that it was the old American minister who was occupying their attention, instead of, as he supposed, his own important self.

The Society of Friends do not hold that they are under any moral obligation to keep the Sabbath day holy, more than any other, or that there is any holiness inherent in it. They say,* "We cannot be so superstitious as to believe that either the Jewish sabbath now continues, or that the first day of the week is the anti-type thereof, or the true Christian sabbath; but, as it is fit that there be some time set apart for the saints to meet together to wait upon God, and to be freed from their outward affairs, and as it appears the Apostles and early Christians did use the first day of the week for these purposes, so now Friends find themselves sufficiently moved to do so also, without superstitiously straining Scripture for any other reason." The words Lord's day, Sabbath, or Sunday, are, therefore, considered objectionable, and as the meeting is generally over by the time the church bells have ceased to summon their various congregations to worship, Friends finding

* Barclay's "Apology," p. 357.

the long unemployed day to hang heavily on their hands, are accustomed to entertain each other on that day, and to pay complimentary visits also.* They refrain from walking much in public, because of the remarks which might be made by "the people of the world."

Tempted by the lonely look of the pier, the beautiful fine day, and the fresh sea-breeze, the Sillingtons walked along it, and enjoyed the calm beauty of the sea, the murmur of the waves, and the quiet solitude of the well-kept promenade. After a while, Susanna and Eustace drew a little back to converse in a less sober way than suited the "patriarchs," as they were accustomed to call father, mother, and Jenefer. "What does thee be thinking of in meetings?" said Susanna. "I cannot manage to keep thinking of religion the whole time."

"I do not trouble myself trying to think," he replied, smiling. "I keep a book in my hat, and placing it between my knees, I can look very solemnly into it, and read away; there is a lot of us wont wear our hats in meeting for them."

"Oh, thee wicked creature!" laughed his sister; "sure the overseers would see thee turning over the leaves."

"No, they cannot," he answered. "There are about a dozen of us young men sit low down, and all together. We take good care that no overseer or spy shall be amongst us. I think it is a far better way to pass the time than cutting initials on the back of the seats, or going to sleep, as other fellows do. It is shameful to see the seats, the way they are cut and scribbled over with pencil. I was vexed to-day to see on the back of one of them, thy name and Ralph Moneymore's coupled together, and a heart drawn round them."

"Is it possible?" she asked. "Who dared to do such a thing?"

* In Sarah Grubb's "Journal," we find her, whilst travelling as a minister in Scotland, journeying on the Sabbath day, posting handbills, &c., &c., and also complaining that the Scotch people were so strict in their observance of the Lord's day, that they refused to remove seats from house to house as she wished them to do.

"If I knew," he replied, "I would kick the fellow; however, I rubbed it out, and I have taken care to let it be known, that whoever dares to do it again shall suffer for it."

"Better take no notice of it," she said; "but tell me, what book does thee read in meeting? I wish I could contrive to secrete a volume."

"Here is what I have," he said, taking off his hat, and showing a pocket volume of Shakspeare which fitted into it. "This is my favorite. Tommy Morris is for more than a year past reading Moore's Melodies; he makes it a point of conscience, he says, never to read it except on first day meetings."

"I am afraid it is very wicked," said Susanna.

"Not a bit more wicked," he replied, "than sitting doing nothing. If there is any sin in it, the sin belongs to the Friends, who bring us in crowds together, and give us nothing to think of or to do; and very rarely preach even their own confused ideas to us. What are we the wiser for the great American preacher's sermon to-day—or the other two 'offerings'? None of us, I should think, could guess the way to Heaven from them. What good are the testimonies and peculiarities? They do not make our hearts better, or our practices more righteous. I found a sentence in my book better worth remembering—

——— 'If our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike,
As if we had them not.'

There is something one can understand in that—I think I did get some good in meeting this morning."

Susanna laughed gaily. "For all that," she said, "Shakspeare is not a fit book to take to meeting. Thee knows it is one of the books which our Society most strongly reprobates, and we are forbidden to read it at any time. I will make thee a present of a nice little pocket Bible, that will fit in thy hat,

if thee will promise me to read it instead. The child's hymn says true," she added—

'Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do.'

" and I am afraid he is just as busy with idle minds, as with idle hands."

" Thank thee for the promised Bible," he replied; " mind, it is to have gilt edges, and be very handsome. I will keep it, and read it too, for thy sake, but not in meeting. I am sure no book would be thought so objectionable by Friends as that*; besides, if the fellows saw me reading it, and they often peep into my hat, they would make fun of me, and say I was growing pious. I do not want to be laughed at—Shakspeare is not so bad at all. I have heard four of our own preachers, at different times, quote Shakspeare in their sermons; although," he added, laughing, " I am very sure they did not know whose words they were repeating. I wish the patriarchs would walk quick and get home, before the crowds come out of church. I do not know why it is, but I always feel ashamed to be seen loitering about on first days, when others are at their places of worship."

" No cross, no crown," she replied, " whether we like it or not, we must bear it now, for the congregation are just issuing from the church door; in two minutes we shall be in the midst of them. Let us keep close to mother. One group of Quakers will be quite enough to attract attention, by the display of our righteous testimony in favor of drab."

The Sillingtons passed through the orderly, serious-looking lines of people without any annoyance from them; but they

* " Were a beginning once made, where, it may well be queried, are we to end? By-and-bye we might have the scriptures read after the close of our meetings for worship:—it would thus be difficult to prevent a greater evil (!!!)—the rise of an idea that Friends had found out, that their views, as to silent meetings, were erroneous."—" British Friend," 6mo, 1852.

felt annoyed, and imagined themselves the objects of marked attention and of derisive comments.

"How I pity these poor people," said the mother; "they are called Christians, but how little do they deserve the name. Look, there is a prayer-book in every one's hand. How is it that our pure faith has been so long established, and openly manifested in this our highly-favored land, and yet fails to meet with its due appreciation?"

"It is astonishing," replied Daniel Sillington, "that sensible men can be found going, week after week, and year after year, to these churches, from the time they are seven years old till they are seventy, calling themselves miserable sinners,' when according to their own account, they are just as bad at the end, as they were at the beginning."*

"It is not to be wondered at," said Jenefer, "that the worship of these people should be so unfruitful as it is. We who are actuated and enlightened by the Holy Spirit, and enabled to speak a word in season to refresh the weary souls, know, that as the customary worship is no ways acceptable to God, so it is unprofitable to those who are found in it. 'The priest preaches by hap-hazard his studied sermons, which he hammers together in his closet, according to his own will, by his human wisdom and literature, and by stealing the words of truth from the letter of Scripture, and patching other men's writings and observations, so much as will hold him on speaking an hour, and when he has ended his sermon, he says a prayer, also in his own will, and so there is an end of the business."

"What book is that out of?" asked Eustace.

"Barclay's Apology," she answered, "the 10th and 11th Propositions: written under the immediate teaching of best wisdom. It is an unerring guide, and a treasury of heavenly

* "Alas! poor souls of the church of England, are you not at it—'have mercy upon us miserable sinners,' from seven to seventy?"—"TRUTH EXALTED," by William Penn, p. 8–9.

knowledge. So different from the vain professors, who, with all their outward show of worship, are still bound to acknowledge they are but 'miserable sinners.' We have the high privilege of understanding that, by co-operating with the Spirit, perfection and freedom from sin are attained, and made possible by the gospel."

"Has thee attained to perfection?" asked Eustace.

"I may not presume to say I have as yet," she replied; "but many have undoubtedly done so; and as it is a positive command of Scripture to 'be perfect,' therefore it is a folly in persons to esteem themselves children or friends of God, unless they are perfect. Yes, Eustace, 'the letter kills, but the Spirit makes alive,' and it is that which makes people who have a notion of Christianity, and an external faith in Christ—this makes them strain and wrest the Scriptures* for an imputative righteousness, wholly without them, to cover their iniquities; but they deceive themselves, when they suppose it is impossible ever to obey Christ's commands—it will not avail in the day 'wherein God shall judge every man according to his work.' If we turn our minds to the light and spiritual work of Christ in the heart, and suffer the reproofs thereof, then the unrighteous part in us is revealed, and so judgment is brought forth unto victory; and thus being made partakers of Christ's sufferings, we are made conformable to His death; so, then, the life which was in us to the world is dead, and we become raised up to a new life. Thus we put off the old man and his deeds, and put on the new man that is renewed in holiness, and so we witness ourselves to become God's workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works." †

"Is it not in the Bible," said Susanna, "that all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags?"

"Yes, that is made an argument of," she replied; "but we

* Barclay's "Apology," p. 259.

† See Barclay's "Apology," Prop. 8, and p. 261.

read, 'that when they were dead in sins, they were quickened by grace,' and made to sit in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, and, I judge, while sitting in these heavenly places, they cannot be committing sin, neither can their works be called filthy rags. We read in revelations of those who were without sin, and although men stick so tenaciously to some particular texts, as if they were blinded by partiality, still their objections do not hit the matter, for even in Kings, where it is said, 'There is no man who sinneth not,' still it may be granted, that, if in Solomon's time there were none such to be found—yet, now under the gospel, perfection has been attained.* We ought all to study Barclay," she added; "the doctrine of perfection is clearly laid down by him. It is most important, and most truly comforting to us, who have set our faces Zionwards. George Fox, in his work, entitled 'Great Mystery,' page 101, says, 'It is the doctrine of devils, that preacheth that men shall have sin, and be in a state of warfare so long as they be on earth. They that pretend coming to God and Christ out of perfection, they be in error.' And Edward Burroughs, who is almost, if not quite an equal authority, says, page 32, 'God doth not accept of any where there is any failing, or who doth not fulfil the law, and doth not answer every demand of justice.'"

"Take care of that doctrine, Jenefer," said the father. "It is very gratifying to our minds to know that our works co-operate with the spirit; and that we have no need to call ourselves 'miserable sinners,' like the church-going people, but there is danger of self-flattery. Some Friends may think they have attained to perfection, when others who know them well, are of opinion they are still far off from it."

"I would like to know," said Eustace, "what the church-going people think of us. Perhaps they see as much error in us as we see in them, and may even think their prayer-books more sensible than our silent meetings. Having never read

* Barclay's "Apology," p. 264.

or seen the Prayer Book, I cannot tell; but I should think any book," and he glanced smilingly at Susanna, "was more likely to give instruction to the mind, than our plan of sitting doing nothing, looking at each other, waiting and watching, generally in vain, for somebody to say something to give us some idea to think of. There," he said, knocking at the door, "I am glad we are at home, for talking religion in this way is tiresome."

CHAPTER III

"Friends of every generation have endorsed the opinions of George Fox and his contemporaries."—BRITISH FRIEND, p. 293.

DUBLIN is certainly a very beautiful city. Handsome public buildings, and broad, well-kept streets; well-filled vans and gay equipages; splendid shop windows and numerous pedestrians; but nothing can be more tiresome than walking these same handsome streets. Every body jostles up against every body. The strong men, intent on business, stalk past, and fling all obstacles aside. The dandies, often three, and sometimes five abreast, strut along, arm in arm, and people instinctively run from side to side out of their way. The butcher's boy dashes forward with his substantial burden, reckless of the silk dresses, lace, and ribbons which his touch has polluted. The timid milliner's apprentice, whose every moment must be accounted for, dives in and out, now on the road way, now close to the shop windows. The inhabitants of Dublin seem to have some scruple, or some patriotic instinct against keeping their own side of the pathway, as other civilized townspeople do; consequently, to one who has traversed with ease the most crowded thoroughfares of London, it is an ordeal to be compelled to endure the buffeting of a Dublin street; although, truth to say, the numerous apologies courteously and good-humoredly given for pushing you into the road, or treading on your toes, or knocking your bonnet on one side, is some counterbalance to the annoyance. Still, for the credit of the country, it would be desirable some mode were devised to make

the really orderly and most pleasing looking population of our metropolis attentive to this important although trivial propriety.

Susanna Sillington was passing down Grafton street, and a person, evidently in a hurry, dashing all obstacles in his progress aside, pushed her so violently against another lady that she almost fell. The jostler passed on triumphantly, but the ladies, pausing a moment to apologise, were equally surprised at the rencontre. "Paulina, is this thee?"

"Susanna! I did not know thee at first. Come," she added, "let us take a walk together; I should so like to have a little chat with thee."

They left the crowded street, and along the banks of the canal they walked and conversed together. "Tell me, Susanna, how ever did thee contrive to leave off the bonnet? I should have thought the sister of a preacher would be carefully preserved from such a departure from Friends' testimonies."

Susanna smiled, and said, "I had very much manœuvring before I accomplished it. My bonnet was so conspicuous that I had no comfort going out of the house. Perhaps it was only fancy; but I certainly did fancy that it made people stare at me. Several times I was addressed in the street and in shops, so that really, unless Jenefer or my mother was with me, I was deterred from going out at all. We spent the summer at Kingstown, so I contrived to spoil all my bonnets with sea water; then, when mother noticed them so shabby, she herself suggested that I should get a plain straw bonnet just to wear going to the bath. Jenefer opposed it violently, as disgraceful to a family which, for so many generations, had been faithful to the poke; and she would have gained her point, but that Eustace helped me. He said nothing at the time, but the next day he came to see us, he brought me a present of this little simple thing I have now on my head. I had it in my bed-room, lying about for more than a week,

to accustom them to the sight of it, before I ventured one day when they were all from home, to go out with it. When they saw me returning, and blamed me for looking so vulgar, I laughed and said I had only been to the bath, and that although it was such a common looking thing, and not fit for a Friend to wear, still it was better than spoiling my first day bonnet; and I threw it on the ground as if I did not care about it. Then, one evening after tea, Eustace invited me to walk with him on the pier, and I put on the straw bonnet as a compliment to the giver, and passed out of the house without mother or Jenefer seeing me. Oh! I had great managing about it, but now that Jenefer has been acknowledged as a minister, she is so taken up with her calling that I can do pretty much as I please; for mother does not really care about such trifles, except as Jenefer puts it into her head to think them important."

"I am glad thee has succeeded," replied Paulina. "It is such a comfort to be able to pass along unnoticed and unknown; but is Jenefer really acknowledged? I knew before I went away, that she had spoken several times on first days, but I thought Mary Mippleton would have opposed her progress to the gallery, and she has a strong party among the men."

"She tried hard to do so," said Susanna, "and I respect her for her judgment. She said in the meeting for ministers and elders that Jenefer's preaching appeared to her to be "an offering of unripe fruits;" and my aunt Abigail seconded her effort to keep Jenefer out of the gallery, by saying that her last appearance in the ministry was, she felt bold to say, 'a daubing of the wall with untempered mortar.' However, there are so very few able and willing to preach at all, that the elders could not resist the temptation. It sounds well for Friends at a distance to hear that another minister has been raised up, and cherishes the idea that our Society is still a highly-favored one."

"How does Jenefer bear her exaltation?" asked Paulina.

"She is proud as proud can be of it," said her sister, "and we are all glad of it, in one sense. She has now the public duties of her calling to attend to, and does not torment us with 'concerns' half as often as before. It would be presumptuous in me, too," she added, smiling, "to ask an acknowledged minister to take a walk, or go a shopping with me, so I go alone, when and where I please. Now, Paulina, it is thy turn. Where has thee been this while past, and how did thee contrive to get rid of the badge?"

Paulina sighed, hesitated a moment, and then replied, "thee has a right to ask me, Susanna. I always loved thee, although our families were not very intimate; and as I feel I can confide in thee, I will tell thee my story, painful as it is. I need not go over the circumstances of —— ——'s conduct towards me. Every one knows it; but no one can know the dreadful feelings I had to endure. I was almost mad. I could not shake off my love for him, and fancying that the Almighty had singled me out for vengeance, I tried to persuade myself that he was impelled to desert me, and to appear as a deceiver, because my sins had deserved so extreme a punishment. I then tortured my own heart to find out what was the dreadful sin which called for so severe a judgment, and it was in the very uttermost depth of this humility that I went to meeting last summer, and sat on the same seat with thee. My thoughts were still on him, and I glanced round, expecting to see him in his usual seat. He was not there, and then I imagined him unable from tender feeling to come to meeting. I concluded he was suffering torture equal to mine, because of the heavy burden which the Lord had required him to bear. By chance, I looked exactly before me, and there he sat. He caught my eye, and sneeringly returned my glance. He had evidently placed himself out of his usual seat, that he might stare at me and insult me thus publicly. I do not know how I contrived to sit out the meeting, and when it was over, and

thee came forward to speak to me so tenderly and kindly, my heart was ready to break. I felt I was rude in turning away from thee so ungraciously, but I could not reply, and I felt that Susanna Sillington would not think of me uncharitably, even if she did not comprehend my motive. I had to walk home alone, and I saw him watching me in the street. It was too much, and I fainted the moment I got inside the hall door. I was then many weeks ill with nervous fever. Thy cousin, Ruth Stephenson, constantly visited me, but I requested her not to mention my illness to any one, as I dreaded being again the talk of the whole meeting. Ruth is a very sensible girl; without any pretension to piety, she gives the best advice I ever heard. It was at her suggestion that I left my father with only little Jane to mind him, and went to pay a long visit to old aunt Smyth, who had often invited me, and who had so much trouble of her own, she was not likely to notice mine too curiously. I cannot even yet speak calmly of him: surely, his treachery will some time or other come back upon himself. I have ceased to love him entirely, and very hard it was to pluck up by the roots that strong trusting love which for seven years had been intertwined with my existence. It was Ruth who taught me how to do it. It was, she would say, 'the affectionate heart, the moral worth, the intellectual superiority, the genuine piety which thee fancied he possessed, that thy affections were fixed on. These things are still to be loved and cherished in thy heart's core; but do not identify them with any unworthy mortal, especially with a hypocrite and a base deceiver.' Then she would bid me, for the credit of my sex, rouse up from unavailing regret, and make myself useful to others. And when I said I could never be happy again, Ruth replied, that was true, and must be expected, but that I ought not to let him or any one else know how unhappy I was. One day I was very ill, desponding and melancholy; so much so, that I contemplated taking a dose of laudanum to put an end to my misery;

when Ruth called on me. She sat down on the side of my bed, and I almost think she divined my thoughts, for she started and grew very pale; then throwing her arms about my neck, she kissed me, and whispered, 'Oh! God, deliver my poor friend from temptation!' Then she went settling things in the room, and at last took up the bottle of laudanum which I had ready beside me. She held it in her hand, looked at me so tenderly and so sadly, that I could not restrain an hysterical burst of tears. She hastened to my assistance, and when I recovered, I saw the bottle broken, and its contents all spilled about. As if to prevent me from imagining that she had divined my secret, she apologized for the mischief she had done. 'Come with me,' she said, 'we can take a little walk, and buy another.' 'Me,' I exclaimed, 'I could not walk, I cannot leave my bed.' 'Yes thee could,' she said, 'and it is very selfish and unamiable of thee to refuse to oblige me.' So, I do not know how she managed, but I got up, and with her help dressed myself, without speaking one word. She handed me this unfriendly shawl, a straw bonnet, and thick brown veil. I wondered where such things came from, but was as if in a dreamy, half lucid state, and let her do just what she wished with me. She made me swallow a glass of wine, and drawing my arm inside hers, she walked me twice round Fitzwilliam Square. The air, the change, and the pleasing feeling that no one would recognize me, did me much good, and cured me of the horrid idea of committing suicide."

"It was a fearful thought," said Susanna. "I am very thankful thee has been preserved from it, my poor Paulina! I have repeatedly met —— in company, and thought him excessively forward in presuming to address me. I do not think he will venture again, however, for it was only last evening, at aunt Abigail's, Eustace looked very fierce at him, and said, 'Don't you dare to speak to my sister.' He and Ralph Moneymore are become great friends, and I could not say which of them I detest the most."

"Does thee, indeed, dislike Ralph?" asked Paulina. "Report says, he admires thee."

"I do not thank him for his admiration. I hate him," she replied; "but tell me, Paulina, about thy visit to aunt Smyth: I have often heard that there was some mysterious circumstance about the old lady, and I have asked my mother to tell me, but she said it was too awful to talk about; so my curiosity has long been excited, to know what is the cause of the Friends' looking so dismal whenever her name is mentioned."

"It is, indeed, a melancholy story," answered Paulina. "I knew scarce anything of it until I had been some time in the house, and then she told me all herself. My blood still runs cold at the bare mention of the dreadful tale. Ruth advised me to go to her for the sake of being away from Dublin, and the talking crowd of Friends, of whose gossip I was the daily theme. Ruth said, as of course I never expected to be happy in this world again, it would be a noble employment for me to spend my life in endeavoring to mitigate the unhappiness of others. She advised me to make a vow to myself, that I would daily try to do something that might make one at least of my fellow creatures happy, or less unhappy than they had hitherto been; and she selected aunt Smyth as the most hopelessly unhappy of mortals, for me to commence my work on.

"When I arrived, aunt welcomed me with a sad greeting. 'I am glad to see thee, my dear; thee is unhappy, I am told. None but the unhappy are fit company for me. Make thyself at home, and do just as thee likes; but do not expect me to speak to thee, pity thee, or pay thee any attentions, for I have no spirits for conversation, or time or thought to spare from my own sorrow.' So there I was, alone, I may say, in the great old house. Some days aunt would take her meals with me; often she would not. She never received any visitors. Even Friends travelling in the ministry were refused admission. Her old housekeeper Martha, and one servant, managed all the domestic arrangements. I do not think aunt ever

gave an order. She never went out of the house, or even into the garden, or to meeting. She is a very tall woman, and must have been very handsome, but now her face seems contracted into a look of mental agony. I scarcely thought of my own trouble, marvelling what hers could have been. Uncle, I had always heard, had been very fond of her, as well as most kind and attentive; and he has left her in very comfortable circumstances. She never had a child. There was nothing apparent to account for her extreme depression. I frequently heard her groaning as I passed her room. She often passed the night pacing up and down the floor, and always kept a light burning in it. I soon made friends with old Martha, who was very glad to have any one in the house; but whenever I tried to speak to her of aunt's sad, gloomy state, she would shudder and say,—'Oh! let us talk of something else. It is most dreadful.'

"For several weeks the same sad, monotonous life continued. I became daily less unhappy myself; I found plenty to do: my curiosity was aroused to an intense degree; my pity led me to perform every little act of attention in my power; and, although at first my services were accepted but coldly, still I soon saw that aunt liked them. She caught the prevailing influenza, and as that is always attended with great prostration of strength, she was quite confined to her room. Martha also was laid by at the same time, so I had an opportunity of making myself useful; and, remembering Ruth's advice, I tried to look contented, cheerful, and happy. I should tell thee, Ruth had made me promise her that I would read a chapter in the Bible on my knees every day, and five chapters besides. The effect on one's mind, by adopting such a practice, is marvellous. Like so many young Friends, I dreaded the idea of being thought pious, and consented to do as she required me, because it is so unlike the sitting in silence without thought, which the plain Friends dwell on as being the perfection of religion."

"I can understand that feeling," said Susanna; "and yet it has often seemed to me very strange, that we quakers, who adopt so many eccentricities, to mark our isolation from, and superiority to, other Christians; and profess to be guided in all things by the Holy Spirit—it is on religious grounds we set up our difference; and yet, we are all of us, except the few who govern the meetings, almost morbidly fearful of being thought religious at all."

"That," replied Paulina, "arises from the fact, and a melancholy one it is, that so few of our ministers and elders are really pious people; we who know, and daily see, the discrepancies between their preaching and their practice, know them to be dissemblers. I do believe some of them are ignorant themselves that they are so. In fact, the ministers, generally speaking, having no preparatory study, are exceedingly ignorant; and it is no wonder they should misconceive their own motives of action. Think of an appointed minister openly saying,—'the acknowledged degeneracy of our society was the natural result of allowing the young people to study books: that education must be checked, or Friends' principles would soon cease to be upheld.' He, a farmer himself, able enough to manage his crops and to follow his plough, but more unlettered than a well-taught boy of ten years old, is flattered with a seat in the gallery; and whilst the most solemnly deferential attention is paid to his ungrammatical outpourings, how can he help self-satisfaction? or hesitate to think himself to be really an inspired minister, as the monthly meeting has declared its undoubted belief that he is?"

"As the ministers have been flattered themselves, so they flatter others also, and the end is self-deception.* Here is a

* "We read that Jacob Green went into the Women's Yearly Meeting, London, 5th Mo. 27, 1852, and addressed them as 'The mothers in Israel—who might be compared to the gold and silver pipes through which the pure oil was conveyed—those on whom holiness to the Lord had been, as it were, inscribed.' He added, 'Why have we so few

schoolmaster, who one day flies into the most ungoverned passion with his pupils, then initiates them into deception by getting up sham lessons and specimens to meet the eyes of the regulating committee; and the next day stands up to preach in our religious meetings of peace, and truth, and righteousness, announcing himself to be a faithful servant of the heart-searching God. It is no wonder that the very name of religion is disliked, and should suggest the idea of hypocrisy and all that is repulsive. But, Paulina, I want to hear about aunt Smyth."

"Like every one else who knows the story, I have an unaccountable feeling of repugnance to narrate it. One day aunt was more ailing than usual, and I believe, fancied she was dying. The tears fell like rain-drops from her poor swollen eyes, and her sighs and groans were so deep, and yet so gentle, that my pity overcame my resolution, and I too wept. 'Why should thy tears flow, Paulina?' she asked. 'Had I only such a sorrow as thine, I should deem myself supremely blessed.'

"'The heart knows its own bitterness,' I replied, 'but I am not unhappy now. I only wept because my feelings were pained to see thee suffering under such a hopeless sorrow.'

"'Hopeless — yes — hopeless indeed,' she said, and then almost fiercely, she added, 'who told thee I was hopeless?'

"'No one, dear aunt,' said I, 'I used the word inadverently. I have not any idea of what it is that causes thee such deep distress. It was a wrong word to use, for no one can be hopeless, who believes in the Lord Jesus Christ our Saviour.'

"'Hush, Paulina,' she cried, 'do not ever breathe that name

gifted ministers? O ye gifted ones! O ye talented young sisters! Is the fault the great Master's? O, no. He is calling you to put away childish things, and yield your hearts and talents to his service.'"— BRITISH FRIEND, p. 177.

JACOB GREEN is a minister in the greatest esteem. He is one of "the gifted ones."

to me. He is not my Saviour. I denied Him.' And she groaned in an agony of mind which was dreadful to witness. I was at first overwhelmed with horror at hearing such awful words, and trembled all over. She noticed my agitation, and said 'Go away; I do not want thee to stay with me: neither thee, or any one else, can hate me more than I hate myself.'

"'Do not send me away from thee,' I said. 'I love thee dearly, aunt; and although I am only a young girl, and unskilled in speaking words of consolation, yet let me stay beside thee. I do not seek to intrude on thy confidence, although thy words are fearfully incomprehensible; but it affords me pleasure to wait on thee, and to be in the same room with thee.'

"'Stay if thee likes to do so,' she said; and after remaining in an abstracted state for more than half an hour, she abruptly asked me,—'Paulina, shall I tell thee?'

"'Do, aunt,' I replied, and quietly drew my chair near her; but so placed myself as that she should not see my face, which I feared might indicate the nervous horror which I felt creeping over me. In her low, sad, musical voice she began, apparently quite calm and self-possessed. 'Thy uncle and I were much attached to each other; we were rich, and stood high in general estimation. He was an acknowledged minister, and I was overseer, and had been clerk to the monthly meeting for many years; consequently we were both influential. Some years ago the New Light Doctrines were introduced into our meetings. They sprung from the teaching laid down in 'Barclay's Apology,' the standard book of our Society: that it is essential for us to co-operate with spirit, and so 'to work out our own salvation with fear and trembling.' Friends say, though we place remission of sins in the *righteousness and obedience of Christ performed by Him in the flesh*, as to what pertains to the *remote* procuring cause, and that we hold ourselves *formally justified by Christ Jesus, formed and brought forth in us*, yet can we not, as some Protestants have un-

warily done, exclude works from justification. For though properly we be not justified *from them*, yet we are justified *in them;* and they are necessary even as a *causa sine quâ non*, *i. e.*, the cause without which none are justified.'* And again: 'Wherefore, their judgment is false, and against the truth, that say that *the holiest works of the saints are defiled and sinful in the sight of God*, for these *good works* are not the works of the law, excluded by the apostle from justification.' And again, quoting and adopting the writing of Zanchius, Friends say, '*good works are the instrumental cause of the possession of life eternal, for by these, as by a means and a lawful way, God leads into the possession of life eternal.*† Thy uncle was fond of reasoning and arguing; and he very naturally came to the conclusion that his own exemplary life, his numerous charities, and his undeviating adherence to all the peculiarities in dress and address of our Society, were the good works which should merit, entitle, and lead him to life everlasting. Both he and I were naturally proud-spirited; and our pride, fostered by the flattering deference with which Friends always treated us, led us on from one step to another, until we convinced ourselves that we had a right to heaven, independent of the merit of Christ's death in the flesh; for as Barclay says it is only Christ, or the light '*brought forth in us*,' that justifies; of course, then, we had no need to look to Him, externally, as our Saviour.

"'Thy uncle preached on this point constantly in meetings, as he wished to know were Friends generally of the same opinion as he was. No one made any remark on the soundness of his teaching for a long time: indeed, his doctrinal views met with, I may say, the entire approbation of all the meetings in our district. Our views were spreading with wonderful rapidity under the name of New Light, until some strangers interfered; when, after much dissension and family

* Barclay's "Apology," prop. 7, pp. 211 and 213.

† Barclay's "Apology," p. 244.

estrangements, the meeting-houses were taken from our people, and the old system restored. Thy uncle was put out of the gallery, and we were both disowned; very many others were subjected to the same treatment, and the Friends who now got the upper hand, while they professed to hold Barclay as the expounder of their faith, called us in contempt Unitarians and New Lights, for preaching the doctrines which are there so clearly laid down, and which they really hold themselves, but are afraid to confess openly, lest 'the people of the world' should refuse to give them the name of Christians at all. They hold to Barclay and his doctrines as firmly as we did. It signified very little which of the parties was right or wrong. There were not more than half a dozen at either side who thought, knew, or cared much about it. The mass of our meetings believed whatever was preached to them, as far as they could understand, or would take the trouble to attend to it; and the most powerful party got possession of the gallery. We had it for more than ten years, and now it was their turn. However, when thy uncle was disowned, we gave up going to meeting altogether. I need not enter into all the discussions we had; suffice it to say, we reasoned ourselves into the belief, that religion was but another name for superstition, and that if there was a God and a future state of rewards and punishments, we at least had nothing to fear as our lives were blameless, and our good works abundant.

"'One day he told me a story which the previous evening had come to his own knowledge. He trembled as he spoke. The fearful circumstance, and the similarity of our unbelief with that in the tale, most powerfully impressed his mind; and as I heard it from his lips, it entered into my soul as a reality, and never since, for one moment, has the mysterious awe, and the terrible certainty that we too have denied the Saviour, been absent from my mind. I cannot shake off the remembrance of it. I cannot rid myself of the conviction that he I loved was hopeless as I am of pardon or of peace in the world to

come. A fearful looking for of judgment was upon him then; it has ever since been upon me. I will tell thee the story.

"'A gentleman and his wife had gone further even than we had, in their open and daring unbelief. They denied even the being of a God. They were, like us, exceedingly attached to each other, and delighted in conversing unceasingly of their independence of all creeds and superstitions. They said, 'Let us make an agreement, that whichever of us should die first, shall, if there is indeed a God, return to the survivor and inform him of it.' 'A very good idea,' replied the other; 'I will promise to come tell you, if I should go first.' Not long after this conversation he was taken ill of fever and died. His illness was so severe, and his delirium so constant, that she could not speak to him at the last; indeed, her affection for him was so intense that the idea of her approaching bereavement almost paralysed her mind.

"'For several weeks after his death she was quite stupid, and ceased to have any thought or remembrance of aught save her own intolerable sorrow, which was mixed with a feeling of indignant anger, that she, of all people in the world, should be subject to such a chance. She who had never done God or man any harm—who had spent her time and money in doing acts of kindness and benevolence—who had worked with her own hands for the poor, and she had one only heart-treasure, and that one death came and thus suddenly robbed her of. She had, indeed, she thought, cause to be angry.

"'It was full three months after her husband's death, she was as usual thinking of him, of his undeviating affection for her, of the many pleasant and interesting conversations they had had, when she recalled to mind his promise to return from the grave, and tell if there was indeed a God. He had not returned, and she rejoiced to think her infidelity was thus ratified.

"'She was mentally triumphing in the superiority they had openly shown to the prejudices of others, although still bewil-

dered, for there are many things in our earthly sojourn which cannot be reconciled to our common sense, except by the belief in an overruling and all-wise Providence, when the night drew on, and she retired to bed. How long she had slept she knew not, but she was awakened by a noise in her room. The lamp was burning as usual, and she saw her husband approaching the bed. She had no feeling of fear, he looked so natural.

"'She said, 'Well, James, is that you?'

"'Do you remember,' he asked, 'my promise to return from the dead, and tell you if our views were true or false?'

"'Yes,' she answered; 'well, how is it? Is there any God?'

"'There is,' he replied; 'remember what I say—there is indeed a God, a terrible God.'

"'Very well,' she said quietly, 'but I am afraid, when the morning comes, I may go on reasoning, and persuade myself that this visit of yours is only a dream or delusion.'

"'Look,' said he, and holding the bed-curtain, he tied it in a fantastic manner, 'will that convince you of my presence?'

"'No, really,' she replied, 'I could easily do that myself.' He then walked over to the toilette, and turned the large looking-glass round.

"'Now,' said he, 'I think that will satisfy you that I have been here.'

"'I do not think it would,' she said; 'walking in my sleep I might do such things myself. Give me some sure token that it is indeed yourself, or I shall think this is all but an imagination of my own brain.' He spoke no more, but came over close to her bed-side, caught hold of her wrist and pressed it very tightly. The pain was intense for the moment, then he vanished from her sight, and again, as tranquilly as before, she slept on, until the bright morning sunshine waked her up.

"'Her vision of the night came vividly before her. She looked about the room; there was the curtain, knotted up most strangely. She remembered the looking-glass, and

sprung out of bed to see it; there it was, turned completely round. She remembered the awful words spoken, but laughed at her own folly. Superstition or a dream should not terrify her strong mind. Suddenly she felt some slight irritation at the wrist, and drew up her sleeve to look at it, and there were the marks of his fingers indelibly impressed on the flesh. Paulina, this story is true. Thy uncle saw the lady. He saw her unwind the broad black ribbon she ever wore on her wrist, and exhibit to him the brand. It was distinctly the mark of a man's hand, grasping round the wrist, burnt, as if with fire, brown and fresh looking. He saw the wretched woman, who, in her speechless agony, lived on from year to year, and who seemed to take a horrid pleasure in seeing others tremble with affright at her supernatural punishment.* And now, Paulina, I am not, as she was, branded visibly, but the brand is on my soul. It was only one week after thy uncle had told me this tale, and his look of self-convicted infidelity is still vividly before me, that he sickened and died. The last words he uttered were, 'I have no Saviour.' I felt then, and I feel still, a burning horror of dread. The terrors which surrounded his death-couch are ever around my living path. Awake or asleep, it is still the same. Misery, hopeless misery, unutterable woe, is in that one short sentence, 'I have no Saviour.'

"I could not speak; horror and fright overcame me; I trembled and wept. My poor aunt! I felt myself involuntarily shudder, and my eyes were fixed on her arm, as if I expected to see the brand upon her also. She noticed and divined my thought; and, answering it, said, whilst she raised her

* This narrative has been related to the writer by several different members of the family, in which the circumstance referred to was notorious. They believed it be true, and told it as undoubted truth.

"The psychologist tells of a state in which the affections and images of the mind become so dominant and overpowering, that they press into their services the outward senses, and make them give tangible shape to the inward imagining."—Strowe.

sleeve to convince me, 'No, I am not marked, but do not ever again speak one word to me on the subject. It was right thee should know what makes me hopelessly miserable, although nothing thee can say or do will lessen my misery.'

"She spoke very gently, but oh! so sadly. Feeling quite unable to control my excited feelings, I rose to leave the room. 'Go,' she said, in the same calm voice, 'that is the way with them all. All go from me, when they know my misery. Go. I do not want to keep thee.'

"Poor wretched woman! I pitied her from my heart, but I was choking, and could not speak, so hastily kissing her cold pale cheek I hurried away. The subject was not again mentioned whilst I remained at her house. I endeavored to be more affectionate and attentive to her than before, but I could not prevent myself from trembling, often violently, and weeping when I thought of her misery, and my own incapacity to afford her any relief. She observed this, and one day at dinner, abruptly, but most kindly, told me she thought I had better return home. At parting she was as kind and affectionate as her cold listless manner would allow her to be. She gave me a £20 note to buy myself a present with, but forbad me to write to her. Poor thing! my heart bleeds for her."

"She is, indeed," said Susanna, "an object of the deepest commiseration. Do not the ministers and elders visit, and try to console her?"

"Several Friends," replied Paulina, "have called on her, but she refused to receive them. They all belong to the party who turned uncle out of the gallery, and she has consequently a personal prejudice against them; but, independent of that, there is not one individual among them who bears the character of being a truly religious person; and for mere sectarianism, poor aunt has little cause to value it."

"Are there many of the New-light Friends still in those parts?" asked Susanna.

"There are not many; none, I believe, who openly profess

it now," she replied; "but there is much of the same taint; and whilst the writings of Barclay and Penn are allowed to supersede the Bible, the same result will of course arise."

"Is thee justified in saying that any writings are allowed to supersede the Bible?" asked Susanna. "I think not."

"I thought so too until lately, when my attention has been attracted to the subject. The Bible is acknowledged by our Society 'to be divine in its origin, profitable for doctrine, and able to make man wise unto salvation;' this is on one side; but on the other, Friends say, 'The Scriptures are not the principal ground of truth, nor yet the first adequate rule of faith and manners.'* That 'the Spirit is the rule,' or the fountain from which the Scriptures came, and that whatever else proceeds from that same fountain (as they say our peculiarities did), is of equal value with it. Then they also teach that the Old Testament is but a Jewish law, and entirely superseded by the New. Thus even the command to keep holy the sabbath-day is not binding on Friends, but as a matter of expediency;† whilst the New Testament is not considered quite perfect either, for Barclay says, 'As to the Scriptures being a filled canon, I see no necessity of believing it.' St. Paul declares he gave us, 'by the revelation of Jesus Christ, the whole counsel of God,' and that whoever shall attempt to 'preach any other Gospel shall be accursed;' but Barclay 1600 years after, claims to have been appointed a servant of God, 'called to the dispensation of the gospel *now again* revealed;' he says, 'not a revelation of a new gospel and new doctrine, but a *new revelation* of the good old gospel and doctrine.' He claims, and Friends yield, all the authority of inspiration to the numerous visions and ordinances of George Fox and his contemporaries.

"The commands of even the New Testament are so spiritualized, and reasoned away, that it can scarcely be called the

* Barclay's "Apology," Prop. 8. † Barclay's "Apology," p. 357–358.

rule of conduct, any more than of doctrine; whilst the practical teaching of George Fox must be literally obeyed.

"Friends must not be baptized, although nothing can be more simply clear than that command in the Bible; and they must refuse to pay tithe because George Fox so ordained. The Bible says women must not preach in the churches. Fox approves of women's preaching, and his opinion is followed. The New Testament tells us, how public worship should be conducted with prayer, thanksgiving, preaching, and singing; but George Fox says, 'No—you must just sit still, and do nothing;' the Bible is disregarded, and he is obeyed; and so it is with the rest of our peculiarities, *not one of them is to be found in the Bible;* they are all, as indeed Friends boast, 'a new revelation' made 1654 to 1668. The Bible warns us not to presume to add to the ordinances of the Lord, yet Friends insist most rigorously on our observance of George Fox's additions to the requirements of the Bible."

"I am afraid thee is a heretic," said Susanna, smiling.

"There are very many who know all this," she replied, "but they do not like to speak of it."

"My good sister," said Susanna, "would certainly disapprove of such conversation; yet I have read, and been surprised at Barclay's evasion of Bible commands. George Fox's creed, as given in the Book of Minutes, says, he believes in God the Father, in the Lord Jesus Christ the Saviour, and in the Holy Scriptures. It is most remaakable in this, that he does not acknowledge the Holy Spirit to be *tri-une* with the Father and the Son. There is the same omission, as to the personality and unity of the Holy Spirit, in the Society's creed of 1693; and it was because he saw this omission, that Joseph John Gurney composed his creed, which some Friends like very much, but it is not adopted by the Society generally."

"He is called a Trinitarian, in contempt for it," replied Paulina. "Yet we are allowed great liberty of belief on these

most essential points. Hast thou not often heard our ministers in the gallery, saying, 'I believe, and I have long believed,' instead of 'we believe?' and the more pious, educated, and enlightened they are, the more cautiously they avoid identifying themselves and their own individual belief, with that of the Society."

"Yes," said Susanna, "I have oftentimes noticed that, but did not think it was meant to convey an idea that they differed in belief from the acknowledged doctrines; however, it may be so. Whatever quakerism once was, it is now the most formal of all religious sects, and if the external appearance is only right and according to rules, we may think what we please, provided we keep our thoughts to ourselves."

"True," replied Paulina; "quakerism originally professed to place the height of man's happiness in the true knowledge of God: and the doctrine of inspiration and immediate revelation was then subordinate to the Bible. Many of the early Friends were great scripturians, pious, and well meaning. They separated from the Church of England, under the idea of becoming more holy in their lives, and more spiritual in their worship; but now-a-days, a Friend's first duty is to dress himself up in the prescribed fashion; to go regularly to meetings, look sober, and sit still there, to speak the language of George Fox's choice; and if he performs these acts, he is, according to our preachers, sure of heaven, as one of them said to me, 'If thee attends to these duties, thee will be sure to go to heaven, as easily as if thee was carried up there in a hand-basket.'"

Susanna smiled. "An easy journey, certainly," she said, "but I do not want to go there yet awhile, and perhaps some fresh inspiration may yet find out an easier still, before my turn comes."

"Tell me, Susanna," said Paulina, "does thee care about religion? or wish to be thought religious?"

"Indeed, I do not," she answered, "I leave that to Jenefer,

she is pious enough for both herself and me; but I like to know about it, and the queer nonsensical notions of our good Friends amuse me very much. Sometime or other before I die, I suppose I must think the same way myself, or I shall have no chance of a seat in the hand-basket."

"Some people die young," answered Paulina, seriously. "Since I was with aunt Smyth, my thoughts are constantly dwelling on the awful transit which each one of us must make from time to eternity. Oh! how I wish I knew how to live, that when death comes, I might be able to meet it without fear: and to stand with an assured hope of mercy before the dreadful God, at the judgment day."

"Read the religious novels," said Susanna. "They represent people dying with entire confidence, and even wishing for the last moment; but the dying person generally has a clergyman beside him to console and direct his thoughts. That is a blessing we cannot have. He has the Bible off by heart, and can in a moment find out some part of it just suited to the state of the sick man. I do not like to talk of death, or to think of it either: we are both young and strong, and have, I hope, a long and happy life before us; so farewell now, Paulina, I hope we may soon again have another walk together." And the Friends separated for their respective homes.

CHAPTER IV.

"The man that wandereth out of the way of understanding, shall remain in the congregation of the dead."—PROV. xxi. 16.

RALPH MONEYMORE was, as we have said, a general merchant. He was also a speculator in any little safe scheme which tempted him to embark a trifle. A few shares in one company, and a few in another; one share in one vessel, and two in another. He rented houses in several different streets, and re-let them to lodgers at a profit. He advanced small sums at large interest, to needy tradespeople and dealers, always, however, obtaining good security; consequently, Ralph soon gathered a full purse.

It was now about two years since the day that Susanna Sillington had so unceremoniously cut short his morning visit. He had felt no anger or annoyance at the circumstance; he blamed himself for bad management, and being too forward; and admired her all the more, for the spirited conduct with which she had repelled his presumption, in thinking, that like other Friends, she would be only too glad to receive his attentions. His manner to her ever since had been deferentially polite and unobtrusive. He constantly visited at the house, but his visits were expressly to her father or mother. Nevertheless he had contrived to let it be known that he was her ardent admirer, and he hoped by familiarizing her ear to the tale of his attachment, told by others, that some feeling of interest might be awakened in her heart. He knew that he had no claim to aspire to one so much above him in all things.

Her family connexions ranked her amongst the best of the Society. Of his family he was himself the very best. She was young and beautiful, and wealthy too. He was conscious of his own inferiority, but he was not poor—no—money should be no bar to the accomplishment of his views. He had accumulated a large sum.

To Ralph's great annoyance, he heard the young men chatting after meeting in the vestibule, one first day morning, about a certain young English Friend who had been greatly struck with Susanna's appearance, and who had told some of them, that as soon as the emigration season was over, for he was in that trade, he would return to look after "the beauty."

Ralph was troubled in his mind. He paced the floor of his little sitting room in deep thought. His love for Susanna was intense; so intense as to make him fearful of success; and yet, he must venture at once, or this Englishman would walk over the course. He had intended to wait, and watch, and mature his plans far better. He wanted more money, to offer her a more luxurious home. He had obtained the name of a most "consistent Friend;" his heart misgave him that Susanna did not care for "consistency," and might like him all the better if he were less of the "very plain Friend;" but his whole standing in the world hung on his quakerism; without that, he could have no chance at all with her family. His memory recalled every word she had addressed to him for the past two years; they were very few, but pleasant. As if regretting her unpolite dismissal, she had been most courteous to him; and although he felt that her courtesy was more cold and repelling than her one ungracious act, still, now he built some hope on it; and after carefully weighing all points, he resolved to risk his fate the very next day.

According to the advice of the Society, and Ralph resolved to do all which the best wisdom of Friends has devised for such proceedings, it was necessary to get some Friend to propose for him to the fair lady's father and mother. Ralph

would much rather have knelt before Susanna, and poured forth the tale of his love, his one deep heartfelt love, in her ear alone. He knew he could speak of it eloquently, for it had grown into his soul. He felt as if the torrent of his love must sweep away every impediment, and that the intensity of his feelings would kindle a reciprocity of feeling; but he durst not transgress the rule of the Society, which stringently exhorts "that unmarried people do not make any procedure one with another, upon the account of marriage, without first applying to parents for consent and agreement therein."*

Ralph being a convert, had to find some substitute for a parent; and was puzzled which of his acquaintance to select for his second in this affair of the heart. At length he fixed on Reuben Stephenson, who being a very plain Friend, and Susanna's cousin, was eligible for the task. Reuben made several objections to the office, for he did not think Ralph half good enough for Susanna, but of course he could not say that. At length he accepted the task, and the two worthies resolved to go to tea at Daniel Sillington's, and lay the matter seriously before the parents.

It was not an unusual thing for either of these young men to pop in at tea time; consequently Ralph and Reuben, although unexpected that evening, were received as usual with frank and free hospitality. Susanna presided at the tea-table with her accustomed graceful, easy manner; and little imagining the honor which was intended for her, she chatted to Ralph with cheerful pleasantry, on the topics just then of interest and importance to the Society. Ralph was delighted; never had she looked so lovely before, never had she so charmed him with her playful wit. She had very rarely condescended to address him before: why did she this evening, of all others, studiously amuse him, and appear in such good spirits? Ralph thought to himself, "she has a shrewd guess of my business here this evening, and she wishes to encourage

* "Rules of Discipline and Advices," p. 19.

me. She is already mistress of the secret of my heart, and like all women, she is delighted at the idea of getting married." So he thought, and his conduct took its hue from these imaginings; concluding that she would accept him as a suitor, his spirits rose high, and his conversation became animated and interesting.

Tea over, Reuben who was looking very cross, said, "Uncle —Ralph and I wish to have a little private conversation with thee and my aunt."

Ralph could have killed him, thus maliciously, as it seemed, to interrupt him in the first, and most delightful conversation he had ever had the good fortune to enjoy with Susanna. He had just contrived to render it personally interesting to her, and was carefully and gradually trying to introduce the subject of his affection, without startling her. Reuben having made so many objections to accepting the office of spokesman, Ralph guessed, and rightly guessed, that he had chosen the most unsuitable moment, on purpose to finish the business; however, there was no help for it now, and Ralph, swallowing his vexation, rose to attend the summons of Daniel Sillington, as he answered Reuben, "Certainly. Let us walk into the next room."

"What is this business about?" asked Eustace, as the door slowly closed on the serious looking party. "It looks like a proposal, eh, Jenefer?"

"Perhaps so," she answered, simpering; "I cannot tell."

Eustace did not like that look of conscious pleasure, and said, "Surely thee would not marry a low fellow like him: no body knows anything about his family, and there are queer stories going, about the way he makes his money."

"People often say things they ought not to say," she replied. "It is time enough for me to refuse when I am asked; but I am impressed with a conviction, that Ralph Moneymore will yet be an eminent man; an ornament to our Society, and a very desirable addition to any family he may feel drawn to ally himself with."

"Why, Jenefer," said Susanna, laughing, "positively, thee is in love with him, I do believe. Well: he improves on acquaintance, I was quite interested in his conversation just now. I did not think before, that he had so much feeling as he displayed when speaking of himself, and the isolation from all his relatives, which in consequence of joining our Society he has had to undergo. He told me his father had forbidden him ever to enter his doors again, and his step-mother, who professes to be a religious woman, said, she wished he had died before he joined the quakers."

"How pre-eminently our Society stands above all other divisions of the Christian Church," said Jenefer. "Persecution seems indeed to be the one prevailing characteristic of them all. I trust our dear Friend Ralph may, in an especial manner, be favored with the incomings of peace, and thereby have to acknowledge that his faithfulness to the requirings of the inward monitor has been amply rewarded."

"I would not wonder if it was thee, Susanna, the fellow was after, and not Jenefer at all," said Eustace.

Jenefer grew scarlet, and hastily answered, "Eustace! I fear thou wilt one day bitterly repent ———" she checked herself, and rising from her seat, walked out of the room.

"Hey-day," said he, "she is in a muff, and jealous too, of thee, Susanna. A precious lad this is for her to fancy!" and then he comically added, with mock seriousness, "perhaps Susanna's feelings are also interested in this young man."

She laughed gaily. "Oh! no fear for me. I would not marry him for his weight in gold." And then she added gravely, "I hope Jenefer will not be so ridiculous as to fancy him. He has no more religion than my shoe, and he is a plain Friend merely for the gain of the thing; but perhaps, and I am sure I hope, it is only some meeting business they are come about."

"Not likely," answered he. "No. Reuben is spokesman. It is a proposal, and I think for thee, much more likely than

for Jenefer: and, indeed, I wish it may be, for she would not refuse him, and thee would."

"I do not think," she replied, "that Jenefer would marry so much beneath her. She is very proud of the antiquity of our family: that feeling would prevent her accepting a man who has nothing on earth to recommend him but a coat without a collar, and a hat with a large brim."

"Yes," said Eustace, "he has a very long nose, and a smiling mouth, which can speak most plausibly too."

Thus the brother and sister amused themselves, whilst in the adjoining parlor sat Daniel and his wife, erect and solemn looking. The chairs being all ranged round the room, quite close to the wall, Ralph could not push his back one inch, as he would fain have done. So they were all seated in a row. Not a word was spoken for several minutes. Ralph was in an agony of suspense, and could again very comfortably have killed Reuben, for not speaking out at once. In a far-down, out-of-the-way corner of his heart, where the Friends could not see, he cursed him bitterly, for prolonging a silence, which was every moment becoming more intolerable and more ridiculous—sitting and waiting for "the immediate inspiration of best wisdom," to guide him to the right moment for making the set speech which was already prepared for him. But Reuben took no note of him. With back very straight, and eyes cast down, he sat: his hands clasped, and his knees crossed, evidently in a serious waiting frame of mind. Daniel and his wife, of course, sat silent, attentive to hear whatever might be communicated to them. At last, Reuben slowly uncrossed his knees, unfolded his hands, made repeated use of his pocket-handkerchief,* and then leaned forward on his chair and spoke: "Uncle, aunt—Ralph Moneymore has requested me to accompany him on the present occasion. He desires

* "Concerned Friends" make constant use of the pocket-kerchief when in "sittings." It is an evidence of the uprising of the "springs of life."—See Barclay's "Apology," p. 364.

me to say, he is actuated by a desire to seek your daughter Susanna in marriage; also, that the subject has long been before his mind; and he believes his drawing towards the young woman is in accordance with her feelings towards him. He is prepared to lay a statement of his means of supporting her before you, and he apprehends that his income, united to the portion which you will probably incline to give your daughter, will be ample for a commencement in life."

Reuben ceased, leaned back again, and again crossed his knees, clasped his hands, and closed his eyes, with all due gravity.

Daniel and his wife remained silent, and Ralph felt that he must now speak; but he was choking, no word would come for him. He thought if he could only utter one malediction on the provoking coolness of Reuben, it would relieve him; if he could only throw himself at Susanna's feet he could speak; if he could even draw his chair out of the solemn looking trio, he might emit a word: but no, there he must sit, and the longer he was silent, the greater was the difficulty of breaking the silence. At last the words came incoherently, for his feelings were intensely interested: "I love her most truly. Will you permit me to ask her to become my wife?"

No answer came for several minutes. Poor Ralph! The love he felt for Susanna was strong indeed, or he could not have borne as he did the intolerable suspense.

"We were not aware," at length said Daniel, "that our daughter had manifested, or felt, any preference for thee."

"Reuben should not have said so," replied Ralph. "I have carefully abstained from either revealing my own affection to her, or from extracting the avowal of her feelings towards me, until I had first obtained the permission of her dear parents."

"I thought," said Reuben, "thee had distinctly told me that thee had already had evidence of Susanna's partiality for thee?"

"Thou has misunderstood me," said Ralph to him, calmly; but Reuben was a craven, and he saw a look on Ralph's face which made him quail, and sit silent for awhile. Ralph then addressing Martha Sillington, said, "Since I was favored with an admittance to membership in our highly-favored religious Society, or rather, I should say, since I was sufficiently grown to be able to appreciate the privilege granted me, I have endeavored, as I believe, my dear friend, thou art aware, to walk in all things consistently with the rules of our discipline. The custom of the people amongst whom it was my lot to live, differs much from that of Friends; and I confess it has been a deep trial of my faithfulness to feel called on to refrain from communicating to Susanna, the devoted, the ardent affection I have so long entertained for her. Until I felt myself in a position to offer her a comfortable home, I did not feel warranted even to seek permission from you, my valued friends, to address myself to your beloved daughter."

Ralph paused in hope of a reply, but it was so tedious in coming that he determined to go on; and in the full hope of success—for he had rather feared an abrupt refusal—he continued: "I am in possession of a clear income of five hundred a year, with a prospect of a considerable increase, and I am prepared to lay a statement of the particulars before you, if you desire it."

Daniel Sillington then said, "Before thou need take the trouble of so doing, my wife will speak to our daughter; and when the state of her feelings towards thee has been satisfac-'orily ascertained, we can communicate with thee on the subject."

"Oh! pray!" said Ralph, with vehemence, "permit me to speak to her myself. I have performed the duty prescribed by our discipline. Surely you will not prevent me from pleading my own cause."

The lady seemed touched by his fervor, and said, "I do not see any impropriety in thy seeing our daughter. Thy commu-

nication has been a surprise to me. I should not have thought so young a person as our Susanna would have exactly suited thee, but as I believe thee to be a very consistent Friend, I think we may leave the decision of this very important matter to Susanna herself."

"Thou art a noble-minded woman," exclaimed Ralph. "I felt very confident that thy truly maternal intelligence would guide thee aright: even had thy determination been opposed to my wishes, I would have bowed submissively to thy superior judgment."

"Well," said the father, "let it be so. My dear," to his wife, "thee had better go and summon Susanna hither." Then turning to Ralph, who looked aghast at the idea of having to tell his love, his real true love, to the young lady, for the first time, in the presence of three other individuals, all sitting straight up in a row, "perhaps it might be more agreeable to thee that we should retire?"

"I should prefer a private interview," he said, with assumed calmness.

"Well, sit down," said Daniel. "We will go, and send her to thee."

They retired, and Ralph was left alone. He looked to see was the door shut, then ground his teeth in an agony of vexation; and indulged himself in a hearty, but low muttered curse, on quakers and quakerism, father, mother, Reuben, the discipline, and his own folly, in having committed himself into the unmerciful management of such cold-hearted passionless beings.

Several minutes elapsed. Ralph calmed himself, and settled his mouth before the mirror again into its accustomed smile. He listened eagerly for the sound of gentle footsteps, but none came near the door. "She has gone up stairs," he thought, "to arrange her hair more becomingly." More than sufficient time for that passed by, and yet she came not. "She feels diffident of coming so formally, to listen to the outpour-

ing of all my fond heart's affection. Sweet girl! I will wait patiently until thy emotions have calmed, although it would fill my heart with rapture to witness thy delicious tremor."

He had heard the hall door shutting, and peeping out of the window, had seen Reuben hurrying down the street; and felt very glad that he was free of the company of Susanna's cousin, with whom for the sake of the connection he would not quarrel, although it would have given him real pleasure to inflict a good drubbing on so bungling, if not malevolent, a spokesman.

Ralph waited, waited on, but no Susanna came to receive his intended proposal. The night was rapidly approaching, and he was as rapidly getting angry. What should he do? Had they all forgotten he was waiting? Were they tampering with his patience? Did they mean to insult him? He had risen, intending to go seek the master of the house, and demand that a reason should be given for neglecting him so long; when his quick ear caught the silver notes of Susanna's voice in the hall, and he resumed his seat, and his blandest manner. A few minutes more, and the servant maid entered, looked surprised to find him there, and laid a pair of lighted candles on the table; then fastened the windows, drew the curtains, and was about to withdraw, when he ventured to say, "Who told thee, Jane, to bring in candles?"

"Miss Susanna, sir," she answered.

"Is she coming down?" said he. "I am waiting to see her."

"I do not know, sir. Shall I ask her?"

"No," said he; "but say I am waiting to see her. Say I want to speak to her for a moment."

The servant went away, and almost immediately after, Martha Sillington entered the room, exclaiming, "Is it possible thou hast been here, all alone, ever since? Did not Reuben tell thee that Susanna was going out to walk with her brother this evening, and did not wish to receive thy communication just at present?"

"No person has been here since you left me," said Ralph, scarce able to control his passion.

"Oh, pray excuse the mistake," replied she. "I am really distressed. Thou must have thought it so strange for us to leave thee so. And thou was expecting Susanna all the time. How very annoying!" But she could not help smiling: then, seeing his look of unrestrainable vexation, she stretched out her hand, and taking his, said seriously, "My dear friend, I pray thee excuse this accidental negligence. Reuben is often very forgetful; but really, we all thought thou had gone away with him. I assure thee it is quite accidental, and I am grieved at his neglect."

"There is no occasion to make any apology to me," said he, haughtily, for his pride was roused. "I am aware that Susanna is not gone out, for I heard her voice not long ago in the hall. It was she who bade the maid bring in the candles. You have been trifling with me, in a way I had not thought any Friend's family could be capable of doing."

"Thou art mistaken," she said with dignity, but pitying him. "When we left the room, we met Susanna in the hall, just going out to walk. We told her that thou wast waiting for an interview with her, and, as she did not like to disappoint her brother, of whom she is so very fond, she commissioned Reuben to go tell thee to defer thy communication until another time; as she did not feel it would be right to break the engagement she had made with her brother. She has now returned from her walk, and was going up stairs to take off her bonnet, when thou heard her voice in the hall. I would advise thee to retire now; and perhaps to-morrow, or next day, an opportunity may present itself for thee to speak to her in a less formal manner. Susanna is young, and somewhat fanciful and romantic; as well as, I am sorry to say, a little positive at times. I believe as she knows the purport of thy intended conversation with her, she will be likely to reject any pre-arrangement for listening to thee; therefore, I would

say,—Either write what thou hast to say, or wait until a suitable opportunity presents itself. Her father and I have given thee permission to pay thy addresses to her; and I believe nothing more is required of us, at the present time. Take a glass of wine now, and allow me to say farewell to thee—for thy own sake," she added, kindly.

Ralph swallowed the wine—took her hand in both his, pressed it most warmly, and then departed without speaking. The mother immediately went to her daughter's room, and reproved Susanna somewhat sharply, for the disappointment which Ralph had endured, and accused her of being an accomplice with Reuben in leaving the young man shut up in the room so long by himself.

Susanna laughed heartily, when she heard of her admirer's having sat for more than two hours patiently waiting and watching for her; but Jenefer was greatly displeased. She said, "It is, indeed, a shame. A most valuable young man has paid thee the greatest possible compliment, and in return he has been insulted. I should not be at all surprised if he were to draw off again. Thee may yet find, Susanna, that it is no laughing matter. A very well-looking young man, very well off in the world, and at the same time a most consistent Friend, rising in the meeting, and likely to attain to usefulness in it. He would be a most desirable husband for thee. I am sorry, indeed, this has occurred; but I believe I have some influence with him: I will speak to him, and endeavor to make matters smooth again."

"Do not trouble thyself," said Susanna, laughing, "I have no doubt I shall be able to settle him myself;" then, addressing her mother, she asked demurely, "When was the Friend to come back for the purpose of making his proposals to her?" Her mother noticed the gravity of her manner, and said she was pleased to see her daughter at-length appearing to appreciate the happiness prepared for her; and warning her to be

very careful in the selection of her expressions when the important moment came, she left the room.

Meanwhile Ralph had returned to his solitary lodging, his mind a chaos of conflicting passions. One moment he would resolve to leave the Society of Friends forever, and never to go near Daniel Sillington's house again: the next his love for Susanna rushed in like a flood, and swept away every impediment. He knew that her mother favored him, and he tried to steel his heart to bear the indignity put on him. One moment he would clench his hand, and vow to take a fearful revenge on Reuben; the next, that it would be wiser to feign a belief in the accidental nature of his offence. At length his mind was made up, and he anxiously waited for the return of morning, to put his fate to the proof. Ten o'clock came, and found him knocking loud and firmly at Daniel Sillington's hall-door. He was shown into the drawing-room, and Susanna was desired by her mother to go immediately, and receive him graciously.

"Father," said she, looking down, and very gravely, "have I thy permission either to accept or to refuse his proposal?"

"Yes, my dear," he answered. "Accept him if thee likes him, and thinks thee would be happy living all thy life long with him. And if thee refuses him, I will not be in the least grieved."

She walked into the drawing-room, shook hands with Ralph, said, "How does thee do to-day?" and then sat down, looking most bewitchingly demure. He drew a chair close beside her, and endeavored to take her hand in his, but she would not permit him. He looked at her silently, and drank deep draughts of love as he gazed, but as no words seemed likely to come, the lady became impatient, and herself began the conversation.

"My mother informed me that thee had some important communication to make to me. May I ask what it is? for my time is precious this morning."

Ralph knelt, and told his love; told it passionately and eloquently. The lady sat unmoved, but a change came over her tranquil features, as she perceived that his feelings were really interested, and felt that it was no mere matter of form with him, but that truly his garnered and best affections were offered for her acceptance. However, she did not pity him much, or give him credit for much depth of feeling; and so having listened to all he had to say, she quietly thanked him for the honor he had done her, but begged leave to decline accepting it. He started to his feet, and exclaimed, "Why—why is this? I have not heard thee aright—thou wilt not, thou must not refuse me. My happiness, my life, depends upon thee: have I in anything offended thee? Lovely, most lovely Susanna, say, have I offended thee?"

"Oh dear, no," she replied. "I am not offended; on the contrary, I feel overwhelmed by the magnitude of the compliment thou hast paid me: but for all that I am not going to marry thee."

"Why? tell me why," he asked, impetuously.

"Why," she said, archly smiling, "I will never marry any man who does not ask myself whether I like him, before he asks my father and mother, and cousin Reuben, to give him leave to marry me."

"But," said Ralph, looking aghast, "surely thou knowest that it is the rule of our Society?"

"Some rules," she said, "are more honored in the breath than in the observance; this one is, at least in the opinion of women Friends."

"I wish I had known thy views on the subject. It was indescribably painful to me to speak of my love for thee to thy parents first; and nothing but the fear that my suit would be rejected by them, unless I adhered to the rules, could have induced me to submit to so unpleasant an ordeal. But thou wilt excuse my unintentional mistake. Thou wilt bless me. Thou wilt be my wife. Beloved, adored Susanna, say thou wilt."

"I have already said I would never marry any man, whose love for me was not strong enough to make him break through that rule, which I believe our worthy predecessors invented as a test of true affection. As such, it is very usefully placed in our Book of Discipline. I feel greatly flattered and obliged for the good opinion thou hast manifested of me; but thou must now allow me to conclude this interview, and to bid thee farewell," saying which, she left the room before he had time to reply, or to recover the shock which her most unexpectedly decisive refusal had caused him.

Ralph hurried out of the house, for he was not in a humor to talk to any one, and, vexed with himself for so foolishly adhering to the obnoxious rule, provoked at her considering it a sufficient reason for rejecting him, and altogether in a very unpleasant state of mind, he yet determined not to be put off. "Her parents," he thought, "her mother at least, approves of my suit. Jenefer, I know, likes me too. She will aid me when I have flattered her piety a little; and this charming, provoking girl, shall yet be mine. She is only trying me. She wants to be courted, and she shall be courted. Dear creature! It will be a pleasant occupation for me, and I like her all the better, for not jumping at my offer too suddenly."

Thus thinking, Ralph resolved to go to tea at Daniel Sillington's the following evening; by that time he thought she would begin to wish for him, and to fear least he might have taken her at her word. So he went. Susanna did not appear. Her mother told him that it had been an anxious time for her, and she wished to know what he had said, or what had happened, as Susanna would tell them nothing, but that she had refused him.

"Oh!" said he smiling, "she was displeased at my having spoken first to thee, and her father, and said she would never marry any man who did so: but I do not mind that: as she has no fault to find with me personally, I expect I shall soon be able to overcome this difficulty."

"Is that all?" said the mother. "Jenefer will soon convince her of the propriety of thy conduct. She is but young, and has not yet felt the importance of a strict adherence to our rules of discipline. Thou must help me my friend, in impressing on her mind the duty of submitting in all points to the requirements of 'the written law.'* We shall be glad to see thee here at any time thou may incline to join our domestic circle, and doubtless, Susanna will be pleased to see thee also."

Ralph availed himself of this invitation, and came frequently, but could never manage to obtain more than a passing word from Susanna, who treated him with the most perfect coolness and indifference. Her mother spoke to her privately, and urged her to accept so good an offer; saying, except for the family he belonged to, she knew not any one she would prefer for a son-in-law. Jenefer also warned her, that it was very unlikely so consistent and suitable a match would again be offered to her; but Susanna was resolute, and said she would rather never be married than be tied to a man she disliked. She laughed at his pretensions to piety, and showed how hollow they were. Jenefer was in the end deputed to tell him, that there was no use in continuing his visits, and she undertook the task with an alacrity which surprised her mother, who shrunk from wounding Ralph's feelings.

Jenefer invited him to take a drive with her in the carriage; and then she informed him that Susanna was going to attend the quarterly meeting, and to remain some weeks with relatives in the country, and that she had been commissioned to request Ralph to forget her, and to seek for a more suitable wife elsewhere.

Ralph felt deeply hurt, and very angry. Susanna and all her family had treated his proposal entirely as a matter of business. Not one of them had appreciated the love he felt and would have

"They are therefore violating *the written law* as well as departing from the spirit of their profession," &c., who disregard the rules of the Society.—BRITISH FRIEND, 1st Mo. 1852.

lavished on the one only being he had ever loved. Disappointed, mortified, and deeply humiliated, his feelings overcame him, and he wept. "Jenefer," said he, at length, "thou hast great influence—wilt thou not intercede for me? My very life seems bound up in the love I have for thy sister."

She answered him very quietly—"I do not feel drawn to facilitate this marriage; it is not a suitable one for thee to form. A pretty, childish face has caught thy attention; but it appears to me that a person of more settled character, more established in the general estimation of our Friends, somewhat older, would be better calculated to be an help-mate for thee. Thy career is only in its commencement, and a wide field of usefulness is open before thee. I fear thou hast not sufficiently studied our rules of discipline under the head of marriage. Hast thou, my dear Friend, 'sat and waited for counsel and clearness in this weighty concern?' Art thou quite sure that thou hast not been 'led by any froward or uncertain affection?' Consider how different are thy disposition, temper and habits from Susanna's. Her want of sobriety of manner would be a stumbling-block in the way of thy accepting any of the most important offices in our meeting. Wert thou united to one more suited to aid thee, both in spiritual and temporal advancement, I would hope great things for thee; for to my mind thou art pre-eminently qualified to assume a leadership amongst us, and it is very satisfactory to observe how generally the true gospel laborers in our highly-favored Society are blessed even in temporal affairs."

Jenefer leaned back in the carriage, and now sat silent, whilst Ralph pondered deeply on her words. The meaning was evident: she wanted him to marry her instead of Susanna; to renounce the lovely and to accept the unlovely. He stole a glance at her features, stern, harsh, and repelling in their expression; and his memory painted the contrast between them and her younger sister's joyous, happy, exquisitely beautiful countenance. Again, it seemed to him so unfeminine a pro-

posal; and, although he was aware that his outward man was arrayed in the garb of the sect, and his tongue tutored to the use of its approved phraseology, for worldly motives, yet he felt shocked at witnessing in Jenefer how completely she, too, made her profession of quakerism a stepping-stone to the attaining of power and temporal gain.

Innocence and true piety are very lovely attributes: no man is so lost to their hallowed influence, as not to feel regret at finding one, supposed to possess them, cast off the long-worn guise, and stand boldly out in the garb of worldliness. Ralph's heart sunk within him. Wealth, influence, and favor, linked with an unlovely bride, were offered to his acceptance. The bribe was great—Jenefer had ten thousand pounds, the legacy of her grandfather. The temptation was very strong; but oh! how rudely was the enchanted cup, over which his heart's best and holiest feelings had so long hung, dashed from his lips. With Susanna's love, he had rejoiced to think his better nature would triumph. For her sake he would act uprightly, and aim to be as pure and good as she was. This was his dream for years past. For it he had toiled and studied; and now, with a pang of unutterable regret, he saw it fade away, and in its stead, a long vista spread itself out, of hypocrisy, heartlessness, disgust, and unavailing regret.

Was it an angel's voice he heard whispering in his ear—resist the temptation, Ralph; thou art gifted with intellect and ability above the common order; resist, and take hold on virtue; let virtue lead thee to happiness! obscurity is sweeter far than hypocritical renown!—He would not trust himself to speak. He shook Jenefer's hand, let himself out of the carriage, and hurried through the streets.

CHAPTER V.

"Is it not sad, that even *Protestants* should lay aside the eleven good and faithful apostles, and all the rest of the holy disciples and ministers of Christ, and betake them to that one, of whom it was testified that he was a *devil*, for a pattern and example to their ministry? Alas! it is to be regretted, that too many of them resemble this pattern over much."—BARCLAY'S "APOLOGY."

THE most celebrated preacher in the Society of Friends, of modern times, at the close of one first-day morning meeting in Bristol, invited the assembly, and especially the younger part of it, to attend a meeting he purposed holding on the following third-day evening, when he said he wished to address them on this subject, "Why am I a quaker?" Curiosity was raised, and the meeting was attended so numerously, that all could not be accommodated; but a disappointment awaited them. The announcement of what might be called a text jarred on the "religious principles" of the elders and overseers. The preacher was visited, and admonished not to speak from the gallery on any premeditated or pre-arranged subject. He was reminded of the rule: "Be cautious not to move in acts of devotion, in your own will; set not forward self to work, but patiently attend and wait for the gift and enlivening power of the Divine Spirit: without which your performances will be unacceptable, and like those of old, of which it was said, 'Who hath required this at your hand?'"* The elders and overseers were quite justified in preventing such a flagrant departure

* "Book of Minutes," p. 159.

from the rules of the Society. It was their accredited duty properly "to admonish in the meekness of wisdom the froward spirit, which was leading into many words." As Friends say, their "views struck at the very root of that great corruption in the Christian church, by which one man's performances on behalf of others had been made essential to public worship, and on which hung all the load of ecclesiastical domination, and the trade in holy things; so it necessarily separated those who had, as they believed, found the liberty of the gospel, from those who still adhered, with pious regard, or a mere ignorant and selfish attachment, to that system which was upheld by the existing churches of the land."*

With feelings of intense interest, many a young and middle-aged quaker hastened to hear a reason given for the particular tenets held, and the practices adopted by the people amongst whom they had been born. Often had they asked themselves, "What am I the better for being a quaker? If our religion is, indeed, the true development of the Christian faith, why are our people no better than others? We are notoriously as worldly, as thoughtless, as devoid of all true religion or practical piety, as any other body of men? And yet we, professing to be led and guided in all things by the Spirit of Truth, ought surely to have attained to a superior degree of spirituality and holiness than those who do not take so high a standing."

"Why am I a quaker?" Not a word was said in elucidation of the question. A long, silent, heavy pause of an hour's duration, and then the preacher spoke for a few minutes, on the necessity of being prepared to meet the summons of death, &c. &c. Some laughed when the time of shaking hands came on, and said, "I told thee he would not be allowed to speak on a pre-determined subject." Some said one thing, and some another—for many were grievously disappointed, and had come there, anxious to hear an answer given to a question

* Ibid. "To preach from a text is conjuration."—Geo. Fox.

so interesting to each individual, and were annoyed at having been collected together under a false impression. Some thought, and, whispering, said, "The question will not bear to be answered publicly; it would lead to controversy—a thing which our Friends most resolutely set their faces against."

"Why am I a quaker?" Who, among the twenty thousand professors of quakerism, can answer that question satisfactorily to his own mind? Few think on the subject: fewer still care about it. It is an hereditary creed. Our fathers were quakers—therefore we are. They were good men, and the form of worship they adopted must be the right one. We are degenerate, and may not presume to know better, or be wiser than they. If it is not true that quakerism was an immediate revelation from heaven to our founders,—and if we have all our lives been deceived in believing it to be so, the fault is theirs who claim to have been inspired, and they will have to give an account of their acts; not we, who have only erred in believing them. Thus Friends satisfy any doubts which chance to arise,—and doubts do often spring up,—and thus they still dwell in the land, a sect, professing to be Christians, and to be led and guided in all things, and at all times, in both temporal and spiritual affairs, by the immediate and unerring inspiration of the Holy Spirit. They rose up in an age of fanaticism and extremes; and although now, looking back through the mellowed light of two hundred years, we see they shared in that fanaticism, and went themselves to an opposite extreme, still many of them were undoubtedly pious and true-hearted Christians, who believed that forms and excesses had so overloaded the scriptural services of the protestant church, that the life of all true religion, the work of the Holy Spirit in the heart of man, was not sufficiently dwelt on in the pulpits; therefore, they were unwarily led to believe in the ultra teaching of George Fox and his disciples. The protestant church had still the trace of tyranny; and some of its adherents scrupled not to use the secular power, for the purpose of constraining

unwilling minds to bow before its teaching. The cry for liberty of conscience had gone through the land; and yet, liberty was denied to others, by those who loudly claimed it for themselves. If the ritual of the Roman church had offended the protestants, so had the services of the protestant church offended the quakers; and as the protestants had suffered martyrdom in the defence of their creed, so the quakers bore unflinchingly the loss of their goods, the imprisonment of their persons, and, in some few cases, even the loss of life itself, for their belief; they triumphed also. Truth was at their side. They had a right to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience. There was nothing in their mode of worship which a Christian state might lawfully prevent. No open idolatry—no allegiance to a foreign power. The Holy Scriptures was, *then*, their acknowledged rule of guidance; and faithfully, albeit at times erratically, some of them maintained their profession. The Bible, God's gift to man—the only infallible index of his will, the only law of morals, and the only guide to heaven—they publicly extolled on their first appearance, as being written by holy men of old, under the immediate inspiration of the Holy Spirit. They reasoned, that the Spirit, having given forth the Scriptures, must be greater than the Scriptures: then they argued, that, it being the same Spirit which ever dwells in the heart of regenerate man, His work there is of equal authority and importance; and they claim for their own interpretations of the meaning of Scripture, their rules, discipline,* preachings, &c., &c, which they consider the works of the Spirit in their hearts, an equal deference and an equal obedience. This belief in their own immediate inspirations has led Friends to the dangerous rock of infallibility. If the Bible is an infallible guide

* "If we depart from the rules laid down, as we believe, under the guidance of the great Head of the church, we shall hasten the departure of that glory which so peculiarly shone upon our forefathers in the truth."—*British Friend*, p. 210.

to faith, so is their Spirit, they think, an infallible guide too. "Anything that falls in at once with men's *wishes*, and with their *expectations*, and which also presents itself to them with the appearance of a *virtuous humility*,—this they are often found readily and firmly to believe, not only *without* evidence, but *against* all evidence."

It is a curious fact that the original quakers had no creed of their own, and but few rules of church discipline. These burdens, some of them very heavy ones, were added from time to time, as the formation of a distinct Society became desired. There is no mention made in George Fox's "Journal" of Barclay's "Apology;" nor does the "Apology" appear to have been submitted to his approval. That it was written soon after the rise of quakerism, and has ever since been adopted by the Society, however, is the fact, and there is reason to believe that a confusion of intellect on the doctrine of the Holy Spirit in its ordinary, and in its extraordinary operations, prevailed amongst them from the very first.

Converts, numerous and devoted, flocked to George Fox's meetings, and we are told by the quaker records, that the Lord crowned those assemblies with his felt presence. But very soon the germ of fanaticism sprung up, and George Fox, who could not see its latent seed in his own heart, trembled at the danger which he saw clearly developing itself in his followers. He tells us in his "Journal," page 205: "So after I had been warring with the world, there was now a wicked spirit risen among Friends to war against." This was in allusion to James Nayler's blasphemy. And it is a melancholy fact that he soon fell into the same snare himself; for he, too, suffered his followers to kneel before him, and rebuked them not. Also, instead of at once disowning Nayler and his fearful crime, George Fox actually wrote to Parliament, excusing and palliating the offence. He then identified himself with the sin of his disciple, and his writings since bear undeniable evidence of his own deistical notions. As soon as George Fox's erroneous

doctrines became openly avowed, his disciples deserted the quaker ranks in great numbers, George Keith and several others publicly writing and confessing the delusion they had been under.

The piety and virtue of many of the primitive quakers was manifest and notorious: but we must bear in mind that being all converts from the protestant churches, they had that head-knowledge of scriptural religion which their successors now so ostentatiously despise.

Alas! how are these successors fallen. For what are the quakers of the nineteenth century renowned? What sort of people are the quakers now? Is not this the true answer?—They live to themselves. They adopt an old-fashioned dress, and speak a peculiar phraseology. They are wealthy and remarkably clever men of business. Some few of them take an active part in politics, embracing the liberal side in England.* Many of them are benevolent, but they have scruples of conscience against contributing to any of the religious institutions of the country. They refuse to unite in prayer with any one, although they profess to be followers of Christ, who commands his disciples "to pray without ceasing." Their scruples are so numerous, that they can assist but few of the charities formed for the good of their fellow-creatures, without incurring censure from their own elders and overseers, of whom they all stand in great and slavish dread. Their rules of discipline are very stringent, and binding on all, yet the wealthy, as in many other societies, can obtain permission to transgress. They are not generally well informed, even of their own religious profession, and are remarkably ignorant of the doctrinal teaching of other sects.

* To what end quaker views of liberalism and radicalism tend may be known by reading George Fox's works. In a book entitled, "Several Papers given forth by G. T.," printed in 1660, he whose opinions are endorsed by Friends in 1852 says, "They were traytours against Christ, and crucifiers of Jesus, who were for any earthly king; it was the false church which did not live upon the heads of the kings."

They hate the church of England and Ireland, for no better reason than that its scriptural services were tabooed by George Fox, and because Robert Barclay, that very learned and most self-satisfied divine, was pleased to record it as his opinion (and he claimed inspiration for that opinion), that its ministers have taken Judas for the pattern and example of their ministry. They therefore sneer at the bishops and clergy, and speak of them as idle, worthless, mercenary men, who preach only and alone for the sake of filthy lucre; and they have established a ministry of their own, as a model to Christianity. Their preachers are, for the most part, uneducated. Shopkeepers, tradespeople, farmers, schoolmasters and mistresses; for women, old and young, are all equally eligible for the office, which each may take upon himself. These must not study the subject on which they publicly preach; they must not even arrange to speak on a text of Scripture, and meditate or search out the meaning of it. No; they must go to their meeting houses without a thought of what they should say there—with the mind as empty as possible; and when there, sit still, and not think of anything. When they do speak, it is counted holier still if they can forget what they have said, and come away as empty as they went. To sink into nothingness, and keep down all the reasonings and deductions of common sense, is considered essential in a good quaker preacher. Then suddenly, they are to rise up, and say out whatever words present themselves. Sometimes these words are sensible and connected; oftentimes they are rambling and incoherent; often they are silly, and even, from their being spoken so at random, and by persons devoid of much natural intelligence, of learning, or scriptural knowledge, they are actually profane. Friends often prophesy, because "Philip had four daughters which did prophesy." And they profess to have an insight into the states of their hearers' minds. They sometimes select an individual in the assembly, and prophesy his death before a year has elapsed.

The sect has been nearly two hundred years established, and as yet no great visible good has resulted from it. Friends have joined heartily with other Christians in some few works of benevolence; in the slavery question, prison reform, the Irish famine, &c.; but as quakers, and apart from other Christians, where shall we find those good fruits which a Society, professing as they do, ought to abound in? Friends do not spread their doctrines or establish missions to convert the heathen to Christianity: indeed, they pride themselves on being a little flock.

Few Friends of late years have attained any note, or supremacy in their own Society, except on account of their wealth; that gives men influence in the world, be their creed what it may. Even Joseph John Gurney would have been prevented preaching, for he was a Trinitarian, and many said, "he actually preached like a clergyman," but for his wealth. He was rich, and consequently his doctrinal teaching was winked at. However, now that he is gone, the Society boasts much of the one learned divine of modern times, who has been amongst them, although his evangelical writings are under ban:*

* The following description of this celebrated preacher's appearance, and of his style of speaking, will be recognised by all who ever saw or heard him. Nothing could be more graphic. It is taken from the "Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossili," an American lady.

"I went to hear Joseph John Gurney, one of the most distinguished and influential, it is said, of the English quakers. He is a thick-set, beetle-browed man, with a well-to-do-in-the-world air of pious stolidity. I was grievously disappointed; for quakerism has at times looked lovely to me; and I had expected, at least, a spirited exposition of its doctrines from the brother of Mrs. Fry. But his matter was as wooden as his manner, and had no merit but that of distinct elocution. His sermon was a tissue of texts, ill selected, and worse patched together, in proof of the assertion that a belief in the Trinity is the one thing needful, and that reason, unless manacled by a creed, is the one thing dangerous. His figures were paltry, his thoughts narrowed down, and his very sincerity made corrupt by spiritual pride. One

William Allen, also, is a name now greatly lauded: One scientific man has been enrolled amongst them, and Bernard Barton, the poet. One poet—one only poet has arisen in the Society: whilst living he was censured; since he went home to the happy land, he is boasted of. He was put "under dealing" for having the word *Mr.* Barton over his office bell; and he was visited, and sat with, we are told in his "Life," for wearing a warm waistcoat, which his only daughter had worked for him. He pleaded its warmth, and that the colors were only "chocolate and drab," but in vain. "It was carpet work, and therefore unbecoming for a member of our highly-professing religious Society."

Elizabeth Fry, too, the benevolent lady, the clever reformer of prison discipline—the powerful and efficient friend of those forlorn outcasts from the privileges of life—the convicts; even Elizabeth Fry, when living, though allowed to preach, because of her wealth, her sweet voice, and her orthodox dress, was severely censured by the people, who, now that she has passed away, almost idolize her memory, and boast of her good deeds, as though they were the offspring of her sectarianism, instead of being, as they were, the undeniable proofs of a heart warmed by the fire of that love to the fallen children of her God, which, kindled by the grace of the Lord Jesus, showed itself, *in spite of her cold creed*, in works of faith, and hope, and love.

Why am I a quaker? Ah, Friends, look to it that ye answer this question truly to your own hearts. George Fox, Robert Barclay, and William Penn, with all their learning and

could not but pity his notions of the Holy Ghost, and his bat-like fear of light. His Man-God seemed to be the keeper of a mad-house, rather than the informing Spirit of all spirits. After finishing his discourse, Mr. Gurney sang a prayer, in a tone of mingled shout and whine, and then requested his audience to sit awhile in devout meditation. For one, I passed the interval in praying for him, that the thick film of self-complacency might be removed from the eyes of his spirit, so that he might no more degrade religion."

piety, their wisdom and good intentions, were but *men*. The doctrines they originated and promulgated, and which are called the peculiar doctrines of the Society, ye hold and obey. True, they may have steadfastly believed they were inspired to teach them, and thought it was for the honor of Christ and his holy religion so to do; but the Lord Jesus foresaw and forewarned us of this very danger, and has expressly declared, that he will not have *man's* teaching substituted for his own true gospel nor yet added to it; for he hath said, "In vain do ye worship ME, teaching for doctrines the commandments of *men*."

Reuben Stephenson felt much elated with himself for the trick he had played upon Ralph; but he was afraid some punishment might be awarded him for it, as Ralph was not a man likely to forget and forgive an injury or an insult. He therefore, to make peace, invited Ralph to dine with him the next first-day, and took care that his mother should provide an elegant repast, choice and varied. This was irresistible. Ralph had never been admitted to the house since the day he had extorted an avowal of love from poor silly Experience, and then told boastingly of it. As he could not resolve to give up all hope of Susanna, it was a matter of no small consequence to keep on good terms with her relatives, and aunt Abigail was an influential member of her own family.

Ralph knew also that if he could ingratiate himself with Ruth, it would be well for him, for she was a great favorite with Susanna, and a constant companion of hers. There were several other Friends invited to dinner, and the affair went off soberly and pleasantly, as Friends' first-day dinner parties generally do. Ruth was not present, and Ralph, on inquiry, found she had accompanied her aunt Sillington, Eustace, and Susanna to the quarterly meeting, and intended to remain some weeks away; she and Susanna having agreed to go together, and pay a long visit to their cousins at Beech Hill.

Experience, always sad-looking, was more melancholy than

usual. Ralph's presence annoyed her, although, even to herself, she would not admit the fact. She scarcely spoke to any one, and retired from the room immediately after the cloth had been removed. The party all, as usual, went to the evening meeting, and there, about half an hour after the assembling in silence, poor Experience rose up, and trembling violently, said, loud enough to be heard by those who were sitting near her, "Set thy house in order, for thou shalt die, and not live." Then she resumed her place, but continued to quake all over, so that even the strong seat shook with her agitation, although five other women Friends were solidly seated upon it.

Meeting ended, several, who pitied her for the state of excitement she evidently was in, shook hands with her, even pressing her poor trembling hand with more than ordinary warmth. She, poor thing, mistook this expression of pity for a feeling of unity with her ministry, and was well pleased that her first attempt at "an appearance in the ministry" had been approved of. Squeezing a minister's hand after meeting is always considered to be the sign of approbation and deep unity of feeling—the recognised expression of the squeezer's belief and avowal that the words spoken were the offspring of immediate revelation.

Experience returned home silently and gravely sad. Her mother spoke to her kindly and earnestly, telling her she hoped she would never again take upon her to speak in meetings; that it was very sinful in one so young and so inexperienced to presume to offer "the sacrifice of words" in the solemn assembly. "Do not be angry with me, Peney dear," she said; "thee is a gentle, kind, dear child, but thee is not gifted with the ability requisite for a minister. I fear Ruth will be displeased when told of thy appearance in words this evening."

"Mother," murmured the poor girl, "the words were given to me. I could not be faithful to the call of the Lord and refrain from speaking them;" and she retired to her room to weep, poor thing!

Her feelings were greatly excited, and her reason, never very powerful, now tottered in the balance. She thought, as distinctly as she could, how some Friends had approved of what she called her ministry, and of the great mental conflict she had undergone before being able to overcome the natural repugnance she felt at standing up in meeting, and attracting attention to herself. There was a conscious feeling of devotedness in this. It was a humiliating thing to be willing to be a mark for general observation; and it was a proud thing to feel that one so little noticed or esteemed as she was in the meeting, was yet the chosen vessel whereby the Spirit offered to the whole assembly the edification it needed. She thought, surely the Lord is no respecter of persons, and as He has been pleased to call me forth to be a minister of His holy mysteries, it would ill become a worm like me to refuse the labor. So thinking, and sedulously following the quaker advice, "To look inward," she mused over her "call," and with the spirit worthy of a martyr, she resolved to be faithful to the pointings of the inward monitor, and to speak the words which were required at her lips, when and where the way might be opened before her. She felt a shrinking dread of her mother's disapprobation, and terror lest Ruth should presume to quench the Spirit speaking through her. She knew, also, that very probably cousin Jenefer would not like to see her exalted to the gallery, and allowed to attend the meetings of ministers and elders; but these, thought poor Peney, are "carnal reasonings," and unworthy of one whom the Lord has honored. So she went to bed and slept calmly, and rose in the morning refreshed and strengthened, and determined to "be faithful."

The whole morning was spent, shut up in her own room, studying Barclay's "Apology," proposition tenth, "Concerning the Ministry." The subject was quite beyond the poor girl's limited comprehension. Barclay must have forgotten his own axiom, that learning was no needful qualification for a preacher of the Christian verity, when in this proposition he

quotes Greek and Latin, gives references to doctors and professors of theology, alludes to the fathers, and reasons and argues, with philosophical acumen, through seventy-four long pages, on the mere proposition of a subject which men and women, old and young, are, he considers, qualified to perform the duty of, without any learning at all, or any previous or matured consideration.

Experience never studied anything in all her life before with so intense a desire to understand it as she did this; but it was all in vain. Abstruse theological argument was beyond her comprehension; so, woman-like, she took a short cut to get possession of the leading points, and committed to memory the following portions of it:

"As by the *light* or *gift* of God all true knowledge in things spiritual is received and revealed, so by the same, as it is manifested and received into the heart by the strength and power thereof, every *true minister* of the gospel is ordained, prepared, and supplied in the work of the *ministry;* and by the leading, moving, and drawing hereof, ought every evangelist and Christian pastor to be led and ordered in his labor and work of the gospel; both as to the place where, and as to the persons to whom, and as to the time wherein, he is to minister. Moreover, they who have this authority, may and ought to preach the gospel, though without human commission or literature; as, on the other hand, they who want the authority of this *divine gift*, however learned or authorized by the commission of men and churches, are to be esteemed but as deceivers, and not true ministers of the gospel."

This was quite enough for Experience. She had no doubt that *the gift* had been bestowed upon her; and that as *it* had prepared and ordained her to the work of the ministry, *it* would direct her when, where, and to whom she ought "to come forth in words;" and *it* authorised her to wait for no human commission, like the deceivers and false ministers, who, as Barclay says, "labor and work with the Scriptures, being

out of the life and spirit which those that wrote them were in; and so the devil may be as good and able a minister as the best of them; for *he* has better skill in languages, and more logic, philosophy, and school divinity than any of them, and knows the truth in the notion better than they all, and can talk more eloquently than all those preachers."*

The morning's hard study over, Experience felt quite prepared for "the calls of duty," and her imagination roamed here and there to find out what was the service which the Lord would probably require at her hands. Many days had not elapsed before she fancied she felt it "borne in upon her mind" that she must call on divers young men of the meeting at their offices of business, and admonish them of their eternal welfare; pointing out, in much love, the besetting sin which was ensnaring each of them, and directing them, in all the authority of "best wisdom," to the footmarks of the path of duty.

Poor Experience—this was a hard trial of her self-immolation. A gentle, retiring girl—must she step out of her native diffidence? She who could scarcely speak even in a Friends' quiet tea-party when spoken to, without blushing—must she surrender herself to so trying a service? Day after day passed, and Experience still labored under the conviction that the Lord had demanded this sacrifice of personal feeling from her, as He had tried Abraham of old. She sat in the silent meetings which intervened, in a horrible state of mental anguish. A true quaker, she trembled violently, and twice had to be carried out fainting, from the state of excitement she was in.

Ignorant of what was passing in her mind, her mother pitied and caressed her; and this tenderness was somewhat unusual, for Abigail being a woman of cold temperament, rarely indulged in the expression of feeling, even to her own children, whom nevertheless, she loved well and truly.

* "Apology,' pp. 277 and 323.

Experience thought it was a sign that the Lord had inclined her mother's heart to place no impediment in the way of her performing the arduous task her imagination had assigned her. After breakfast one morning she therefore went out, no one knew or asked where; the next day the same, and the next again. In the evenings she seemed less sad, and in meetings did not shake so very violently; so her mother very naturally thought the morning walks were doing her health good, and congratulated her on the improvement. "I am glad to see thee looking so much happier, my dear child," she said; "continue to go out after breakfast, thee has already been much benefitted by it."

"Yes, mother," she replied, "I am greatly better and happier: it was a sore conflict at first, but I have been strengthened to overcome my natural repugnance to the requiring. I hope, mother, the Lord will give me ability to perform the work he requires from me."

"There is no work required of thee, Peney dear, but to take care of thy health, and to help me to do the housekeeping while Ruth is away. As thee is going out now, thee may as well call on Jane Lamb, and ask her, has she got in the new silks yet? Tell her my first-day bonnet is getting quite shabby. If she has got them, thee can bring me patterns. I wish for a rich dark chocolate color. I told her to get one manufactured for me with a thick whale. If she has got it, and that the silk is very thick and good, I think both thee and Ruth may get bonnets off the same piece. When lined with white, and white strings, it will look very neat and suitable for the winter."

Experience went, was out for several hours, and brought home the pattern silks for her mother. That evening, Daniel Sillington and Jenefer came to the house. Abigail was pleased to see them, wondered why they looked so grave, but desired Experience to hasten tea, and make them welcome. As soon as she had left the room, Daniel said, "Sister Abigail, it is a

very trying thing we came to inform thee of, and if thee can invent some excuse to keep Experience out of the room, whilst we communicate with thee, it would be well."

"I hope nothing serious is the matter,' she replied, "but I will go and tell her to make hot cakes for tea; that will keep her busy for half an hour."

She soon returned, and then Daniel told her, how that day Experience had gone to his office, asked to see Eustace, and taking him up into an upper office, had told him that the Lord had appointed her to go visiting the young men at their places of business. That to him the message was sent, that the Lord had a controversy with him for wearing heel-straps to his trowsers, and that unless he was faithful in surrendering to this requirement of the spirit, and was prompt to put away so Babylonish an invention, he would have his portion with the unbelievers, and become a cast-away.

"My poor child!" exclaimed Abigail. "What did Eustace say to her?"

"He first answered her, that he thought he knew what sort of things he ought to wear, but was much obliged to her for taking the trouble to instruct him in his duty. Eustace suspected she was out of her mind, when she said quickly and fiercely,—'Eustace, cousin Eustace, by my mouth the Lord hath said, 'Set thy house in order, for thou shalt die and not live.' Yea, thou shalt die—before twenty-four hours have passed over thy head thou shalt be numbered amongst the dead.' He tried to soothe her, and found the only way to do so was to appear as if he believed she was indeed inspired by the Spirit, to pay him so awful a visit. He walked home with her, and left her at the very door. Eustace then made some inquiries, and it seems the poor dear girl has been for many days past going about from one of the young men to another, preaching and prophesying of the most ridiculous and out of the way things.

"To one, she said he ought not to wear gloves on first-days,

because, as he was not in the habit of wearing them every day, it was going to meeting with a lie in his right hand.

"She told young Reuben Timms that his watch and gold chain had cost him his soul, and that he and his trinkets would be chained for ever down in the brimstone pit. It is just a week since she was with him, and he, poor foolish fellow, believed her words, and was so terrified by them, that he has been lying ill of brain fever ever since."

"Is it possible," said Abigail, in deep grief, "that he could have been so credulous? I heard this morning that he was not expected to survive, and that his brain was much affected, that he was constantly raving about his chain, and the dreadful pit. Oh! what shall I do. Brother, tell me," and the bitter scalding tears flowed down that rigid countenance. When again somewhat calmed, the deeply afflicted mother said, with apparent composure, "Tell me all you have heard? Has my poor child gone anywhere else?"

"Yes," said Jenefer, "she went altogether to seven places, and spoke in the same wild way at each of them; but what I consider worse than all, she actually went to our neighbor James Cleves. What will he think of Friends? He will, I fear, imagine that her conduct has been sanctioned by the Society, or that it is the result of our peculiar religious views, and thus disrepute may fall upon us all."

"Did you hear what passed?" tremblingly inquired the mother.

"I did," answered Daniel Sillington. "She asked to see him alone, and was shown into his back office. Thee knows he is an elderly unmarried man, and although connected with Friends, he is greatly prejudiced against us. However, one of his clerks told me that he was very polite to her, and thanked her for honoring him with so friendly a visit. Her concern to him was, for keeping two large dogs; that she was commissioned to bid him beware of dogs, that dogs were sentenced to live for ever in hell, and that those who made dogs their com-

panions in this world, themselves be made hell-hounds of in the next. When she was going away, he escorted her half way down the street, and told her it was going to rain, and she had better hasten home, and I am glad she did run through the streets, although the sun was shining at the time."

"What does thee advise me to do?" asked the anxious widowed mother. "Brother Sillington, I need advice."

"I think thee had better not let her go out of thy sight, and say little or nothing to her about it, for a few days at least. Write to Ruth to hurry home, her good sense will point out the wisest thing to be done. I am quite satisfied in my own mind that the poor girl is out of her senses. If she is afflicted with religious madness—why—she must have medical advice."

Experience now came into the room, with the tea equipage, and commenced chatting with her uncle quite pleasantly, and so rationally that he was puzzled to think what could have come over her. Her mother, watching every word she uttered, could not believe it true that her daughter's mind had lost its reasoning powers. Daniel seeing this, resolved to lead the conversation so as to try her. "Was thee out walking today, Peney?"

"Yes, uncle," she replied, smiling pleasantly. "I was at Jane Lamb's, looking for patterns of a new bonnet for my mother."

"Well, I hope thee selected a pretty shade. Does mother allow thee to choose for her? That shows great confidence in thy good taste."

"Oh! mother selected the color herself. It is a very dark chocolate, and is to be lined with a light greyish drab. Ruth's and mine are to have white lining. I would rather have mine lined with drab, like my mother's," she added, looking down, and speaking very gravely.

"Oh! that would look too sober for a young girl like thee."

"Jenefer wears a drab lining in her bonnet, and she is not very old," replied Experience.

"Oh! yes," he answered, "but Jenefer is a minister, and of course it is expected that she should wear a very grave sober bonnet."

"And I am a minister too," she said, slowly, and sighing deeply.

"I mean," said her uncle, "that Jenefer is an acknowledged minister, but thee is a minister also, my dear, for thee has ministered to our wants this evening, making these nice hot cakes for us."

The time has not come yet for me to bring forth public ministrations," said Experience, "but when the call is made clear, then I will be faithful. We must walk first, and then run. I am only learning to walk yet."

"Did thee see Eustace to-day?" asked he.

"Yes, yes, yes," she answered in a whisper, "I saw him, I spoke to him, I am clear of his blood." Then pressing her hand to her forehead, she sobbed aloud, and gave way to an hysterical burst of tears.

Poor Peney! they put her to bed, and sent for medical aid, but nothing ailed her bodily. Mysticism and fanaticism working on her simple mind, had crazed her. Ruth came home as soon as she was informed of this distressing circumstance, and tried by change of air and scene to renovate the excited and impaired intellect of her only sister. All her efforts were unavailing. Peney could never be allowed to go to meeting without experiencing a return of her malady, and at length it was sorrowfully resolved that she should become one more of the many inmates of the Friends' Lunatic Asylum. There she lived, calm, quiet, and gentle, frequently preaching to her companions in misfortune, often heavily-burdened in spirit with the weight of some imaginary concern, and quite contented with her incarceration, which indeed she soon delighted in, thinking that, like the old Friends, she was suffering the loss

of liberty for conscience' sake; that her life would be written, and the volume of her memoirs would be placed in all the Friends' libraries throughout both England and Ireland.

A considerable time had elapsed after Ruth's return home and the excitement caused in the family by the removal of Experience, had somewhat abated, when Ruth, who had vainly tried to account for the very unexpected attack of lunacy which her only and very dear sister was suffering under, at length succeeded in extracting from her morose brother a confession of the imprudence he had been guilty of, in bringing Ralph Moneymore into the presence of the poor weak girl. "I am sorry I did it, now," he said, "but although I knew very well it would vex her to see him, I little thought such a trifle would make her go crazy."

"Well, Reuben," replied Ruth, "I am very sorry also; but as the past cannot be recalled, we must only try to profit for the future, by the error. A kind consideration for the feelings of others, is a duty which we owe to all, and most especially to those with whom our daily avocations bring us into frequent contact."

"Stop preaching, now," said Reuben, in his usual rude way, "I'll stand none of that from thee. I'll ask who I like to the house. I have as good a right to consult my own feelings as any one else, and better too, for I am the master of this house."

"My mother and I," she replied calmly, "have ever wished to please thee. At great personal inconvenience we have often entertained the Friends thee has invited, without consulting us, and now when we request thee not to bring Ralph Moneymore here again, I am sure thy own sense of propriety will prevent thy doing it."

"Do not be sure of any such thing," he replied; I will bring him here whenever I like it. Why should not I? Is it his fault if the silly girl chose to fall in love with him? Now, Ruth, once for all, mind what I say, I will not be under

petticoat government, and if thee torments me, telling me what I am to do, or what I am not to do, I will leave the house altogether. Indeed it is only to please my mother that I did not go long since. It is a stupid life for a young man, living in the house with you two women, and I am tired enough of it."

"Reuben," she said, "I must speak to thee: thy selfish carelessness of the feelings of others, has already made thy own sister a lunatic; and now our mother is made miserable by thy obstinate perseverance in inflicting these daily little petty annoyances on us. If thee does choose to leave the house, of course we cannot help it, but I am resolved that an end shall be put to thy entertaining company without my mother's wish —in this house at least."

"Well, I will ask my friends to dine with me at a tavern, then; and mind what I say now,—I will ask people who are not Friends. I am sure it would be much pleasanter for us to be away from your prying eyes. I would go entirely away, only that this house is mine, and I do not intend to give up my rights to you."

"The house is certainly thine," she replied; "but if it goes to a question of right, my mother and sister and I have a right to live in it as long as we like; but let us all be agreeable—a little condescension on thy part is all we ask. At reasonable times ask thy friends, and we will entertain them respectably for thee—Ralph Moneymore is the only Friend in the meeting we object to seeing here. Think of all the trouble our dear mother has passed through, and let us both study to make her declining years pass tranquilly by."

"It was her own fault," he answered, "to marry a bad husband. She knew he was an ill-tempered man, and yet she would have him, and now she has no cause to complain—nor have we either," he added, with a low chuckling laugh. "He went off just in the right time; and, more than that, he cut up well."

"Oh, Reuben, do not speak so; surely our own father's memory ought to be treated respectfully, and mother, who has ever been so good and kind to us, deserves our dutiful attention; besides this, our domestic affairs have already been too much the talk of the whole meeting. Thy influence among Friends will be greatly lessened if any further cause for scandal is given."

"It is little I care for Friends," he said, "only that I know very well I am of more consequence being a quaker, than I should be if I left the Society, or I would give it up at once. What nonsense it is—to sit silent and twirl one's thumbs; but that is the way to rise, and rise I am determined I will."

Ruth had found before, that the only sure way to manage Reuben was by his dread of doing anything likely to interfere with his well-known wish to rise in the meeting. The motive was an unworthy one, and she only resorted to it when every other method failed of convincing her obstinate and self-satisfied brother. Now she gained her point, and for a time, at least, he neither brought Ralph to the house, nor entertained his companions at a tavern, as he had threatened.

CHAPTER VI.

"I beseech you ponder with yourselves your eternal condition, and see what title, what ground and foundation, you have for your Christianity."—GEO. FOX'S "JOURNAL," p. xxxix.

SUSANNA greatly enjoyed her visit to Beech Hill. Mary Greenway was her father's only sister—a widow, with seven children, all grown up. She was possessed of a very comfortable independence. Beech Hill was a fine old place, three miles distant from the town. Aunt Mary's eldest daughter, Lucretia, had married out of the Society. Mr. Conway was in every respect her equal, and but for the circumstance of his not being a Friend, the match was perfectly satisfactory to the family. He was a near neighbour; in fact, his grounds joined Beech Hill; and having been long and intimately acquainted with the Greenways, and knowing something of the Friends' ways, he had felt no hesitation in persuading Lucretia to evade the necessity of disobeying or distressing her mother, by not even asking her permission for the marriage.

Lucretia and her brother Edward did, however, contrive, without her suspecting the drift of their conversations, to ascertain their mother's estimate of young Conway's character; and satisfied that personally she esteemed and liked him, and knowing that it would save her all the annoyance of being put under dealing by the monthly meeting, to be able to tell the overseers that she had no previous knowledge of her daughter's intention of marriage, they resolved that neither she, nor any other member of the family, should be consulted in the business.

Jane and little Mary, her two younger sisters, did, indeed, suspect that Lucretia was very fond of Robert Conway; but they were too discreet to talk about it, except to each other, and they respected as well as loved Lucretia too well to believe her capable of doing any thing that was not right. So the marriage was very quietly accomplished. Mamma and her two younger girls had gone to Dublin for a few days, and it was during their absence from home that Edward accompanied his sister to the village church, and there gave her away to his own dearest and most intimate friend, Robert Conway.

The bride immediately wrote a letter to her mother, informing her of the important step she had taken, and the reason why she had abstained from consulting her, reiterating the assurance of duty, love, and obedience, and informing her that the bridal tour they were about to take would occupy several weeks, at the end of which period she hoped her darling mother would again receive her, and pardon the one only act of even seeming disrespect she had ever been guilty of.

The matter passed over exactly as Lucretia, her husband, and brother, had expected it would. Mary Greenway, although she always dressed as a plain Friend, and attended the meetings regularly, was not in her secret heart a rigid sectarian. In early life she, like her brother, Daniel Sillington, had associated with some serious, if not religious, families belonged to the Protestant church: and althongh she would have repelled with horror any idea of either herself or any one of her children leaving the Society of Friends, still she found it impossible to think hardly of the church people generally. It was more the result of her *esprit-de-corps;* of the feeling universal among Friends, that when any one leaves the Society they lower themselves in the scale of respectability—an idea that "the people of the world" are vulgar compared to Friends. Her daughter's marriage, therefore, surprised and grieved her. She had often wished that the Conways were Friends like herself; because, had they been so, the intercourse with them might have been much more

cordial on her part; as it was, she conceived her son's known intimacy with their nearest neighbor was only natural; and quite blameless.

The overseers visited her as usual, and very sternly reproved her for allowing an intimacy to spring up between her daughter and "the strange young man." They read to her out of the Book of Minutes, under the head of marriage, the rules for disowning Lucretia, she having been guilty of great inconsistency, in suffering herself to be married by a priest, "in violation of our testimony against a hireling ministry." And then they proceeded to lecture her severely for not "having exercised due caution, and, in the wisdom and power of faith, used her endeavors to put a stop to the sad evil, which now, for want of due watchfulness, and obedience to the convictions of divine grace in their own conscience, had wounded their own souls, distressed their Friends, injured their families, and done great disservice to the church, as it was an inlet to much degeneracy, and mournfully affected the minds of those who labor under a living concern for the good of all, and the prosperity of truth upon the earth.

Mary Greenway respectfully listened to their reproaches. Her heart was sorely pained. The injustice of blaming her for a domestic event which she already deeply deplored, was glaring; but she made no mention of her thoughts to the overseers, both of whom were women of small natural capacity, and still smaller religious or secular learning. She simply informed them that she was not accessory in any way to the marriage of her daughter, and that if on their report of this visit, the monthly meeting should see fit to put her "under dealing," she was prepared for it.

They then charged her to manifest her displeasure by withholding her daughter's fortune, and refusing to forgive, or readmit her to the house. To those customary advices, Mary Greenway replied, that Lucretia's fortune was not under her control; and that she was not aware of any rule in the Society

which bound her to refuse pardon and acceptance to her offending child.

The overseers departed satisfied that the mother was indeed no way amenable to the wholesome discipline they would gladly have inflicted; and also that Lucretia would soon be forgiven, and restored to affectionate intercourse with her family. They communed weightily on the matter, and invited three other steady Friends to tea the next evening, that in the familiar interchange of opinion they might be able to ascertain the most expedient course to adopt for "the preservation of truth."

The coterie met, and a real good cup of tea, with suitable accompaniments, exhilarated and warmed the five staid females, who, as soon as the table was cleared, laid the Book of Discipline on the table, and commenced the discussion.

"Thou says, that Mary Greenway was evidently ignorant of Lucretia's intention of marrying out," said Betsy Baker; "if so, she cannot be put under dealing for it. Thou and Anne Baring had better just report to the monthly meeting, the circumstance of Lucretia Greenway having departed from our Christian principles, and brought discredit on the cause of truth, by allowing herself to be joined in marriage to a strange man—by a priest—thereby neglecting to uphold our ancient testimony against a hireling ministry."

"Yes," said Nancy Field, "but we have great doubts that Mary Greenway has been very lax in the way she allows her children to mix in company with the people of the world. Living as she does, so far in the country, and no Friend's family in her immediate neighborhood, we are not able to watch over her satisfactorily."

"She is quite regular in her attendance at meetings, and the young people also come to first-day morning meetings, wet or dry, very punctually," said Martha Miller, "and her brother-in-law, Thomas Greenway, is constantly with them. He would know if there was any unfriendly intercourse carried on at Beech Hill. I dont think it would be prudent to bring

Mary under dealing just now. Her sons and her two other daughters might take offence, not appreciating the importance of a rigid adherence to our discipline. It would be very undesirable to put any stumbling-block in the way of the young men particularly."

"I quite agree with thee," replied Anne Baring; "no stumbling-block should be placed in the way of the young people; but I don't think the discipline would prove a stumbling-block. I think it would be more like a hedge to keep them from transgressing after a similar manner; besides, I am told that one of the brothers, I don't know which, is himself amenable to our rules, for he went with his sister to the steeple-house, and gave her away, as they call it. If this can be brought home to him, he is liable to disownment for it."

"That alters the case," said Betsey Baker; "how did thee hear of his going with her?"

"My cook," replied Anne Baring, "is sister to the gardener at Beech Hill, and through her I sometimes hear things of that family, which induce me to think there is 'goings on' there that Friends ought to look after."

"Well, did she tell thee anything of the marriage?" asked two of the Friends together.

"She did not know much, only the gardener saw one of the young men sitting with Lucretia in the covered car, as they drove out early in the morning, after her mother and the girls went to Dublin. He saw the car turn off towards the church, and Mary told us herself, that it was the day after she left home that the marriage took place."

"I am sure I do not know what is best to be done," said Betsy Baker, "but I must say that to act with leniency is most in accordance with my feelings."

"And mine too," said Nancy Field. "It would not do to say how the information about her brother accompanying her was obtained; and, indeed, I think it would be very injudicious to strain the discipline towards any of the Beech Hill

family. They are all touchy people, and wont bear the Christian and faithful remonstrance which takes great effect on our more simple and better disciplined members. Does thee remember, Betsy, some years ago, when thou and I went as overseers, to sit with Mary Greenway, on the concern we were under, at hearing of her employing a French woman as governess; and to remonstrate with her on the danger of worldliness creeping into her family; how coldly and haughtily she received our loving admonition; and when thou told her, in great sweetness, that she was 'violating the written law, as well as departing from the spirit of her profession,' in having so much costly furniture in her rooms, how she actually said we were officiously meddling in matters the monthly meeting had not appointed us to interfere in?"*

"Yes, indeed," said Betsy Baker, "I do remember it, and how indignant she was, saying we desecrated the Scriptures, by calling our rules 'the written law,' although, as a Friend, she knows very well that our rules of discipline, as saith the Book, at the 111th page, 'is according to the mind and counsel of God, and done in the ordering and leading of His eternal Spirit; and that it is the duty of all Friends and brethren, in the power of God, in all points to be diligent therein, and to encourage and further each other in that blessed work.'"

"I remember it very well," replied Nancy, "but when we explained the doctrine of immediate revelation to Mary, and pointed out to her where Barclay, in his 'Apology,' page 4, clearly lays down our views, 'that although we neither do, nor ever can contradict the outward testimony of the Scriptures, or

* "If there are persons in the Society who use them—Turkey carpets, chairs with satin bottoms, gilded frames, magnificent pier-glasses, or curtains with trimming—they must be few in number; and these must be conscious that, by the introduction of such finery into their houses, they are going against the advices annually given them in their meetings on the subject; and that they are therefore *violating the written law* (!!!) as well as departing from the spirit of their profession."—BRITISH FRIEND," 1st Month, 1852.

right and sound reason, yet from these it will not follow that these *our divine revelations* are to be subjected to the test, either of the outward testimony of the Scriptures, or of the natural reason of man.' She seemed convinced that we were justified in calling the Book of Discipline 'the written law,' compiled as it has been by our worthy predecessors, who wrote it 'by Divine authority,' and under the immediate teaching of the same Spirit which inspired the holy men of old to compile the Scriptures."

"Indeed," said Martha Miller, "I know Mary Greenway well. She did not choose to argue with you; but I'll engage she would not change her opinion for anything you could say."

The conversation was interrupted by Thomas Baker coming in to fetch home his wife. He sat down and playfully asked, might he not be let into the secret?

"I really think thou might," said his wife. "Thou knows, Martha, that Thomas is himself an overseer; I am sure Nancy Field would approve of his knowing the business."

Nancy was under pecuniary obligations to Betsy Baker, so of course she was not likely to make any objections. Anne Baring was delighted to tell it to any one, so Thomas was soon made acquainted with all the bearings of the case.

"Do not travel," said he, "at all out of the usual course. There are six young people still at Beech Hill, and perhaps after a while, Lucretia may come to meetings again. The family is a very valuable one; and as we know they are disposed to allow themselves a good deal of latitude, an over straining of the discipline might have the effect of driving them away entirely. We men overseers have already found that the young men will not bear much restraint, and we have found it best to pass over many things."

Thomas's advice was acted on. Lucretia was disowned according to rule, and the rest of the family continued to attend the meetings as before. But, although Friends saluted them

as usual, *they were under a cloud*, and were made to feel that the "exercised minds were concerned to testify against the mixing up" which had taken place.

Lucretia had been four years married at the time of Susanna's visit, and Jane had been one year united to a Friend, which circumstance weighed much with the Society, as it was a good omen for the retention of the others.

When the quarterly meeting was ended, and her mother and Eustace had returned home, Susanna and Ruth remained; but Ruth was soon summoned home to her poor sister, and Susanna found herself alone amongst almost strangers. The young people passed their time gaily and pleasantly—riding on horseback delighted Susanna. The cheerful evenings passed in needlework, reading, and free conversation formed a great contrast to the monotony of her home.

Lucretia Conway had been unwell when Susanna arrived, and consequently had not visited or invited her to Richmond for some time; now, however, the day was fixed for a party there, and whilst her cousins spoke of to-morrow as a day of certain pleasure, Susanna felt a degree of trepidation, at the idea of going, for the first time in her life, to dine with "people who were not Friends."

It was quite a family party; but still the Conway family were all total strangers to her. After dinner they rambled about the grounds, and there was every appearance of a friendship springing up between Susanna and the Conway girls, who evidently took quite a fancy to their beautiful quaker guest.

Tea over, one of the young men proposed a dance, and whilst a feeling of horror at the idea of such profanity took possession of Susanna's mind, the others hastily put back the chairs, rolled aside the tables, and playfully conducted the old ladies and Jane to a corner of the room where a snug sofa had been arranged for them, the piano was opened, and all the preliminaries were placed in order.

Aunt Greenway called Susanna over to her side, and read-

ing aright the intelligent expression of her grave countenance, made room for her to sit quietly beside her. Jane whispered a few words to her brother, and the result was, that no one asked Susanna to dance, or took any notice of her until the pastime was ended, which it was in about an hour.

Susanna was very grave and thoughtful all the next morning, and when Lucretia came to tea in the evening, and was told, laughingly, by her sisters, of Susanna's uncommon gravity, she resolved to speak to her, and ascertain the cause, fearing lest some unintentional offence had been given at her house. She drew Susanna apart, and affectionately asked, had anything annoyed her the previous day? After some slight hesitation, Susanna confessed that all her ideas of Christian propriety of manner had been outraged by the music and dancing, of which she had so unexpectedly become a witness.

"What harm was there in it, dear?" asked Lucretia.

"Thee knows Friends' views on the subject," replied Susanna.

"I do," answered Lucretia; "but I would not venture to say Friends' views were always correct. Would you?"

The question was a very home one; but Susanna felt quite sure, that on the subject of music and dancing, at all events, "Friends' views" would bear examination, and therefore she confidently expressed her belief in their soundness.

Aunt Mary drew near, and joined the conversation. Susanna was greatly surprised to hear her, a plain Friend, say:—"She thought there was no more harm in young people dancing about a room, than there was in their skipping with a rope. Both were healthful exercises; and as a little dance pleased them all, and kept the young men so contentedly with their mothers of an evening, she thought it was very useful."

Seeing that Susanna was still dissatisfied, Lucretia proposed that the Book of Discipline should be referred to, and then compared with the Bible.

"The Book of Discipline," replied Susanna, "classes music

and dancing among the 'vain sports which draw the mind from its watch;' but William Penn's writings are more diffuse on the subject, and the Society acknowledges and holds to his views. Let us therefore get 'No cross, no crown,' and read that portion of it." The book was soon produced, and Susanna read aloud the following extract:—

"Dancing is the devil's procession, and he that enters into a dance, entereth into his procession. The devil is the guide, the middle, and the end of the dance. As many paces as a man maketh in dancing, so many paces doth he make to go to hell. A man sinneth in dancing divers ways, for all his steps are numbered—in his touch, in his ornaments, in his hearing, sight, speech, and other vanities; and therefore we will prove, first by the Scriptures, and afterwards by divers other reasons, how wicked a thing it is to dance. The first testimony that we will produce is that which we read in the gospel, where 'tis said, it pleased Herod so well that it cost John the Baptist his life. The second is in Exodus; when Moses, coming near to the congregation, saw the calf, he cast the tables from him, and broke them at the foot of the mountain, and afterwards it cost three thousand lives. Besides, the ornaments which women wear in their dances, are as crowns for many victories which the devil hath got against the children of God; for the devil hath not only one sword in the dance, but as many as there are beautiful and well-adorned persons in the dance—for the words of a woman are a glittering sword. And therefore, that place is much to be feared wherein the enemy hath so many swords, since that only one sword of his may be justly feared. Again, the devil in this place strikes with a sharpened sword, for the women who make it acceptable, come not willingly to the dance if they be not painted and adorned, which painting and ornament is a whetstone, on which the devil sharpeneth his sword. They that deck and adorn their daughters, are like those that put dry wood to the fire, to the end that it may burn the better; for such women kindle the

fire of luxury in the hearts of men. As Samson's foxes fired the Philistines' corn, so women have fire in their faces, and in their words, by which they consume the goods of men. They proceed. The devil, in the dance, useth the strongest armor that he hath, for his most powerful arms are women; which is made plain to us, in that the devil made choice of the woman to deceive the first man. So did Balaam, that the children of Israel might be rejected of God. The devil tempteth man by women three manner of ways—that is, by the touch, by the eye, by the ear; by these three means he tempteth foolish men to dancing—by touching their hands, beholding their beauty, hearing their songs and music. Again, they that dance break that promise and agreement they have made with God in baptism, when their godfathers promised for them—'*That they shall renounce the devil and all his pomp;*' and he that danceth maintaineth his pomp, and singeth his mass: For the woman that sinegth in the dance is the prioress, or chiefess of the devil, and those that answer are the clerks, and the beholders are the parishioners, and the music are the bells, and the fiddlers the ministers of the devil. For as when hogs are strayed, if the hogherd call one, all assemble themselves together, so the devil causeth one woman to sing in the dance, or to play on some instrument, and presently gather all the dancers together. Again, a man may prove how great an evil dancing is, by the multitude of sins that accompany those that dance, for they dance without measure or number. The miserable sinner knows not, that as many paces as he makes in dancing, so many leaps he makes to hell. They sin in their ornaments after a fivefold manner:—1st. By being proud thereof. 2nd. By inflaming the hearts of those that behold them. 3d. When they make those ashamed that have not the like ornaments, giving them occasion to covet the like. 4th. By making women importunate in demanding the like ornaments of their husbands; and 5th, When they cannot obtain them of their husbands, they seek to get them elsewhere

by sin. They sin by singing and playing on instruments, for their songs bewitch the heart of those that hear them with temporal delight, forgetting God, uttering nothing in their songs but lies and vanities. Thus you see that dancing is the devil's procession, and he that enters into a dance enters into the devil's procession. Of dancing the devil is the guide, the middle, and the end, and he that entereth a good and wise man into the dance (if it can be that such a one is either good or wise) cometh forth a corrupt and a wicked man!" "*No Cross, no Crown*," *2nd Part, pages* 96, 99, by *Wm. Penn.*

Susanna ceased reading, and looking up, saw that the circle of her auditors had been increased, and that all were smiling at the curious extract, which had never before been brought before their notice.

"William Penn is not very complimentary to us women, at any rate," said Lucretia, smiling; "but we will not mind that. Let us just look a little into his views, and see are the conclusions he draws warranted by sober reason or Scripture. The first argument is Herod and John the Baptist. It was 'for his oath's sake' he unwillingly consented to the murder of that righteous man, as we read in the 14th of St. Matthew; and, although the dance therein alluded to was indeed a fatal, and, probably, a very improper one, still it does not bear out William Penn's assertion at all. Everything good may be perverted. In the dance you witnessed last evening, Susanna, were there any of those evils present which he so describes? There was neither dress, ornament, nor expense. None of us thought of painting or adorning for it; nor did we importune our husbands to supply us with any vanity. The Holy Scriptures do not speak thus of music and dancing. When the Lord shall return and rule over this earth, when Jerusalem shall be rebuilt, and her sons shall all know the Lord; in the latter days, see Jeremiah, 31st chapter, then saith the Lord to his people: 'Thou shalt again be adorned with thy tabrets,

and shalt go forth in the dances of them that make merry:' and again, in the 13th verse, 'Then shall the virgin rejoice in the dance, both young men and old together.' And in the 149th Psalm, it is written, 'Let them praise his name in the dance: let them sing praises unto Him with the timbrel and harp.' Now, can any rational person prefer William Penn's teaching to the plain letter of Scripture? Everything may be made instrumental to sin. Eating, drinking, dressing, are all notoriously so employed; yet they are not on that account to be abandoned. Redeem them from sin, and use them as Christians ought, to the glory of God, and for the purposes for which he appointed them."

"William Penn asserts, in his 10th chapter," said Susanna, "that his opinions on all points were 'discovered to him by the Light that now shines from heaven in the hearts of the despised Christians he had communion with,' and he positively declares 'they were mostly given to him from the Lord.'"

"Connect this," said Lucretia, "with Barclay's definition of quaker inspirations, how 'they are not to be subjected to the test, either of the Scriptures or the natural reason of man,' and see to what lengths credulity and fanaticism may go—and, indeed, have gone. What an opportunity it gives for knaves, hypocrites, and ignorant enthusiasts to enslave the minds of men; and what shall be said of the common sense of those who surrender their reason to the leading of such pretenders, and blindly give credence to these monstrous assumptions of inspiration?"

"I am a Friend," said Jane, "and I will join Susanna in defending our Society, although, individually, I do not see any harm in it. There are very many serious people, not of us, who also object to dancing, and who positively forbid the heathen practice to their young people. They are for the most part great sticklers for the letter of Scripture, and they see this matter in the same light as we do."

"They are quite right in forbidding it," said Lucretia, "if

they observe any evil results from it, or if they fear that sin may take occasion by it to ensnare their young people. I would not give a child meat, if I thought meat would injure my child, although I would not say that meat should never be eaten. Those serious people, Jane, do not profess to have Divine inspiration to guide them. Inclination, reason, expediency, propriety; but surely we must believe that if music and dancing were in themselves sinful indulgences in the sight of the Lord, those few, out of many scriptures, would not have been recorded, nor would we have been left without clear directions to avoid music and dancing, if they were, indeed, as Friend Penn asserts, wholly and entirely the device of the devil. He and his works will be well nigh banished from earth when our Lord returns to take His kingdom; and then is the time when music and dancing shall rejoice God's people. 'Comfort them, and make them rejoice from their sorrow.'"

"Indeed," said Edward laughing, "I do not think friends' testimonies will answer well in those days. It is often a puzzle to me to think how we are to manage in heaven, for there are so many unfriendly practices carried on there. Harps and golden girdles are quite opposed to our views of propriety: besides, crowns on our heads, and songs on our lips, are most unsuitable for our gravity—and we shall have to associate with people who are 'not of us.' Some Friends think we shall have a nice little plain heaven of our own; but I do not know how that will be."

Little Mary had listened quietly to the conversation so far: she now said, "It is more the name of dancing Friends object to, than the reality. When I was at Suir Island school, where quakerism was taught and practised in every possible way, and in its utmost rigidity, we had dancing almost every evening in winter."

"Oh! Mary! Mary, dear! Take care!" burst from the listeners.

"Indeed," said Mary, shaking her head, "it is quite true.

When a new girl came to the school we always tried to find out if she knew any new plays or games. Soon after I went, there came a very nice young girl—Eliza Madden. At first she did not seem to have anything new, but one cold winter's evening she said, 'Come girls; I will show you a play we used to have long ago, when I was at home, and there were plenty of us together.' She called it 'weaving the diaper,' and soon taught us all. It is exactly the same as quadrilles, only we walked the figures, instead of hopping it; and, to keep time, she taught us to say out loud, and all together, 'This is the way we weave the diaper; weave, weave, weave.' We had all the figures of the quadrilles, and she called them the different patterns of the diaper. We soon got very fond of the new play. Not one of us knew it was dancing we were, and I often laugh now, when I recollect how that grave, starched-up, drabbified mistress of ours, who would rather have seen every one of us laid in our graves than allowed us to dance, used to sit smiling complacently by, and say it was the prettiest play she had ever seen—so quiet, and graceful, and so useful for warming our feet before we went to bed."

"Did Eliza Madden know," laughed they, "that she was teaching you young quaker girls to dance?"

"I am sure she did," said Mary. "She often took the most unaccountable fits of laughing in the middle of the play, and we could not tell what she was laughing at. It was a capital good trick, and the mistress never found it out. Long after Eliza went home the play continued, and very likely does so still."

"It is to be wondered at," said Edward, "that as William Penn was inspired to denounce dancing as being 'the devil's mass,' the mistress was not inspired to find out the subtle delusion of calling it 'weaving the diaper.'"

Susanna was very grave at the commencement of this conversation; but as it advanced she was evidently receiving new ideas, and her intelligent mind was thirsting to discover the

right and true value which should be placed on "Friends' testimonies." If in one case the assumption of being "divinely inspired" was proved to be unwarranted, it must shake her confidence in the "best wisdom" which dictated the other testimonies also.

Lucretia feared lest the gay laugh which followed little Mary's revelation of this pious fraud might annoy, and yet she wished Susanna's attention to be directed to the puerilities of the system. She had herself only known them since she had been disowned by the Friends. Her sister-in-law was married to a pious and learned man, and he had assisted in forming her now well-established principles. She had examined each quaker doctrine and peculiarity, as one to which she was born, and which she was reluctant to quit; and having satisfied her own mind that, although George Fox had undoubtedly been a man of pure life, and marvellous ability,—and although his mission might have been blessed to many a precious soul, as we read in Friends' writings was the case; and his startling and pious eccentricities have been peculiarly suited to arrest attention in the age in which he appeared; yet, that, after all, he was a most fanatical person, and that, whilst he professed to hold the letter of Scripture firmly himself, as the basis of his doctrines, he erred in attributing divine inspiration to the working of his own overheated imagination, and in accepting the same sort of delusion in his well-meaning followers.

Lucretia had earnestly wished for an opportunity of directing the attention of her mother, brothers, and sisters to these things; but she had ever found it most difficult to attract them to speak freely of them. Her mother shrunk instinctively from any religious conversation. Her sisters laughed at her notions of piety, and her brothers spoke with such levity of all things serious, as pained her thoughtful mind. She now rejoiced to find in Susanna a more than willing auditor; and endeavored in cheerful conversation to group the young listeners into an animated and interesting discussion; with

many a deep and secret prayer, that the truth might be elicited and brought home with strong conviction to each heart. Whilst these thoughts passed rapidly through her mind, she was aroused by her brother saying, "I never knew before why our Friends object to music and dancing. It would be worth while to try and find out the origin of some of our other 'valuable testimonies to the truth.' Perhaps they are all as ridiculous as William Penn's notions of the 'Devil's Mass.' Come, Lucretia, tell us—Why do Friends dress plain?"

"Agreed," she answered; "hand me the Book of Discipline. Here, page 206, we read that plainness of dress is 'an ancient testimony, truth begat in our hearts in the beginning.' We all know the third query, 'Do Friends endeavor by example and precept to train up their children, servants, and those under their care, in a religious life and conversation, consistent with our Christian profession, and in plainness of speech, behaviour, and apparel?' All Friends know that what is meant by 'plainness of apparel,' means the peculiar sectarian dress. No matter how plain and inexpensive or simple a man's garb may be, he is not 'a consistent Friend,' unless his hat has a broad, flat brim; neither is a woman considered to be 'in the truth' unless she wears the poked silk bonnet. It is essential to bear this in mind, because all Christians unite in opinion that extravagance, pride, and folly in dress, are to be reprobated, and Friends' 'peculiar testimony which truth begat in their hearts,' and which they call 'the cross of Jesus Christ,' is confined to the sectarian appearance.

"The dress of the men Friends had its origin in the following revelation, as we are told by William Penn, in his celebrated 'No Cross, no Crown,' second part, page 138. 'A sister of the family of Penn, of Penn, Buckinghamshire, a young woman delighting in the finery and pleasures of the world, was seized with a violent fit of illness which proved mortal to her. In the time of her sickness she fell into great distress of soul, bitterly bewailing the want of that inward peace, which

makes a death-bed easy to the righteous. After several days languishing, a little consolation appeared after this manner. She was some hours in a kind of trance: she apprehended she was brought into a place where Christ was, to whom could she but deliver her petition, she hoped to be relieved. But her endeavors increased her pain, for as she prest to deliver it, *he turned his back upon her*, and would not so much as look towards her; but that which added to her sorrow was, that she beheld others admitted. However, she gave not over importuning him, and when almost ready to faint, and her hope to sink, *he turned one side of his face towards her, and reached forth his hand, and received her request*, at which her troubled soul found immediate consolation; turning to those about her, she repeats what had befallen her, adding: 'Bring me my new clothes, take off the lace and finery,' and charged her relations not to deck and adorn themselves after the manner of the world; for that the Lord Jesus, whom she had seen, appeared to her in the likeness of a PLAIN COUNTRYMAN, without any trimming or ornament whatever, and that his servants ought to be like him."*

George Fox does not appear to have instituted any sectarian or peculiar dress, or to have laid his authority on the adoption of it. He dressed in leather, which at the time was common for men in his rank of life. He was a journeyman shoemaker. He preached and wrote against vain fashions, and excess in apparel, and some of his epistles on the subject are pithy, and generally scriptural; nor does he appear to have claimed inspiration for them, although he did write "an epistle against wigs," and preached "on women's waistcoats." It was left to his fanatical or over-zealous followers to find out, as William Penn tells us his sister did, that the Lord Jesus turns his back

* William Penn's biographer tells us that he was very vain of his own person and attire—his wig alone costing twenty pounds. Also, that when a carpet was a luxury in the king's palace, William Penn had his rooms all well carpeted.

on one dress, averts his face from a garment trimmed with lace, and opens heaven indiscriminately to those dressed up like *plain countrymen*, irrespective altogether of the state of their hearts, of their obedience to his commands, or of their acceptance of his covenant, and offered salvation."

"Ah!" said her sister Jane, "these were only the old Friends. We do not now think so. We only wear the plain dress now, as a hedge to keep us out of mischief; and, say what thee will, there is nothing so effectual to keep us away from balls and concerts, theatres, and such places, not forgetting the most dangerous of all—the churches—as these same abused hats and bonnets. We are not quite so foolish, I hope, as to think they will help to get us into heaven, are we, Susanna?"

"I have always been taught," she answered, that our dress was essential to our acceptance in the divine sight, and I believe 'the concerned Friends' of the present day do think it a most important, if not the very most important of all our peculiar testimonies. I have heard it said in meeting, that if we were to trace the fall of one of our members to its origin, it would be found that a departure from the 'testimony on dress' was the root from which the evil sprung."

"Friends do believe that a plain dress is the surest and easiest way of getting to heaven," said Edward. "One of the elders gave me a pious tract to read lately. It was the story of the edifying death-bed of a little shop-boy, who departed this life with the intention of going straight to heaven. He desired all his relatives to mark the peace of mind he felt, for having been faithful to the requirings of the inward monitor, which had warned him to take off the two useless buttons the tailor had put on the back of his coat. Here, on this very table, is lying the narrative of the death-bed of a young woman, the sister of a minister, whose mind had to undergo a sore conflict, because of the habit she had wickedly indulged in, of 'wearing the bands of hair on her forehead *too full*.'"

CHAPTER VII.

"Some call him a Saviour in word,
But mix their own works with his plan,
And hope He his help will afford,
When they have done all that they can.

"If doings prove rather too light
(A little they own they may fail),
They purpose to make up full weight,
By casting his name in the scale."

Observing the dangerous tendency of the conversation in which the young people were indulging, Mary Greenway endeavored to divert them from it. "Come, come," she said, "this will not do. What business have young things like you to discuss meeting matters? It is highly improper, and Lucretia ought to have more discretion than to introduce such subjects. Susanna would not be allowed to remain a single day longer with us, if her mother and Jenefer knew we indulged in such an unfriendly habit as that of talking religion."

"Dancing is better, mother, is it not?" said Edward; "I know thee does not object to that," and laughing, drew his arm affectionately round her neck. She left the room, hoping a different topic of conversation would arise, and at any rate resolved not to countenance it by sitting by, and listening to such very dangerous deductions as the sharp intellects and ready repartee of the attentive and amused group drew forth from time to time.

Scarcely had the door closed on her when little Mary ex-

claimed, "Now mamma is gone; she has borne her testimony, and her mind is at rest. I want very much to know, do Friends *now* really think that our hats and bonnets are the main points in attaining to heaven? or is our sectarian dress only good as a hedge to keep us out of temptation in this world?"

"There cannot be a doubt about it," said Susanna. "Dress is constantly spoken of, both in the monthly, quarterly, and yearly meetings, as being most important, and the only sure way to obtain peace of mind.* The ministers have very frequently both 'concerns' and evidences on the subject; but, if you will look over the Friends' obituaries, and read the death-bed scenes there recorded, you will see what great stress both the dying and their friends place on dress, as being peculiarly essential to the peace and safety of the soul. Let us just read one of these obituaries. It is a fair sample of the light in which dress is esteemed at the present day amongst the Society.

"On the 1st, died at Redruth, of pulmonary consumption, aged 39, Eliza, wife of Charles Cornish. By yielding to the visitations of divine grace in early life, she became convinced of the principles held by our Society, and was received into membership on that ground. By her consistent walk and circumspect life, she was an example of dedication to the requirings of truth. She was enabled to bear a long illness with patience, and was thankful that she had, while in health, been concerned to seek a preparation for the life to come, and *taken up the cross, in adopting plainness of dress and address;* in-

* In the London Yearly Meeting of 1852, we are told that "Thomas Armit was largely engaged in handing forth counsel and advice of an encouraging character. . . . He alluded to his own position when looking towards our profession (he is a convert), and mentioned, if it would have availed him anything in the way of procuring peace of mind, he felt he would rather have sacrificed thousands of rams, and ten thousands of rivers of oil, than submit to take up the cross in adopting plainness of dress and address; but having yielded to conviction, he found sweet peace in bearing our testimony in these respects."—BRITISH FRIEND, 6th Mo. 1852.

ducing in those who had the privilege of attending her the consoling belief that all was well. In addressing one of her friends, she said, 'when I am gone, rejoice; oh! what a glorious change it will be—to be freed from this poor afflicted body, and to be with the Lord—and with an innumerable company of saints and angels for evermore.'* Now," added Susanna: "must we not believe that this Friend's ground of acceptance with the Lord was her faithfulness to our testimonies of dress and address; and that seeing her so comforted in her dying moments by the mere recollection of this goodness, her friends had the consoling belief that all was well with her? In fact, that she performed her duty, had a good right to heaven, and got her rights. You see, there is no allusion even to any other plea for her salvation; nor has the editor considered it necessary to mention any other, this one is so perfectly satisfactory. She became convinced of Friends' principles—was consistent in them—took up the cross (the sure way to the crown), in adopting plainness of dress and address, and of course she could have no trouble about getting to heaven."

"She had easy work of it," said Edward. "Indeed, I will say this much for our Society, that no people go to heaven so easily as we do. Plain dress—thee and thou—a sober face—and one is all right. But," added he, laughing, "what an awkward thing it will be if, after all, the broadbrims are not thought much of there at all? It is only a guess, at the best; they may find themselves out in their calculations. Many of them are stupid fellows. I should not be a bit surprised to find Saint Peter saying to them, when they come to the gate of heaven, 'I do not know what business you have here at all, good Friends. This place would not suit you. Don't you hear the music? You always turned your back upon it on earth: it would be a pity to grieve your ears with the sound of it now. Go back, good Friends, go back.' What consummate idiots we are," he added, bitterly, "to imagine

* "British Friend," 1st Mo. 1852.

that, if heaven is worth having at all, it is to be won with such nonsensical tom-fooleries !"

"Friends, do think," said Jane, "that a righteous and holy life are requisite, as well as a plain dress."

"They profess to do so," said Lucretia. "Many of the advices, epistles, and sermons, prove it; and it would be most false and uncharitable not to believe that many do not only profess, but also practice that holiness which is essential to salvation: yet, as we, who have seen so much behind the scenes, know, that those who take a lead in the meetings, and are the most forward to preach, are often destitute of all religion, except this outward appearance, it is only fair to conclude that, whilst dress is an essential to the salvation of a Friend, holiness is merely considered as a desirable addition.

"'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved,' is the language of the Gospel. Friends' teaching is very different. John Withy was the son of an eminent minister in the Society. He had been carefully instructed by his father, and was fully competent to write on the subject. On leaving the Society, he addressed a letter to the Bristol Monthly Meeting, which was extensively circulated, but, I believe, never replied to. In it he pointed out the fallacies of quakerism, and contrasted them with the Scriptures of truth. There is one sentence in it to which I would especially attract your attention. It is this: 'I do with pain express the belief *that another gospel* than that which the Apostles preached—if there be another—has currency in the Society. I say not without exception, but I dare not withhold this testimony, that in the main there is but a partial declaration of the scriptural doctrine of the entire alienation of man through the fall, from the knowledge and love of God, whereby all the world is become guilty before Him; and of the necessity, that if man be restored to the Divine favor, it must be by an act of free grace, so irrespective of good works, that thereby alone, through faith, sinners may be justified freely. These truths *are cloud-*

ed, and, consequently, the glorious work of Christ, in bearing our sins in His own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness, *is obscured.* Instead whereof, obedience is preached as the way of access to the favor of God, while for direction in this way, the unconverted man is taught to follow some inward spiritual light in his heart—that heart which, in the words of inspiration, is said to be 'deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.' "*

"It is a queer gospel that some of the Friends preach," said Edward. "I was in the Waterford meeting one first-day morning, when, after a considerable silence, Thomas G—— stood up to preach. A woman Friend had come in rather late. She was dressed very grand, for a Friend: a straw bonnet, a rustling silk gown, and so forth. She happened to sit where Thomas could see her, and the sight stirred up his spirits. He began very loud: 'Friends—I am thinking—wonderfully—of—a—about—the—great—whore of Babylon;' and there he ended and sat down. What do you think of that gospel?"

"It is quite as good a gospel as some of George Fox's own immediate followers preached," said little Mary. "Do you not remember, in the history of early Friends, we are told of one William Walker preaching about, 'in my father's house are many *manchets*,' and how he improved upon the fine bread and the little manchets which were in heaven?" (See Leslie, vol. 2, p. 50.)

"It is, indeed, pitiable," said Lucretia, "to witness the idolatry with which Friends regard dress. Sermon after sermon is preached on it, as if the preacher was immediately and miraculously inspired by Heaven to enforce the rule. The Friends' periodicals, also, all dwell on it with apparently a superstitious grasp, as though the retention of it were essential to the continuance of quakerism. Friends hold the doctrine

* See John Withy's lithographed letter of Nov. 5, 1838, printed by John Wright, Bristol.

of perfection. They believe, according to Barclay, that it is possible in this life to attain to a state 'in which to do righteousness may be so natural to the regenerate soul, that, in the stability of that condition, *he cannot sin.*'* Now, what Friends understand by doing righteousness, appears to be a strict conformity to the rules of the Society—especially those of dress and address—and an humble, or rather a credulous, reception of 'the testimonies' which the original founders of the sect have bequeathed to their followers."

"Ah!" said Susanna, "good Friends, that is, the Friends who would attain to perfection, must go farther than merely upholding the old testimonies: they must receive all the *fresh inspirations* as well. Ministers now have the same 'inward light' as they of old had. I have often heard Jenefer say, that it is a proof of the continuance of the Divine goodwill towards us, that immediate revelations are still vouchsafed; and that by them, opportunity is afforded us of trying our own willingness to submit to the teaching of the light."

"It would save us all much trouble, and be both surer and more satisfactory, if these revelations of the inward light were universal—but they are not—although Barclay asserts that the inward light is in every man, yet it is only ministers, elders, and overseers, who are able to discover those duties or observances which they say it requires of each of us. Why, for instance, does not my inward light distinctly tell me individually what sort of dress I ought to wear, if indeed such a thing is essential to my salvation?" said Mary.

"Jenefer would say it was to keep us humble," replied Susanna; "that humility is a great virtue, and that to be willing to submit to the requirements of duty, which have been made manifest to one of the Lord's chosen ministers, is the sacrifice required from us. We are to keep down 'runnings and willings,' and to endeavor to be preserved from 'doubtings

* Barclay's "Apology," Prop. 8, § 2.

and misgivings.' We are to follow them, and they are to follow the guiding of the light within them."

"Sometimes," said Edward, "even they who profess to have 'the light' to guide others, seem to think it is but a flickering one, they speak so timidly at times. They say they feel called upon to be faithful in discharging their minds of the burden entrusted to them. I lately heard of some new inspirations with which the Society has been favored. Friend ——— has, I am told, very sweetly laid before his monthly meeting, a concern which had for some time rested on his mind, and which he feared might involve him in the guilt of unfaithfulness to the requirings of the inward monitor if he withheld the expression of. It was, that a desire had arisen, that Friends would, when hospitably entertaining their Friends, at the solemn season of the quarterly meetings, abstain from allowing spirits to be placed on the table after dinner. He could see no objection to wine at such solemn seasons, but he believed Friends would find peace in the discontinuance of the use of ardent spirits.

"Another requirement of truth," continued Edward, "which is considered to be so important, that it has been printed, and so circulated, runs thus:—'We have much cause to acknowledge the Divine goodness in preserving us, as a Society, from some empty and vain forms which abound in the world. If by any means the enemy of all good can rob us of simplicity in manner, dress, or deportment, he surely will; but if we watch, we shall witness preservation. Let me then, dear friends, give utterance to a fear which more than one or two Friends have felt, lest *etiquette* steal on us unawares, so as to do us harm. With diffidence I propose the inquiry, whether the walking arm-in-arm to the dinner table at a quarterly meeting, is not too near an approach to the fashions of a fleeting world? Does it not look a little too much like the selection of partners at a ball? With all due regard for true urbanity and Christian

courtesy, I can see no *solid reason* for the practice referred to."*

"Now," said little Mary, "if we could only ascertain whether the Holy Spirit spoken of in the Bible, and 'the inward light,' spoken of by Robert Barclay, are one and the same, it would enable us to form a right estimate of the value of those inspirations which led Friends at the first to separate from other Christians, and which now so often direct even the minutest practices of life."

"The 'inward light' of Friends, which they call 'Christ within,'" said Lucretia, "is quite a distinct doctrine from that of the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. It is admitted by Friends to be so. Dr. Hancock, in his 'Defence of Quakerism,' page 17, speaks of 'the great doctrines of the invisible working of Christ's Spirit in the heart, AND of universal saving light,' which is another name for Friends' 'inward light.' We who are only Christians (not Friends) believe, that God cleanses the hearts of his people by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. We pray that we may daily be renewed unto righteousness by the Holy Spirit; that our hearts may be purified by its inspiration; that by the Spirit our hearts and all our members may be enlightened, and delivered from worldly pollutions, and brought into obedience to the will of God. We believe that 'if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His;' and that 'as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God;' and that 'Except a man be born of water, and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.' We believe that the holy men of old, who wrote the Bible, spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. Our Lord did not refer us to anything of an inward light in ourselves as a saving principle, or as a guide to faith and practice; but he desired us 'to search the Scriptures,' and He has promised there 'to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him.' Saint Paul also tells us that he has declared to us

* "British Friend."

'all the counsel of God,' and he makes no mention of 'a universal saving light.' Now, read Friends' teaching of their 'inward light,' or 'universal saving light.'

"In William Penn's 'Primitive Christianity,' it is laid down, as 'the main fundamental of quaker religion,' that 'God, through Christ,' hath placed his Spirit in every man, to inform him of his duty, and to enable him to do it, (without any reference to the Scriptures, the revealed will of God,) and that those who live up to this are the people of God, and those who live in disobedience to it are not God's people, whatever name they may bear, or profession they may make of religion—this is the ancient, firm, and standing testimony. It is to this Spirit of light, life, and grace that Friends refer all; for they say it is the great agent in religion, that without which there is no conviction, no conversion or regeneration, and consequently, no entering into the kingdom of God. In short, there is no becoming virtuous, holy, and good without this: no acceptance with God or peace of soul but through it. Other professors err by virtually rejecting the fundamental doctrine of vital Christianity, for the Spirit of our Redeemer is placed in the heart of *every man* as a reprover; and by placing *too much confidence* in the mere assent of the understanding, to the blessed truth that Christ died for all men."

"Again, in another of Penn's works, he says—'*Justification by the righteousness which Christ hath fulfilled in his own person for us, wholly without us; this we deny, and boldly affirm it, in the name of the Lord, to be the doctrine of devils, and an arm of the sea of corruption, which does now deluge the world.*'"*

"Did you know," asked Lucretia, "that this is the belief of Friends? Is it not a most unscriptural and unchristian doctrine? If man has anything in himself that is 'the great agent in religion,' and which is sufficient to procure his acceptance with God, and that it is an erroneous doctrine that

* "A Serious Apology." Penn's Works, ed. 1726; vol. ii. p. 66.

Christ died on the cross of Calvary to make an entire atonement for the sins of all who believe on Him, why was the blood of the Lord Jesus shed? The Bible tells us, that 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' If there is, indeed, 'an inward saving light' in every man, why was this enormous sacrifice of the only begotten son of God? Why do we call the Lord Jesus our Saviour? Why do we take the name of Christians?

"Dr. Hancock's 'Defence of Quakerism' has had a large circulation among Friends. It is a condensation of the doctrines and opinions of Fox, Barclay, and Penn. It contains, amongst others equally significant, this extraordinary sentence: '*Supposing then that the atoning sacrifice were enough for the sinner, under circumstances of an unusual extension of divine mercy, to justify him freely before God, is it to be concluded that it is in itself altogether sufficient for the saint?*'

"William Penn's writings have repeatedly been denounced as unsound on the great hope of Christianity—salvation through the free and unmerited atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ. He was openly accused of writing 'blasphemous books against the deity of our blessed Lord,' and although the mass of words in which his heretical teaching is shrouded, has succeeded in beguiling many ignorant and well-meaning Friends, into such a maze of confused ideas, that they scarcely know what they believe, or what they reject, still the taint is over all, and Dr. Hancock has simplified the prevailing notion that 'good Friends,' that is, his *saints*, having the 'inward saving light,' in themselves, are independent of that atoning sacrifice, which may perchance be of some use to sinners. In fact, the outward work of Christ—his cross and passion—his death and burial—his resurrection and ascension, are all considered by these accredited expounders of quaker belief, as merely good for a kind of make-weight, to fill up the required measure of good works for those who, not having quite attained to the perfection of saints, (who cannot need a Saviour at all) come

under the name of sinners, and may feel themselves 'under circumstances where the unusual extension of divine mercy, to justify them freely before God,' is desirable.

"This wretched scheme of salvation amounts in plain terms to this. That man is to obey the inward light to the best of his ability, and then to depend upon the great expiatory sacrifice to make up his deficiency."

"Barclay says in his 2nd proposition, page 18, that Friends' inspirations, or 'the teachings of this universal saving light,' are not necessarily to be subjected to the test of either the outward testimony of Scripture, or of the natural reason of man. How presumptuous! How different from the teaching of our Lord and his disciples! They referred their followers to the written Word of God: 'to the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them.' Well did Robert Barclay know that his doctrines would not bear to be brought to this touchstone; therefore he inserted this cunning and plausible prelude. I cannot but think he had a suspicion in his own mind, that however he might try, by the force of reasoning, to keep it down, the question would force itself on him, 'Is there not a lie in my right hand?' To meet this doubt, and to overcome in his followers, at the very beginning, all reasoning on the subject, on the fourth page of the 'Apology,' a book which contains 586 pages, we find this most suspicious sentence. The Holy Scriptures would, he well knew, topple all his notions and '*peculiar views of Christianity*' to the ground; for if the Bible contains all things necessary to be believed, then the 'Apology' and its 'additional revelations' were unnecessary, and his labor had been lost. Robert Barclay's education at a Scotch College of Jesuits in Paris ought to be remembered; that society, we are told, had agents, who under many different names and phases, all worked together for the same ends, the promotion of their own order, and the destruction of the reformed churches.*

* See Strype's "Life of Parker," 244, 245.

"Friends know, and boast that they hold the doctrine of the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, in a manner different from that accepted by all other Christians. One of their late publications,* which teaches the same ultra-doctrines as Barclay did, in an article somewhat abusive of those who venture to make the Bible a supreme and ultimate authority, says: 'the spirit of priestcraft is equally bitter and watchful, lest its foundation should be sapped. There is nothing more dreaded by those who make a trade of preaching, than that of the people being brought more and more to see the spiritual nature of the kingdom of Christ (that is the Friend's view of the spiritual nature). It is granted that all spiritual Christians in their best moments rise above *the idea of local holiness;* but what body of people, taken in the bulk, carry out this view like Friends?' None indeed, happily none, but Friends can dispense with the outward work, and free grace of Christ, because 'there is an evangelical and saving light and grace in all.' Christians know from the Bible that 'there is a spirit in man, and that the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding.' 'The Spirit and the bride say come.' But it is 'Come unto me'—unto Jesus. 'There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.' The name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth—not 'inward light,' or 'saving light,' or 'universal saving light.'"

"This is not fair arguing," said Jane, "our Society does acknowledge that '*the Scriptures are and may be esteemed a secondary rule, subordinate to the Spirit.*' Barclay says in his 3rd proposition, page 69, '*they are not to be esteemed the principal ground of all truth and knowledge, nor yet the adequate primary rule of faith and manners,*' but yet '*we do acknowledge the Scriptures to be very heavenly and divine writings;* and we do believe that Christ by his death removed the wrath of God, so far as to obtain remission of sins for as

* "The British Friend."

many as receive that grace and light, which he communicates unto them."

"They do," said Lucretia. "Whenever Friends venture to attempt a public defence of their peculiar system, they bring forward those admissions of their belief in the Bible, and in the efficacy of the death of Christ; but there is an under-current, which is carefully kept back in argument, it is that I want you to know and consider. It is the *peculiar doctrines* which Friends hold, not those which they hold in common with others, that we want to ascertain the truth of. They do at the present day believe all that Fox, Barclay, and Penn wrote; we constantly find them saying, 'we hold the truth as those worthies did.'* The Bible is allowed to be a *secondary rule*, but the primary rule is, with Friends, 'the inward light'—this they have altogether independent of the Bible, or of its revealed truths. They pay Christ the compliment of saying, it was his death which removed the wrath of God, but it is to the saving light in themselves they look for an entrance into heaven.

"Friends would have no need of inspirations if all that was necessary for salvation was already given in the Bible, and it is because they claim to know more and better than the Bible, what a man must think and do to obtain eternal life, that they hold to the belief of a something in themselves, which can guide them in life, and save them in death. Whilst they deny that the revealed truths of the Holy Scriptures are a sufficient guide to man, they claim for Barclay's 'Apology' an authority paramount to them; and whenever any discrepancy is discovered, and, alas! they are numerous, then Friends invariably prefer Barclay, because he asserts there is in him 'a light,' which is the fountain of light, and that the Bible is only an emanation from that light; and he, having the fountain in

* "Friends of every generation have endorsed the opinions of George Fox and his contemporaries."—BRITISH FRIEND, 12mo. 1851, p. 293.

himself, is superior to that which only came from the fountain.

"Dr. Hancock's 'Defence' is quite in accordance with Barclay and Penn. He says, page 85 :—'I trust and believe that the Holy Scriptures will never cease to be regarded by the Society of Friends *as one of the greatest outward helps and blessings* to aid the Christian in his course, which by the goodness of Providence we possess; and which, indeed, have been acknowledged as such by the Society, in its advices and by its practice. Nevertheless, though it does not become me to to judge my neighbor, neither am I competent to say, how far the searching of the Scriptures, without any other help, might make a Christian of another denomination; *I am sure that searching the Scriptures, would never make a true quaker*,' (*!!!*) I admire Dr. Hancock's candid admission, that quakerism is not to be found in the Bible; and I wish he had, in equally clear language, given the antithesis—that quakers who do search the Scriptures, and believe in them, invariably do cease to be quakers, and become *only Christians*. Timothy tells us—'The Holy Scriptures are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus;' and Dr. Hancock, the modern defender of quakerism, and himself, I believe, an acknowledged minister of the Society, tells us—'*if nothing but the light and knowledge of Scripture had operated upon the minds of men, then our religious society would never have had an existence.*'"(*!!!*)

The conversation was here interrupted. Edward had flung himself on the sofa, and appeared to be asleep. He now jumped up; advancing to Lucretia, he laid his hand upon her shoulder, and said—"Mamma did quite right to forbid religious talk. I am very sorry I listened to it at all. What would become of us all, if we were to reject quakerism because it is not to be found in the Bible, turn common Christians, and leave the Society? Just think, my good sister, of the trouble and annoyance we should have. Uncle Thomas would

cut us all out of his will; mamma would fret herself to death; all our relatives and friends would cut us, and I would have no chance at all of the certain pretty little Friend, whom thee knows I have set my heart on."

"Really," said Jane, "I fear the mischief is done. Look at Susanna and Mary, what grave faces they have put on. Nothing would ever influence me," she said, confidently and haughtily, "to leave the Society, or for a moment to admit a doubt into my mind, that our Society holds the truth in its purest form. It is incredible to believe that such men as George Fox, William Penn, and Robert Barclay, would have instituted a system which was not perfectly holy, just, and good. It is rational and sensible, and suitable for intelligent beings to have a light in themselves to guide them at all times; not to have occasion to be running to the Bible, or going after preachers and teachers who do not care what they preach, so as they are only well paid for it.* Christianity is an ennobling system, and there is something very ennobling and elevating in feeling ourselves independent of all outward teaching. Forms and ceremonies, priestcraft and set prayers, and Bible readings, tell that something is wanted: the constant repetition of prayers, searching the Scriptures, and looking to man for teaching, show plainly that the true foundation has not been attained by 'others,' and that they are still groping for it. Susanna," said she, "does thee not agree with me?"

"I do not know what to say," she replied, "or what to believe. I know there is truth in what Lucretia said, because I have lived so much amongst ministers and elders, heard them

* Robert Barclay calls Protestant preaching "a heathenish art," He says in the "Apology," p. 346, "The clergy are so glued to the love of money, that there is none like them in malice, rage and cruelty. If they be denied their hire, they rage like drunken men—fret, fume, and, as it were, go mad; so that we—as separate people—dare not join with, nor hear these anti-Christian hirelings."

conversing, and read all the books we have been speaking of, that I am sure they do hold those opinions; but I am not at all prepared to think that quakerism is opposed to the Bible, or that to be Christians we must cease to be quakers. I know well that Friends often profess to be inspired when they are not; and that all the concerns and evidences which 'the inward light' reveals to them, are only pretexts to maintain an unbounded authority over the rest of us; but I would not dispute the fact of our worthy predecessors having been inspired. I do not know what to think. Perhaps the wisest thing would be not to think about it at all."

"I do not agree with thee in that," said little Mary. "Why not think, and read, and find out all about it? and when we have satisfied ourselves, why, then, we would either be better Friends, or we could leave the Society altogether."

"Foolish girl," said Jane, "how silly thee talks. Sure the Lord would not have allowed us to be born Friends, unless He knew that it was right for us to be Friends. It is very sinful to think for a moment of changing what His infinite wisdom has arranged for us."

"Stop talking religion," said Edward; "positively you must stop. You are only getting deeper and deeper into the mire. Be good humored and tidy, and learn to make good puddings, and that is the best of all religions for young female Friends."

He succeeded in breaking up the party, but not in banishing the thoughts to which the discussion gave birth. Susanna had often had her faith in the virtue of quakerism shaken, by the contradiction between the practices of those she lived with, and their profession of being led and guided in all things by the immediate inspiration of the Holy Spirit: now she had heard even the doctrines of Friends most rudely assailed, and she instinctively shrunk from attempting to scrutinize the value of the objections raised by Lucretia, for too well she knew in what desolation of spirit, if not persecution, her reception of any unquakerly sentiment would involve her.

If we resolve to banish any particular subject of thought from the mind, it is really curious to observe how very little our spirit is subject to our will. The thought we have forbidden to intrude will present itself; and the more resolute we are to banish it, so much the more pertinaciously it will come before us: and if, by the strong force of a resolute will, we succeed in keeping down the rebel thought during our waking hours, it will baffle all our efforts, and in the dreams of the night make itself heard and felt. Prayer is all-powerful to deliver us from unholy and wicked imaginations; but people do not pray to be kept from thinking of religion, or to be enabled to resist an inclination to search the Scriptures, and ascertain there the truth of that system on which they are perilling their souls. So it was with Susanna now: sleeping or waking, the thought would present itself, What a dreadful thing if, after all, quakerism is not built upon the true foundation; if the inspiration Friends feel to maintain the peculiar dogmas of George Fox is not from heaven! What if it should all prove to be a subtle delusion of the devil? Is quakerism a system of mysticism, fanaticism, and spiritual pride? Are we Christians at all? Can it be that we are credulously following men who were deluded by their own imaginations, or who were puffed up with the proud notion of leaving a name as founders of a sect? Our blessed Saviour certainly warned us that men would try to assume authority in His name, when He said, "I am come in my Father's name, and ye receive me not: if another shall come in his own name, him ye will receive." George Fox did come in his own name, and we have received him as the founder of our faith. He professed to exalt Christ, and Friends think the system he founded was calculated to do so; but if it should, after all, be in vain, that we worship Christ according to George Fox's doctrines, what will become of our souls?

Many days passed by, and pleasure-parties were formed, but the subject of religion was studiously avoided. Mary

Greenway had enjoined it on her children to avoid any allusion to the subject again, whilst Susanna remained their guest; for, said she, "your aunt and Jenefer would summon her home at once, if they they knew of such a habit being indulged in, and Susanna is so guileless that she might chance to mention it in her letters; so, for her sake, my dears, avoid the subject. Friends we are, and Friends we must remain—so what use in thinking about it, or troubling our own minds with trying to comprehend things that are already settled for us by others, and that, whether right or wrong, we cannot alter?"

This reasoning was quite agreed to by Jane and Edward; but little Mary was by no means convinced of its soundness. She said nothing at the time, but thought all the more, and, in the hidden secresy of her heart, wished, of all things, that it might be her lot, like Lucretia, to marry "out," and so be at liberty to study and find out the true religion. Mary was often ailing, and many a long wakeful night of suffering had been spent in communing with her own spirit. She dreaded death, as Friends so generally do.* The terrors of the unseen world appalled her shrinking heart. She read the Bible, as Friends do, without note, comment, or reference; consequently, without appreciating its individual suitability to herself, or understanding the connection of one part with another. She found it interesting as a history, a fund of anecdote, and a record of

* The dread of death is so common among Friends, that it may be interesting to show how they reconcile it with their ideal state of spiritual perfection. They say: "It is not sinful to dread death. The Redeemer dreaded it. His human nature, though perfectly holy, shrunk back from the agonies of dying. The fear of death, therefore, in itself, is not sinful. Christians (Friends) are often troubled because they have not that calmness in the prospect of death, which they suppose they ought to have, and because their nature shrinks back from the dying pang. They suppose that such feelings are inconsistent with religion, and that they who have them cannot be true Christians. But they forget their Redeemer and his sorrows; they forget the earnestness with which he pleaded that the cup might be removed."—British Friend.

wise maxims; but she was totally ignorant of the intense interest which it affords to the careful student, and of the light which shines from its pages on the heart of those who read it as the written and revealed Word of God, and receive it as "a lamp for their feet and a light for their path:" who rejoice in it, "as one that findeth great spoil," and believe that by it a man may become "wise unto salvation, through faith in Christ Jesus."

The time fixed for Susanna's return home drew near, when Lucretia proposed that she should spend a few days with her at Richmond. Susanna accepted the invitation frankly, and accompanied her cousin with feelings very different from those with which she had paid her first visit to Lucretia's house. They were not long together, when Susanna addressed her thus: "Ever since that conversation we had on religion, I have been thinking of it; and now that we are all alone, I wish very much thee would tell me more about the difference thee thinks thee has discovered between the rules of our Society, and the Bible."

"The rules of the Society," answered Lucretia, "are only chains to bind you down to an outward conformity. They are tyrannical in some points, very unscriptural in others, and puerile in others; but the rules are of no consequence compared to the doctrines, and the practices which result from those false doctrines."

"Thee speaks very hardly of our 'precious, peculiar testimonies;' but I want to know what are the false doctrines which Friends hold."

"There are," answered Lucretia, "two things especially needful in religion. We know and feel that we are sinners. I am sure, my lovely cousin, that even you, all good and gentle as you are, often feel dissatisfied with your own heart, and cannot help thinking yourself to be sinful. Tell me, is it not so? Do you not know yourself to be a sinner in the sight of the holy God?"

"Indeed I do," said she. "Oh! so sinful. No one could imagine the iniquity that is in my heart. It is because of that that I am so anxious to know these things."

"Then," replied Lucretia, "what you want is a Saviour. You want one who can make an atonement for your sins, and who will intercede with God for your pardon from the punishment due to them. No religion can avail us which does not afford an atonement and a mediator. The Bible reveals to us the atonement we need in the perfect sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ. 'God commended his love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us.' 'Christ died for the ungodly.' And now He is at the right hand of God, and ever liveth to make intercession for us.

"The whole New Testament is to tell of salvation through the atoning blood of Christ: but what is the quaker doctrine of salvation That every man has a *seed or inward light* in his own heart, which can save him—'*an evangelical saving grace in himself.*' They call this saving something by many names,—'*The eye of the mind* which crucifies sin, and saveth and redeemeth out of transgression.' 'The light, the substance of all, the end of all words and writings; yea, it is the end of all the dispensations of God.' 'The precious light which shineth in the heart—the everlasting day of God, in which he walks and in which he works.' 'The truth.' 'The truth, virtue and power present, which is able to save out of all temptation, and deliver out of the snares of Satan.' 'It is the testimony within.' 'The substance of the Christian religion,' &c., &c.*

"Friends repudiate the efficacy of the outward work of Christ. Solomon Eccles, a great preacher and prophet of the quakers, expressly declared, '*that the blood of Christ was no more than the blood of any other saint.*' (Leslie's works, fol. vol. ii. p. 195.) Compare this with the 10th chapter of

* See "Meditations and Experiences by William Shewin," 5th edition; also Barclay's "Apology," prop. 6 and 7.

Hebrews, 28th and 29th verses. George Fox, in his Journal, telling of all the wonderful things he was 'made to see,' at the time when he went 'through the flaming sword, into the paradise of God,' mentions that he '*was made to see the spiritual nature of the blood of the Lord.*' Friends are quite willing to call their own scheme His work in the heart. They acknowledge that a kind of benefit has resulted from His death, not clearly laid down; but His blood, offered by himself as our high priest, is not valued as the *alone* ground of a sinner's hope. The Scriptures say, 'He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them;' but Dr. Hancock, the modern and qualified expounder of quaker doctrine, says, the atoning sacrifice may be, under particular circumstances, enough for the sinner, but will not do for the saint. Robert Barclay says, 'It is the inward birth in us, that doth justify us.' And William Penn says, 'The light of Christ within is the efficient cause of salvation completely taken.' And again, in the 18th chapter of his 'Christian Quaker,' he says 'I say *the light is the efficient cause of salvation;* and all other *exterior* visitations and ministries of assistance, though from the same light, are in respect of the light in every single man and woman, but instrumental and secondary.'"

"Friends have Scripture for their belief in 'the inward light,'" said Susanna. "'Christ in you the hope of glory.' Barclay says, the 'seed' in us is Christ, 'a spiritual, heavenly, and invisible principle, in which God, as Father, Son, and Spirit, dwells.'"

"Let us turn," said Lucretia, "to the 1st chapter of Collossians, from which the text is taken, and let us read the context. The inference Barclay draws is, that 'Christ in you the hope of glory,' means 'the saving light on which the saints do feed, and are thereby nourished unto eternal life.' Now St. Paul did in this same chapter most clearly and especially

preach salvation through the blood of the Lord Jesus, in the 14th verse, 'In whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins;' and in the 20th verse, 'And having made peace through the blood of his cross, by him, to reconcile all things unto himself;' and 21st and 22d verses, 'And you who were sometime alienated and enemies in your minds by wicked works, yet now hath he reconciled in the body of his flesh, through death, to present you holy, and unblamable, and unreprovable in his sight.' Then, in the 27th verse we read, 'To whom God would make known what is the riches of the glory of this mystery among the Gentiles, which is Christ in you the hope of glory; whom we preach, warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom, that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus.' *Christ in you*, the marginal reading is *Christ among you.* And the reference to the 3d chapter of Ephesians, 17th verse, explains how Christ dwells in the heart; 'That Christ may dwell in your hearts *by faith.*'

"Would any one understand St. Paul's preaching and teaching was other than salvation through the blood and cross of the Lord Jesus Christ? He says, the blood, the cross, the body of his flesh. Barclay carefully leaves out this part of the chapter, and takes hold of 'Christ in you the hope of glory,' on which to build his theory of 'a real spiritual substance' in the heart of man, 'a holy substantial seed,' 'a universal and saving light.'* He says, 'we understand a spiritual, heavenly, and invisible *principle*, in which God as Father, Son, and Spirit dwells;' thus it would seem, that 'the seed' which Friends sometimes call 'Christ within,' does not mean either of the three persons in the Deity, but a fourth 'spiritual substance.'"

"Am I to understand," asked Susanna, "that thee does not believe in the indwelling of the Holy Spirit?"

* See Barclay's "Apology," prop. 5, 6, on "The Universal and Saving Light."

"Certainly not," she answered, "but the Holy Spirit and the 'seed,' or 'light,' or 'spirit' of quakerism, are totally diverse. The Holy Spirit sanctifies, cleanses, purifies, enlightens the understanding, comforts the heart, and brings it into communion with the Lord. It is the Spirit of God dwelling in us. 'If any man have not the Spirit of God, he is none of his.' It is the Holy Spirit which convinces us of sin, shows us our need of a Saviour, and points us to that all-sufficient atonement, which has been effected for us on the cross of Calvary. We pray for the Holy Spirit, and the Lord has especially promised to give it to those who ask for it. Now, Friends never pray for their 'light within;' they have it naturally, inherent in themselves, and have no need to pray for it, for Barclay says, 'The universal, saving light is in every man . . . it subsists in the hearts of wicked men, even while they are in their wickedness.'

"The Holy Spirit does not dwell in the hearts of the reprobate, and Christians humbly ask as David did, 'Take not thy holy Spirit from me.' It is the gift of God, the seal of our pardon and acceptance with Him, the legacy of the Lord Jesus, and the foretaste of our everlasting intercourse with him. Being from and of Him, it is indissolubly united to Him. It presided over the writing of the Bible, for 'holy men of old, spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost;' and when under that Almighty influence, St. Paul informed us that he had not shunned to declare unto us 'all the counsel of God,' how can we now give credence to the self-appointed and self-approved 'inward light' of Friends, which has added fresh counsels and testimonies, ordinances and evidences, not in accordance with Scripture; and doctrines most derogatory to the honor of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, robbing him of his office of mediator,* and nullifying the efficacy of

* William Penn, in his "Christian Quaker," chap. XVII., says: "That very same *principle*, and word of life in man, has *mediated* and *atoned*, and God has been propitious."

his death upon the cross. Do you know that George Fox actually denied the incarnation of Christ? In his 'Great Mystery,' page 206, he says, and you, and all who profess to be his followers, ought to consider it deeply: '*If there be any Christ but he who was crucified within, he is a false Christ. This Christ that was risen and crucified within, devils and reprobates make talk of him without.*' Think, my sweet cousin, of the manifestations which we see of this 'inward light' moving Friends to say and do such follies and vanities as abound in the Society; and can you for one moment credit the monstrous notion, that the inward light of quakerism, and the Holy Spirit of the Bible, are synonymous?"

"I know Friends often deceive themselves, and think they are moved of the Holy Spirit, when the result proves it is only imagination that has misled them," answered Susanna. "No one has had better opportunity of knowing this than I have; with a minister for my sister, I am, and have long been convinced that 'the light within' is not always to be depended on."

"That is enough," said Lucretia; "the light within is not unerring, the Holy Spirit is immutable and perfect in wisdom and holiness. Our blessed Lord warned us to 'take heed therefore that the light which is in thee be not darkness.' There is a danger which it needs we take heed of, lest we mistake the light of imagination for that of an unerring guide. St. Paul certainly did not think that he had a 'saving light' in himself, for he says, 'I count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord.' He considered all things valueless, so that he might 'know him and the power of his resurrection.' The inward saving light has no resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings—the inward saving light could not have any sufferings—and be made conformable unto his death—the inward light had no death. St. Paul had his conversation in heaven, from whence, not from anything in himself, he looked for the Saviour, the Lord

Jesus. St. Paul had the Holy Spirit most pre-eminently, its light illumined his understanding, and was 'Christ in him the hope of glory,' and yet he looked for the Saviour; he panted for the glorious appearing of the God-man, 'this same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, (and who) shall so come, in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven.'"

"Are the other doctrines of our Society as unscriptural as this of the 'universal saving light' appears to be?" asked Susanna.

"This is the fundamental error," replied Lucretia, 'and as all the others are built upon it, it follows, if universal saving light be thrown down, the rest must fall with it. Justification, for instance. The 'Light' having revealed to Barclay that the Holy Scriptures were only a secondary rule, and that his inspirations were above them, and were not amenable either to them, or even to reason; he found no difficulty in inventing a species of justification, which was much more palatable than the humiliating doctrine of the Bible, which tells us we are accounted righteous before God, *only* for the merit of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, by faith, and that not of our own works or deservings. 'Being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus.' 'For by grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God, not of works, lest any man should boast.' Now let us read Barclay's 'Apology,' page 211; he does not like to throw the name of Christ quite away, lest he should lose the name of Christian, but he robs Him of the honor due to the Saviour of men. 'Though we place remission of sins in the righteousness and obedience of Christ performed by him in the flesh, *as to what pertains to the remote procuring cause;* and that we hold ourselves *formally justified* by Christ Jesus formed and brought forth *in us*, yet can we not, as some Protestants have unwarily done, exclude works from justification. For though properly we be not justified from them, yet are we justified in them, and they are necessarily

even as *causa sine quâ non*, *i. e.* the cause without which none are justified.'

"Dr. Hancock, the defender of quakerism, said truly, the Bible is only good for *sinners;* it does not suit saints. But what if all the world must become guilty before God? If 'every mouth must be stopped, and that by the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified in his sight.' If at the great judgment-day, Friends are found to be convicted of sin, guilty and speechless, how will they then appear before Him whose freely "offered mercy was rejected as a needless boon? and let us call to mind what are those good works on which quakerism stands. A peculiar speech and dress, refusing to pay tithes—to take off the hat—to unite in prayer with other Christians—to wear mourning—to put headstones to their graves—these, and other such peculiarities, are the good works on which they peril their undying souls. Barclay's doctrine of justification is a painfully elaborate essay, forty-six pages long. It is written for the use of Friends; who are advised not to encourage over-education, and in whom the most palpable ignorance is rather esteemed than censured. It is meant either to elucidate the Scriptures, or it is meant as a substitute for the simple text. Blessed be God that text is so simply clear, so perfectly intelligible, that a child can understand it, and so comprehensive in its completenvsr, that the most learned Christian feels it is enough. 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'" She ceased to speak, and the mournfully serious expression of her countenance indicated that her spirit wept over many a dear one, yet living and spell-bound in that delusive system.

CHAPTER VIII.

"It is now become necessary that a broad and distinct line be drawn between those who truly acknowledge the authority of revelation, and those who, whilst they wear the semblance of Christians, but lend the more effectual support to the enemies of Christianity."

MAGEE ON THE ATONEMENT.

THE following morning Susanna resolved to obtain all the further information she could from her cousin. Her stay, she knew, must be very short; and although aware that it was a forbidden topic of conversation, and she instinctively felt that it was dangerous for such a mind as hers to drink much of the knowledge which might compel her honest, upright heart to adopt views which would assuredly bring trouble from her offended mother and sister in their train, still the present time alone was hers, the subject was interesting, and the future—why she was young, happy—need say nothing about it; and, besides, she did not mean to become religious—at least, not until she became her own mistress.

Lucretia sat down to her needle-work, and the conversation began by Susanna saying, "I may never have another opportunity of hearing the opinions which Christians generally entertain of our 'peculiar' doctrines; let me know all that can be said of them, and I will think it over at home."

"May the Lord enlighten your understanding of them, and convince you of the truth," replied Lucretia. "If what I say is not in accordance with the Bible, forget it; if it is, remember eternity is at stake, and do not let either the dead or the

living deprive you of that blood-bought inheritance in the realms of bliss, which is offered to your acceptance, on the terms laid down in the Bible. It is scarcely necessary for you and I, dear, to say much about the doctrine of perfection. Barclay himself had the grace to say—'With respect to myself, I speak modestly, because I ingenuously confess that I have not yet attained to it.' Neither, surely, has any one of his followers. When Friends die, their 'testimonies,' or the record of their virtues, often describe them as having attained to perfection; but whilst living, although they may and do claim it for themselves, no one seems willing to give them credit for it. Barclay says, page 249, that 'righteousness may be so natural to the regenerate soul, that in the stability of that condition he cannot sin.' We may charitably suppose he was deceived by his own heart, which he so modestly confesses was not *yet* quite perfect, when he compounded his fallacious but self-pleasing doctrine of perfection. The proud mind of man clings most tenaciously to the fond notion of meriting, or partly meriting, heaven by good works. It is humiliating to think our holiness is so imperfect as to be wholly worthless for the purpose of averting God's wrath; and, therefore, Friends teach that perfection is attainable, and that works may be so free from sin, or inherent imperfection, as to come up fully to the requirings of God's law.

"As a specimen of how Friends satisfy themselves, and how far they carry their notions of sinlessness, I would direct your attention to an extract from the published memoir of Roger and Eleanor Haydock. They were both ministers in the Society, and were held in the greatest possible esteem. Eleanor writes of herself and her husband—'My dear husband, as he was a faithful man, so was he a growing man, doubled his talents and increased his gifts, both as a minister and as a help in government in the church. I may say of him, he was wholly redeemed from the world—altogether the Lord's, in all respects given up to him. I saw his growth

daily, and sometimes rejoiced in it; yet in my joy there was heaviness, looking he was nigh the perfection of his gifts, and in a little time must go to his rewards. The sense of this came upon me with sorrow, when he was last in Holland, which occasioned me to turn over all affairs, to see whether I had given the Lord occasion to withdraw so great a blessing from me. But, blessed be the Lord, I found all accounts straight, and no rebuke upon my spirit any way.' The Bible says, 'If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves;' and that 'the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.' Let us now examine the doctrine of Immediate Inspiration."

"Friends call that a noble doctrine," said Susanna. "They cling to it as impregnable, and one that lifts our Society immeasurably above all other churches."

"If you mean to allow me to bring the doctrine to the test of Scripture, it would easily be disposed of; but remember, Barclay, in laying down his proposition, expressly declares, 'These divine revelations are not to be subjected to the test, either of the outward testimony of the Scriptures, or of the natural reason of man.' He gives it up himself at the outset. He says, page 64—'For the divine revelation, and inward illumination, is that which is evident by itself, forcing the well-disposed understanding, and irresistibly moving it to assent, by its own evidence and clearance, even as the common principles of natural truths do bend the mind to a natural assent.'

"Barclay's argument is this. The Roman Catholic church is led by its church and traditions. The Protestant churches acknowledge the Scriptures to be the foundation and rule of their faith; and they trust in the Scriptures, because in them is the mind of God, as the Spirit of God has dictated them; and so Friends say, they have the Spirit of Truth certainly and infallibly in themselves, which '*can only lead us aright and never mislead us.*' Now let us connect this with the doctrine of the ministry, which Friends profess to have only and entirely

through immediate inspiration. Barclay, Prop. 10, says—'It is a holy, spiritual, pure, and living ministry; where the ministers are both called, qualified (not with outward learning), and ordered, actuated, and influenced in all the steps of their ministry by the Spirit of God.' The elders profess to have an immediate inspiration given to them as to the true call of the preachers: and each whole meeting which ratifies the election of a minister, professes to be guided by the same infallible certainty. See what these ministers are, and how their inspiration, apart as it is from Scripture teaching, works.

"A more than commonly eloquent minister from America, in his sermon at the Monkstown meeting-house not many years ago, announced himself as being given to see, by immediate revelation, that there was one individual among his auditors who was a hypocrite; and, moreover, that is was made so clear to his mind, as that he could descend from the preachers' gallery, and, laying his hand on the person, say, 'Thou art the man.'

"A woman Friend in Dublin said, in her sermon, that it had been revealed to her, that there was one present, who would be summoned from works to rewards, before one month had elapsed.

"A Friend in Waterford, not very long since, had an immediate revelation given to him, that tin dish-covers on a dinner-table were offensive in the Divine sight: and that same Friend, on another occasion, said he was moved by the Spirit to warn Friends against allowing hearth-rugs in their parlors. George Fox tells us in his Journal, that he had an immediate revelation from the Lord, as to how he should wear his hair. 'He preached professedly from the mouth of the Lord,' we are told by Leslie, about 'the slits a woman should have in her waistcoat." We could multiply such exhibitions of the working of the doctrine of immediate inspiration to a vast, to an almost incredible extent; but what use? They who make a gain of the blasphemous doctrine (for surely I may call it so);* who

* There is much evasion and fallacy amongst Quakers, as to the im-

feel that it gives them an influence and a standing in the Society, which they could never have attained without some preternatural aid, will cling to it still. They will assert that the light can only lead them aright, and can never mislead them; but it is marvellous to see thousands of rational, intelligent, reflecting beings, with souls to be saved, and Bibles in their houses, supporting so mischievous a doctrine, and giving the authority of their names and intellect to the perpetration of such outrages on common sense."

"I do not think," said Susanna, "that Friends now are so very much astray as they used to be in the old times, when the customs of the age led them to do and say many vagaries; and if there are false doctrines in Penn and Barclay's writings, still Friends do not bring those portions of their works forward so conspicuously now."

"Excuse me," answered Lucretia; "Friends acknowledge these writers as being the faithful expounders of their tenets; and, if they do not bring particular parts conspicuously forward at all times, it is not because they abandon them, but because they will not suit all auditors, even among the Society, and it is more prudent to keep them in abeyance. Now, respecting the ministry, just listen to this: 'No clearer evidence can be offered by any member of our society, to prove his want of possessing the faith he makes profession of, than dissatisfaction with a minister of Christ for sitting in silence through a meeting. The ministry of the gospel can neither be exercised in the will,

mediate revelation to which they lay claim. They sometimes explain it away, to mean nothing more than such an influence of the Holy Spirit on the human mind, as all Christians admit. George Fox, however, clearly shows what he meant, when he challenged the "Professor" with whom he was arguing, to bring forward an instance in which the Lord had spoken to him, and given him a commission, as He had to Fox himself. And he asserted, that *Quakers "are in the same power, understanding, knowledge, and immediate revelation from Heaven, that the Apostles were in."*—GREAT MYSTERY, p. 242.

nor in the time of man: and if his Divine Master does not give a minister the word to publish, wherein is he worthy of blame for not addressing an assembly? Sometimes the poor minister is made sensible of the state of the meeting, but has not liberty as yet to express it. Sometimes, perhaps, the want of religious exercise in the congregation, and their great craving after words, may be the cause of the mouth of the minister being sealed. Richard Jordan tells us that he attended a large meeting at Wilmington, and adds, 'I sat it through in silence, I believe, to the great disappointment of many; but I was thankful in being preserved from gratifying the itching ears.'"*

Susanna smiled, and said, "I have more than once heard that same speech from my own good sister Jenefer, when we complained of the wearisomeness of the long silent meetings."

"But," answered Lucretia, "see what follows. Richard Jordan here—and this is the height of piety in a quaker—had an opportunity of preaching the gospel of Christ's salvation to some hundred people who came to hear it from his lips. He did not avail himself of the opportunity. He intimates that they were wicked, in wishing to hear it from him; that they were undeserving of it; and he sat silent, enjoying their disappointment—even rejoicing in his power of not gratifying them. Now, as all Friends have this 'inward light' in themselves, how can we be sure that the hundreds of Friends who were led by 'the light' in themselves to expect that Richard Jordan, a professed minister of the gospel, should preach for their edification, were not led aright; and that he, in obstinately, and, it would seem, maliciously, disappointing them, was not the wicked one of the company? Where shall we get the true light to say which, he or they, were most in fault? He gives the testimony in favor of himself, and has no doubt that he was very pious; but why must we believe him, and not credit them? Every one of them had as good and true a light as he had; for, remember, this infallible saving light of

* "British Friend," p. 61.

quakerism '*subsists in the hearts of wicked men, even while they are in their wickedness.*'"

"It has often puzzled me," said Susanna, "to know why our 'light' so often makes us have different views of a subject, from what the light of ministers, elders, and overseers presents to them. They tell us 'the truth' always leads those who hold it to act in unity and conformity with one another; but invariably, our light and view of truth is forced to yield to theirs. Jenefer says—for I have spoken to her on this point—that it is to keep the body in a state of humility, that greater and clearer light is given to weighty Friends, who are thereby enabled to take the oversight of the flock, and lead it in safety to the fold."

"The greater light sometimes fails the weighty Friends," answered Lucretia. "Here is an instance of it, in the next page of this same periodical. 'Mistakes have sometimes been made by those who are rightly anointed for the work. Samuel Fothergill, on one occasion, whilst laboring in the ministry, found the spring of life to stay, but did not immediately cease speaking. When the meeting was over, feeling that he had been wrong, and yet not quite clear wherein he had mistaken his way, he asked of that honest, clear-sighted mother in Israel, Sarah Taylor, what she had to say of his service that day? She told him, that as he had spoken, she had travelled in exercise with him up to a certain point in his discourse. 'There,' she said, 'thou lost thy guide, thrust thy hands into thy own pockets, and helped thyself.'"

Susanna smiled, took up the paper, and looking it over, said, "Our Friends very often take queer things out of their pockets, and hand them to us as solemnly as if they were good substantial food for the soul. The very last sermon I heard was a curiosity. It was short; I can repeat it word for word: 'A paper door in, and a paper door out. A book full of lies, and a church full of hypocrites.' One would need the spirit of understanding to know what that meant, but, of course, it was

the life in the minister which spoke to the life in us, and only those who had the life could understand it. But see here, in the 'British Friend,' what apropos counsel we are given, as if to bring us into the requisite state of imbecile stupidity,—or, as our Friends would call it, 'a quiet humility, that life might come into dominion.' Read this: 'Docility is essential to improvement in everything. . . . In nothing is docility more necessary than in religion, where the subject is altogether beyond the cognizance of the senses, and the discoveries of reason.'"

"It is," replied Lucretia, "an exact counterpart of the Jesuit doctrine of passive obedience; and yet when it suited William Penn's views to do so, we find him deifying reason. He says, in his 'Address to Protestants'—'*The Divine reason is one in all; that lamp of God which lights our candle, and enlightens our darkness, and is the measure and test of our knowledge.*'

"The immediate revelation which the ministers of the Society claim for themselves is, they say, their commission for preaching without human authority or literature. It is by 'the light' they receive this ordination or preparation. We who have so often heard them, know well the frightful lengths to which this 'dark light' leads them; we know how rarely a Scriptural light is reflected from their sermons.

"Richard Ball's 'Holy Scripture the Test of Truth,' is a most valuable book. At page 96, in narrating the mysticism which abounds in the writings of Michael de Molinos, who says, 'The love of God is attained by means of perfect resignation and internal silence, and that he who would attain to this mystical silence must be denied, and taken off from five things:—1st. From the creatures. 2d. From temporal things. 3d. From the very gifts of the Holy Spirit. 4th. From himself. 5th. He must be lost in God,—compares this with quakerism, as follows:—'Very similar was the doctrine preached by a female Friend at New York, in America (now among the separatists), as related to me by a fellow townsman

of high respectability; she said, 'Friends, I am come to call you away from all forms, from all creeds, *from your Bibles*, from your meeting-houses, from all ministry, *and to call you to that something in your own hearts, which is nothing.*'

"Similar to this were the words uttered in the first meeting Robert Barclay, the Apologist, attended, and which were said to have had considerable effect on his mind: they were these —'*In stillness there is fulness, in fulness there is nothingness, in nothingness there are all things.*'* Surely we may say with Dr. Hancock, the modern defender of quakerism, 'I am sure that searching the Scriptures would never make a man a true quaker.'"

"I think," said Susanna, "Barclay states, that the full discovery of the Gospel was not made in the Bible."

"He does," she replied; "in the 5th and 6th proposition, page 10, he tells us—'Therefore the Lord God, who, as he seeth meet, doth communicate and make known to man the more full, evident, and perfect knowledge of his everlasting truth, hath been pleased to reserve the more full discovery of this glorious and evangelical dispensation to this our age (1645 to 1675), albeit divers testimonies have thereunto been borne by some noted men in several ages. And for the greater augmentation of the glory of his grace, that no man might have whereof to boast, he hath raised up *a few despicable and illiterate men*, and for the most part mechanics, to be the dispensers of it.'

"Isaac Pennington was famous in the Society, and is still in great esteem. His account of the original quakers no Friend will hesitate to believe. In his 'Considerations concerning Israel,' page 3, he says—'Friends were for the most part mean as to the outward—young country lads, of no deep understanding, or ready expression, but very fit to be despised everywhere by the wisdom of man. How ridiculous was their manner of coming forth, and appearance to the eye of man! About

* See "Jaffray's Diary," p. 271.

what poor, trivial circumstances, habits, gestures, and things did they seem to lay great stress, and make matters of moment! How far did they seem from being acquainted with the mysteries and depths of religion! But their preaching was repentance, and about a light within, and a turning to that; not mattering to answer or satisfy the reasoning part of man, but singly minding the preaching to and raising of that light within, to which their testimony was.'

"Having now shown you what Friends themselves thought of 'the worthy predecessors,' I should like you to know what contemporary writers, who not being disciples were naturally less partial, and perhaps more clear-sighted, have recorded of them. Leslie, in his Theological Works, tells us—'The original of the quakers was a company of poor ignorant country boys and women, journeymen and maid-servants, tailors, weavers, &c., &c., who, breaking loose from their masters and mistresses, run a religion hunting, as an easier trade, and of more prospect of gain from the encouragement given them by the Act of Toleration in 1649–1650. Then Fox first unkennelled, and with his cubs immediately commenced preachers, by virtue of an Act of State. Their first effort, like the regulars of the church of Rome, was to shake the tithes and maintenance of the secular clergy, that in the scramble some might come to their share. And the best part they have got, under the name of free-will offerings, and eleemosynary settlements. They soon grew rich and thriving upon the ways and means of this their new-made preaching trade, and became insolent and high crested. George Fox, from his leathern dress, became a gentleman, riding or walking with his 'own man' to carry his cloak, or 'Hud,' and having full command of the thousands in the quaker treasury, as well as of all Judge Fell's large property, of which he became possessed on marrying the widow. More purses and persons were at his command, than either the metropolitans of Canterbury or York could pretend to. He had at one time one hundred thousand disciples, so rapidly the

delusion spread; but very many as rapidly drew off again, when the immorality of his doctrine became known to them, and when it was found that his inward light had led him on to blasphemy.'

"Edward Burroughs, one of the most applauded and revered of those 'illiterate men,' says, '*The Scriptures are not of any authority at all to us at this day*, because they were commands to others, not to us; and thou, or any other who goes to duty, as you call it, by invitation from the letter without, which was commands to others, your sacrifice is not accepted, but is abomination to the Lord.'

"William Penn, in his 'Reason against Railing,' page 150, says, 'What was a commandment to any servant of God in old time, *are not commands to us*, unless required by the same Spirit anew.'

"Those 'despicable and illiterate men,' whom Barclay extols as the dispensers of a perfect knowledge of the everlasting truth, were wont to call the Bible by such terms as 'beastly ware,' 'dust,' 'death,' 'serpent's meat,' &c., as you may see by reading Leslie's 'Account of Quakers,' vol. 2; and when they were publicly accused of the crime, they defended their conduct by saying, it was not the Bible they meant by these names, but the paper and ink with which it was printed. Do you remember what Solomon Eccles did?"

"I do not know to what thee alludes," said Susanna; "but I have often heard and read of him. He was a companion of George Fox's, and much esteemed by him; he is one of those we now call our 'ancient worthies.'"

"He is," answered Lucratia. "It would do Friends much good to tell them what sort of men their 'ancient worthies,' were. Leslie, and several other authors, tell us, that this Solomon Eccles was a great prophet and preacher among the quakers; that 'he came into the church of Aldermanbury in time of divine service, all naked, and besmeared up to the elbows with excrements. Other quakers did justify this beast,

and said that he might as well come into the church with that filth in his hands, as the minister with his Bible.

"There was a quaker servant, named Mary Tucker, who burned a Bible against the church in Bread Street, and she was not censured for it by the quakers. George Fox said of her, 'she was over zealous but well meaning.'"

"I never heard before that Friends said or did such things," replied Susanna, "but I can believe it. Nevertheless, might we not think it was in forsaking the true light, not in obeying it, they went astray?"

"Even the records which Friends have recently published of their ministers, clearly show how delusive and erring is that light, which they have substituted for the Bible. Here is the published story of Abigail Abbott, a noted preacher of comparatively modern times. 'She was an eloquent woman, much admired and followed, and of a majestic appearance. She travelled as a minister in Ireland and England, had acceptable service in many places, and several persons were convinced by her ministry; but being greatly applauded by many, and not being strong enough to bear praise, she was thereby transported into pride. She lost her gift and fellowship with Friends, and from the highest pitch of applause, fell into as low a degree of contempt. She grew impatient of contradiction, and refused to take advice, and contrary to the good order established by Friends, was married by a priest to a man not in unity with them.'"*

Susanna smiled, and said, "I can well believe that poor Abigail fell into a low degree of contempt after marrying out. Her light led her sadly astray; but, Lucretia, does it not strike thee as strange, that there is no religion of any kind in this record of her—nothing whatever to show that at any time she was a religious woman? Handsome, clever, vain, ambitious, and fond of applause, but there is not one word to

* See "British Friend," 3 Mo., 1852.

give the idea that she was anything of a pious character, except, of course, she was dressed plain."

"What more do you want?" asked Lucretia, smiling. "She wanted nothing more to be competent to preach 'nothingness.'"

"The next record is that of a man, Absalom ——. 'He was the son of a valuable minister in our Society. He became vile and dissolute in the extreme, and according to his own account, he drank deep draughts of pollution—swearing and drunkenness. And so void of every feeling of religious sensibility, and of filial love and obedience, did he become, that he would mock the sermon which his father had delivered. He has even been known to seat himself opposite to his father in meeting, and with a piece of glass reflect the sun in his father's eyes, whilst engaged in public testimony. Such he continued until nearly thirty years of age, when a very narrow escape from death was made, through divine mercy, the means of his reformation. He was knocked overboard at sea, and when he had no prospect of deliverance, with an awful eternity full in his view, he was favored with ability to supplicate for mercy, and enabled sincerely to covenant with an offended God, that if he would save him, he would serve him faithfully for the future. His offer was accepted—his prayer was heard—he was favored to reach home in safety, he gave up the sea, commenced trade, and prospered in his worldly concerns. Friends embraced him as a true penitent (as soon as he had prospered?), he was appointed a member of the Meeting of Sufferings, and continued so for forty years. He was also appointed to the station of elder, and he also received a gift in the ministry, and gave evident proofs of a genuine call to that important engagement. In the exercise of this gift, he was remarkable for reaching the minds of his hearers. Thus he went on in the full tide of prosperity (!!!) and unity, until his eightieth year; when he yielded a little to his early love of spirituous liquors, and so on, until he became so deep and general a reproach to the Society, that they

were under the necessity of disowning him. I visited him, says the writer, in 1826, and as, in the ruins of an ancient palace, we behold the remains of greatness and grandeur, so we saw in him the remains of a great mind, *and the traces of the King of heaven.* And from remarks which he made, and the sense he had of things, it was evident that he had known and felt the power of truth; but the sweet savor was not there, *for the king in his beauty had fled.*'

"Here again," said Lucretia, "in this poor Absalom —— we see 'the light' of Friends is not a safe guide. It not only led the man himself astray, but also the whole meeting which appointed him a minister was misled also. Now, had Absalom's father carefully instructed him in the Scriptures, and set a Christian example before his eyes, who can believe so sad a tale would have had to be penned? The Bible tells us, 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.' Then, when in a fright he struck a bargain with the Almighty, had he been taught to live humbly, unostentatiously, and to obey the commands of Scripture, not as a mere matter of expediency but as his bounden duty to God, how different had his end been! Friends made a show of the reformed rake, and as soon as he got rich, they lifted him up that all might see in him the efficacy of the 'saving light.' It proved, as usual, an erring light, and he fell again into sin.

"The Friend who writes this memoir of Absalom would seem to have some taint of the spirit of those wretched fanatics who knelt and worshipped George Fox. They excused themselves by saying, it was not George Fox they adored, but only Christ in George Fox. This Friend would, we should think, have knelt to Absalom, had not the 'king in his beauty' been fled, when in 1826 he visited him, and saw 'the traces of the King of heaven.'"

"It grieves me," said Susanna, "to hear this. But go on. It is better I should know all."

"This modern quaker is in truth but a consistent follower of George Fox's, and remember, Friends at this day say that they 'endorse the writings of George Fox and his contemporaries.' You will be more startled with what I have now to tell you.

"*Quakers claim for the human soul absolute infinity and equality with God.* In Fox's 'Great Mystery,' page 29, he says, 'Is not the soul without beginning—or ending? And is it not infinite in itself, and more than all the world?' And again, 'Now consider what a condition these called ministers are in: they say that which is a spiritual substance, is not infinite in itself, but a creature.' 'The soul is a part of God.' William Penn, who was more rational in his views, defended Fox for the use of such expressions on the ground of his extreme ignorance, and says, they must be understood in a limited sense. Will any believe that the Spirit that gave him infallibility could not enable him to speak common sense, or to write plain English? However, it is quite evident that George Fox used these expressions advisedly, and attached to them their natural meaning, for in his 'Great Mystery' he maintained that 'the soul was infinite in itself, and equal to God—not in quality only, but in equality itself.' To prove his equality with God, George Fox quotes the passage, 'Be ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect;' and argues—'As He is, so are we. That which is perfect as He is perfect is in equality the same.' And again, 'He that hath the Spirit that raiseth up Jesus from the dead, is equal with God.' ("Saul's Errand.")

"When George Fox was accused to the judges of claiming equality with God, he replied, 'I am equal with God.' The people of Lancashire, we are told by Leslie, presented a petition to government against the extravagant conduct of the quakers in their meetings, and especially against the blasphemous assumptions of George Fox and James Nayler, and charging Fox with having said that 'he was equal with God—and that he was the eternal judge of the world—that whoever took a place in Scripture, and preached from it, was a

conjuror—that the Scripture was carnal.' Also accusing Leonard Fell of having said that 'Christ had never had any body but his church;' and Richard Huberthorn of saying, that 'Christ coming in the flesh was but a figure.' On this George Fox wrote his pamphlet, entitled 'Saul's Errand,' in which he gives at length this petition, and the charges made against him and his followers, and in which it is but natural to suppose he would have denied and disproved the charges if they were untrue; but instead of this he defends them.

"Modern quakers do not go so far in their assumption as their founders. They seem, for the most part, content to place themselves on a level with angels and archangels—perfectly sinless and all-wise beings, yet inferior to God."

"Those books, 'Great Mystery,' and 'Saul's Errand,' are in the Meeting-house libraries, but they are not much read," replied Susanna. "I was told they were merely deep theological replies to the cavillers of the day, and uninteresting to general readers. Jenefer had them from the library and studied them."

"The 'Weighty Friends,'" replied Lucretia, "are all thoroughly imbued with the spirit and teaching of them, and although it is not expedient to say these things openly; yet you see they do not hesitate to say, they 'endorse the writings and opinions of George Fox and his contemporaries.'"

"I have read in George Fox's 'Journal,' that he severely censured James Nayler."

"He did. The danger of 'the light,' being an unsafe guide for his followers, was plain enough to him. He often mentions his fearful dread of their being ensnared by it. He says, 'James Nayler ran out into imaginations;' and afterwards, when the scandal became very great, he wrote to him and his followers, that 'the day of their visitation was over;' and he tells us 'they never prospered after that.' But he also wrote numerous letters to the Protector in vindication of James Nay-

ler. (See Appendix.) The late editions of the Journal have undergone so very much revision and alteration, that it is a matter of doubt whether George Fox would recognize himself in the garb Friends have dressed him up in to suit the times. For what appears contradictory, they who nipped out here, and added there, are responsible. James Nayler only carried out the doctrine of a universal saving light in himself. He fancied he had 'the seed.' That 'holy pure seed and light which is in all men.' 'Christ is in all men as in a seed.' 'A divine, spiritual, and supernatural light or seed is *vehiculum Dei*. God and Christ dwelleth in it, and is never separated from it.' Also, 'as it is received and closed, with Christ comes to be formed and brought forth.' This you may see in 'Barclay's Apology,' prop. 5 and 6.

"James Nayler had not to go much farther than George Fox and Robert Barclay. He, poor fanatic, believed first that Christ was in him, and then, that he was Christ; therefore he demanded and received from his followers, and they were all quakers, that adoration which is alone due to our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ of Nazareth.

"Friends say, that as James Nayler was publicly disowned by them, it is not fair to mention his wicked blasphemy as if it was an offspring of the doctrine of the 'saving light,' or 'holy seed.' Do you know the story?"

"I have merely heard allusion made to it," replied Susanna; "the particulars are not recorded in any book to which I have had access. Read it to me."

"'James Nayler was converted to quakerism by George Fox, in 1651. He soon became both a preacher and a writer, and obtained the reputation of having acquitted himself well in both offices. Seeing how much he was admired, he set off to London, and being very conceited of his talents, he soon began to blazon them abroad. From his first conversion to this new-light doctrine, he had filled his head with strange fancies of special illuminations from Heaven, and was now in

his own opinion become such a favorite there, that he thought it high time to assume a suitable character here. He gained over a strong party, and had many women followers. Intoxicated with their flatteries, he went, in 1656, into the West of England, where his brethren were numerous, to propagate the doctrine of his own especial mission. We there find that the Friends addressed him by the title of 'the everlasting Son of Righteousness, and Prince of Peace.' 'The prophet of the Most High,' nay, 'the only begotten Son of God out of Zion, whose mother is a virgin, and whose birth is immortal.' The magistrates interfered, and committed him to Exeter gaol, notwithstanding which check, some of his female worshippers carried their infatuation so far, that they visited him, and, kneeling before him, kissed his feet. He was liberated after one month's imprisonment, and then resumed his travels. In passing through Glastonbury and Wells, his adherents spread their garments in the way; at Bedminster, near Bristol, they formed themselves into a mock procession; one man Friend walked before him with his hat on, another young man, with his hat off, led James Nayler's horse; and when they came to the suburbs of Bristol, some women spread scarfs and handkerchiefs in the way—two other women Friends going on each side of the horse, and all the cavalcade singing, 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth, Hosanna in the highest, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Israel.' Thus the procession entered the city, knee deep in dirt, on Oct. 24th, 1656, the weather being very foul and rainy. Such a mockery of our Saviour's entrance to Jerusalem attracted attention. Nayler and six of his associates were apprehended. On his examination, he blasphemously defended all that had passed in his personification of the Lord; he was examined before a Parliamentary Committee in December, and it was there resolved 'that James Nayler is guilty of horrid blasphemy—that he is a grand impostor and a great seducer of the people. He was severely punished by the pillory and whipping, and at length recanted his atrocious extravagancies. The Friends

expelled him *whilst the scandal was public*, but after his submission they again received him to their community, and again he wrote and preached with fame and approbation. He was robbed on one of his travels, beaten and left bound in a field, from whence he was conveyed to the house of one of the Friends, where he soon after died in 1660.'*

"William Penn, in his preface to George Fox's 'Journal,' page 26, lauds James Nayler most highly, and speaks of his life, writings, labors, and death, without one single syllable of censure, merely alluding to 'false and scandalous stories which priests, magistrates, judges, and people, defamed him about,' for the purpose of praising additionally 'this worthy,' who, he says, 'was so filled with divine motions that he suffered himself to be stocked, stoned, beaten, whipped, and imprisoned.'

"Modern Friends would have us think that in testifying against his dreadful sin, by disowning him for a time, the Society was cleansed from all participation in it. It does not appear that Friends thought it necessary to disown any of his numerous followers, and they, to the present day, retain the unscriptural expression of those doctrines which led him into it. Friends ought to shrink as much from that which caused his blasphemy, as they wish us to think they did from his act.† Why they *now* detest the very mention of his name, and yet tenaciously retain the doctrines and words which led him to sin, is a question they ought to consider. James Nayler's sin is not the only one which has openly resulted from the doctrine of 'the light.' In America, the Society has been divided almost equally for many years past: one half are avowed Unitarians, whilst the others profess to be quaker Christians. In the North of Ireland, the same thing occurred; and, in numerous individual cases, we have seen the same fatal error developed.

"It is the natural end of the unscriptural doctrine of a

* See "Biographical Dictionary," vol. ix. p. 445.

† See Appendix, p. 5.

'saving light,' which originated in the proud heart of men, too lofty in their own imaginations to be subjected to the written and revealed will of God. They wanted to be independent, and to save themselves; and in their miserable wisdom they have invented what they call their 'testimonies,' and 'peculiar doctrines;' and these their followers are bound to observe with a stringency greater far than they require for the Holy Law of the Lord.

"We see it in the case of the heathen, as well as in the case of the Friends—that so long as the human heart can escape having to humble itself before God, as entirely worthless and unprofitable, and to accept the righteousness of another instead of its own, there is nothing so vile, degrading, or preposterous, to which it will not descend."

"Now tell me," said Susanna, "if our worthy predecessors were, as thee seems to think, following their own imaginations, instead of being under the influence of immediate inspiration from Heaven, as they profess to have been, how does thee account for the miracles which attended George Fox's ministry, and which attest, as we think, his mission to have been from the Almighty?"

"I do not deny that he had a mission to fulfil. Every one has. He was unquestionably a man of marvellous natural talent and genius; of a most pure life, and of a decidedly religious turn of mind. He had a splendid imagination, which was uncurbed by the stern discipline of theological study. He had a most powerful will, capable of resolving; and then, with indomitable perseverance, he carried out the idea his imagination had conceived of originating a religious Society; of founding a sect of which he should be the acknowledged father. Quick in his perception of the errors which abounded in the Protestant church, then scarce free from the trammels of the Romish yoke, he seized on them with a fierce delight, as subjects of his denunciations. The haughty, self-righteous pride with which he wrote and spoke to those magistrates and

clergymen who were the especial objects of his dislike, bears witness that he did, indeed, merit the character given of him by his contemporaries, as 'a man of imperious manner, and of Luciferian pride.' He was, besides, a fanatical visionary, and readily yielded to the irresistible influence which impelled him on.

"The miracles which he records in his journal are curious evidences of the state of his mind. Whilst he preached, he says, 'with great power, the people shook at my words, and twice the steeples of the churches shook also.' His touch restored persons to health; and his curse not unfrequently drew down swift woe on the unhappy offenders. It was by 'a waft of death' from him, he tells us, that Oliver Cromwell received his death summons.* Magistrates and officers who intended to be harsh towards him, were, he tells us, miraculously prevented, and forced to speak kindly, and 'come under.' On one occasion, he says, he was at Derby, disputing; that his opposers 'ran into words,' and then 'the power of God thundered among them, and they did fly like chaff before it.' No further explanation of this miraculous interposition in his favor is given; but it would seem the thunder had not lessened the power of the 'opposers,' for they sent him to prison on that occasion for blasphemy.

"Another miracle of his was, that when Oliver Cromwell had ordered a national fast, because of the continued drought, George Fox summoned a large meeting of his followers, and immediately after the meeting, the rain fell in great torrents; on which he wrote to the Protector, denouncing the fast. Voices came to him, and he had many visions.

"At one time, he tells us, he 'was wrapt up in a rapture in the Lord's power, and stepped up (it was in a church at Lei-

* "I met Oliver Cromwell riding into Hampton Court Park, and, before I came to him, as he rode at the head of his Life-guard, I saw and felt a waft, or apparition of death, go forth against him; and, when I came to him, he looked like a dead man. The next day he was sick."—GEORGE FOX'S "Journal," p. 282.

cester) and asked the priest (who had desired a woman to keep silence in the church) Dost thou call this place—a steeple-house—a church? or dost thou call this mixed multitude a church?' Fox was allowed to speak as long, and as uninterruptedly as he pleased, the priest and others quietly walking away. He says, 'they were all on fire, and the Lord's power and glory shined over all.' ("Journal," p. 15.)

"Again, he assures us of another miracle, thus: 'One morning, as I was sitting by the fire, a great cloud came over me—a temptation beset me, and I sat still. It was said, 'All things came by nature;' and the elements and stars came over me, so that in a manner I was quite clouded with it. But, as I sat still and said nothing, the people of the house perceived nothing. And as I sat still under it, and let it alone, a living hope, and a true voice arose in me, which said, 'There is a living God who made all things.' Immediately the cloud and temptation vanished away, and life rose over it all.' ("Journal," p. 15.)

"On another occasion he tells us, that a priest having accused him of calling himself Christ, he explained that Christ was in them, except they be reprobates, and that 'it was Christ, the eternal power of God, that spoke in me, at that time unto them: not that I was Christ.' With this explanation, he says, the people were satisfied, but not the priest, to whom he then addressed himself. 'I called the accuser Judas; was moved to tell him that Judas's end should be his; that was the word of the Lord and of Christ through me to him.' And he adds, 'This Judas shortly after hanged himself, and a stake was driven into his grave.' ("Journal," p. 62.)*

* "Miracles, visions, and revelations, are the mighty boast of the church of Rome—the contrivances of an artful, cunning clergy, to impose upon an ignorant, credulous laity. They are, indeed, so far from being any proof of the true church, that they are rather a proof of the false one. They are, as we see, the distinguishing mark of Anti-Christ."—*Newton on the Prophecies.*

Shall these things be compared to the attested miracles of Holy Writ? Many of them were undoubtedly the effects of his own over-heated imagination; but the question to be considered is,—Ought we to place implicit faith on the doctrine and teaching of any mortal man, when that doctrine and teaching goes beyond, or is opposed to the teaching of the Holy Scriptures, which, let us not forget, do contain the whole counsel of God?"

"I am sorry to see thee has so bad an opinion of Friends," said Susanna.

"Do not mistake me," she replied. "It is of quakerism I am now speaking—not of quakers. There are very many individual quakers who are totally ignorant of the doctrines of quakerism. *They are purposely kept in ignorance of them.* There are confessions of belief in the Saviour, and of reverence for the Bible, to be found in abundance in the writings of Fox, Barclay, Penn, &c., &c.; these are the portions which many Friends take as the whole, and which they believe contains the profession of quakerism; but, when you look into the writings of these men, you see what they meant. They meant their confession of Christ only *in a non-natural sense.* If they call him Mediator, Atoner, Saviour, Redeemer, Christ—it is all the same. They mean 'Christ within,' the 'holy seed' *in themselves.* That is the alone object of their adoration. That it is which 'mediates,' 'atones,' 'saves,' 'redeemeth,' as Mr. Penn clearly says in his 'Christian Quaker,' and George Fox, in his 'Great Mystery.' The weighty Friends of the present day worship the same 'principle.' You know they say, 'Friends of every generation endorse the opinions of George Fox and his contemporaries,' and they know well what those opinions were. Joseph John Gurney was quite alive to this grand error of quakerism; he labored assiduously to correct it, and to have the confession of belief in the Lord Jesus Christ adopted by the Society in the literal and natural meaning of the words, and you know he was contemptuously

called a Trinitarian for so doing. It was by his efforts that the extracts from the yearly meeting epistles of 1829 and 1830 are now enrolled among your rules in the 'Book of Discipline,' and I would hope that many of the Friends now are more his disciples than George Fox's; but whilst the Society retains those fearfully unchristian writings, and is found saying, 'we endorse them,' it is needful to draw your attention to them, and to invite you to leave a sect which insults the Saviour, and perils the souls of all who are found in it."

"How does thee reconcile George Fox's having been acknowledged to be a Christian, with the view thee now takes of his religion."

"I do not try to reconcile it. The contradiction seems to me so great, that I marvel how any intelligent and right-minded reader of the Bible could have been misled by him. There was in his time, as there is now, a multitude who do not take the trouble to find out what they ought to believe, or what to reject. To save themselves trouble, they will blindly follow any master-mind that wishes to lead them. We know, too, that sometimes men of understanding fall into error. What led others astray need not influence us. Many persons believe themselves to be Christians, and deceive themselves—for they are not. Let us make sure of the matter for ourselves."

"Common sense," said Susanna, "would lead us to think we ought, at least, to make ourselves thoroughly well informed on the subject; and then, if we find that the views of 'our worthy predecessors,' and the 'peculiarities' and 'testimonies,' they have left us are congenial to the Bible, and to our own perceptions of right and wrong, we ought to adhere to them."

"Well," replied Lucretia, "I would ask no more of any Friend; only, do not take it for granted that you have 'the truth,' without first ascertaining what is truth."

"I fear," said Susanna, smiling, "we should have to trans-

gress the rules at the very outset. Any inquiry of the kind would be what Jenefer calls 'putting head knowledge against inspiration,' and 'seeking for carnal aid in the understanding of spiritual truth.' It is very puzzling," she added, bitterly. "We must either slavishly and stupidly* surrender our own intellect, and perhaps be led sadly astray in the end, or incur great censure if we admit a doubt of the 'best wisdom;' or, we must adopt the most prevailing habit—think little about religion, and so pass quietly and happily through life."

"That would do very well," replied Lucretia, "if there were no hereafter; but, my dear cousin, there is; and each of us must, for ourselves alone, and apart from every other mortal, answer for the use we have made of the faculties God has given us, and for the manner in which we have accepted or refused His offered salvation. Friends thought so and so, will not do at that dread day. It will be, 'You had God's revealed will in the Bible: did you, or did you not obey it? Heaven and all its untold wealth of glory was offered for your acceptance on certain conditions. (See Acts ii. 38.) Have you performed those conditions? They are clearly and unmistakeably written in the Bible, in language so clear that a child can understand them—that a wayfaring man cannot err in discovering them.'"

"As surely as it was the chief priests and Pharisees of old,

*The following curious passage is taken from the "Memoir of Lord Jeffrey." It shows how the habit of indifferentism has wrought among the Friends. "Did you ever hear that most of the Quakers die of stupidity—actually and literally? I was assured of the fact the other day by a very intelligent physician, who practised for twenty years among them, and who informs me that few of the richer sort live to be fifty, but die of a sort of atrophy, their cold blood just stagnating, by degrees, among their flabby fat. They eat too much, (he says,) take too little exercise, and, above all, have no nervous excitement. The affection is known in this part of the country (Liverpool) by the name of the *Quaker's Disease*, and more than one half of them go out so."

who led the multitude to cry out, 'Crucify him! crucify him!' so to the present day, it is the hypocritical professors and leaders of the people, who lead them to deny and to reject the precious Saviour; who entangle the simple and ignorant in a web of sophistry and mysticism, and so beguile them to destruction."

"That is just what friends say of priestcraft," replied Susanna; "that it is the main object of priestism to destroy Christianity, if possible; and, if not, to check its development."

"I know," answered Lucretia, "that nothing can exceed the bitter hatred which Friends' writings show to the Protestant clergy. 'Anti-Christian hirelings . . . . so glued to the love of money that there is none like them in malice, rage, and cruelty, who learn the heathenish art and trade of preaching, the work of Anti-Christ, and the mystery of iniquity, got up in the dark night of apostasy.' These, and such like, are the terms in which the meek Friends, with Robert Barclay at their head, are wont to indulge, when writing of the clergymen of England's church; but bad names do not make bad men: and 'if, from time immemorial, there has always been an organized body in every community, claiming the government of thought, conscience, faith, and worship,' enforcing its pretensions, and sustaining its claims, by the utmost power within its reach; none bind their followers in more stringent bonds than do the Friends—none so load their disciples with outward as well as mental fetters—none so crush out the spirit of religious inquiry, or so unmercifully cast off their offending brethren; yet the maligned Church of England opens wide her bosom to all, and gives a large Christian liberty to her members to think as they will, and act as they please, provided only their conduct is conformable to decency. She provides them with a Scriptural creed. She warns, instructs, and cheers her children, and ever invites the sinner to attend her courts, and hear the gospel preached. She needs not to notice the malignant names Friends bestow upon her honored ministers,—their 'witness is

in heaven,' and 'their record is on high;' and their active, useful lives, and blessed deaths, tell of their true and faithful service in the vineyard of the Lord. There is liberty in the Church of England; and therefore tyrants hate it. There is simple Christianity preached within its walls; therefore the people love it. The law of the Lord, and the gospel of Christ's salvation, echoes and re-echoes through its aisles; therefore the multitude press into it. It honors God in the public reading of His Word, and the teaching of His commands; and therefore He has blessed it. The British empire recognizes its usefulness and faithfulness, and supports it; therefore its opponents envy its temporalities, decry its merits, and, with frantic malignity, seek to annihilate it."

"I have heard Friends say," answered Susanna, "that no member of the Church of England could defend its system: that the pride and wealth of the bishops, and the idle lives they lead, are so notorious, that every one knows it is only for the loaves and fishes they uphold the steeple-houses."

"Friends saying so does not establish the fact," replied Lucretia. "They call all clergymen 'blacklegs,' 'hirelings,' and such like. Nor are Friends one whit less severe on evangelical dissenters. William Penn, in his 'Quakerism, a new nickname for Christianity,' page 165, says, 'Dissenters are an ill-bred, pedantic crew, the bane of reason and pest of the world; the old incendiaries of mischief; the best to be spared of mankind. Against whom the boiling vengeance of an irritated God is ready to be poured out,' &c. The Church of England does not claim perfection, nor any miraculous wisdom, nor superhuman intelligence, for its ministrations. We cannot read the hearts of the bishops, but we know they have the regulation of the clergy, with whom the laity have to do; and whilst we find in them that piety and learning which enables them to perform their duties so usefully and unostentatiously; whilst we see that they are the ministers of education to the young, counsel to all, and comfort to the aged and the dying—it is

unreasonable to say that those who appoint their ministrations for them, and keep oversight that those duties are faithfully performed, should be held up to opprobrium, at the arbitrary will of Friends, who know nothing whatever of the cares and responsibilities which are inseparable from the office of a Christian bishop. But if the misconduct of individuals is to be considered proof of the falsity of a system, would Friends be better off than other societies? Have they none unwise among them? None ignorant? None hypocritical? None scandalous? Our Saviour has given one unerring proof of true discipleship—that is, love. Do Friends love the Church of England? No: they hate it, denounce, decry, defame, and lose no opportunity of casting opprobrium upon it and its ministers. Does the Church of England love the Friends? Yes: she believes them to be in error, and prays that God would bring them into the way of righteousness.

"George Fox, in his 'Great Mystery,' page 267, says, 'Such as differ from us differ from Christ. You, all priests and teachers, who call yourselves ministers since the days of the apostles, who inwardly are ravened from the Spirit of God, are turning and have turned all people from the light to the darkness; and so have kept thousands and millions of souls in damnation, and turning and keeping them in the path and way unto hell.'

"As Friends still say they 'endorse the opinions of George Fox,' &c., and as the spirit of railing is still manifested, a few of the names he was wont to use, when writing of the Protestant clergy, I will repeat to you. 'Some of his sweet words were these: Conjurers, thieves, robbers, Anti-Christs, witches, devils, scarlet-colored beasts, bloodhounds, lizards, moles, tinkers, green-headed trumpeters, wheelbarrows, gimcracks, whirlpools, whirligigs, moon calfs, threadbare tatterdemalions, serpents, vipers, ministers of the devil, devils incarnate, devil-driven dungy gods,' &c., &c. (Leslie's "Works," vol. 2, p. 99.) William Penn, in 'The Guide Mistaken,' printed 1688, page 18, says, 'Whilst

the idle, gormandizing priests of England run away with £150,000 a year, under pretence of God's ministers, no sort of people have been so universally the very bane of soul and body of the universe as that abominable tribe, for whom the theatre of God's most dreadful vengeance is reserved, to act their eternal tragedy upon,' &c. Such is the language used by men whom the Society of Friends to the present day believe to have been incapable of error, even in the appropriation of a word: for were it possible they could have been mistaken in the minor matters on which they dogmatized, doubts would naturally arise of their infallibility on those graver and soul-important doctrines which they originated, and substituted for the saving truths of the gospel.

"Friends resist the payment of those moneys which the law of the land has apportioned for the maintenance of the pastors of the church; and by stimulating others to do so, they have often grievously impoverished the clergymen and their families, especially in Ireland: whilst no Friend can say he has ever been wronged, or his means lessened, by them; except when, by his obstinate resistance to the law of the land, he has drawn down on himself costs, which simple honesty would have rendered unnecessary."

"Honesty!" exclaimed Susanna. "Does thee call our 'Christian testimony' against paying tithes dishonesty?"

"If things were called by their right names, it would often do much in clearing away error," she replied. "A Friend takes a farm, suppose. He ascertains the rent, and the particulars of all the charges upon it. Tithe is one of them. He bargains, and calculates, and agrees to take it at a certain sum, which he knows will yield him a profit. Then when he comes into possession, he pays the other charges, but, under the pretence of a scruple of conscience, he refuses to pay the tithe, which sum he quietly puts into his pocket. Is that honesty? Joseph John Gurney winced at the honesty he was forced to practice. He labored hard to satisfy his own mind,

and to make the wrong appear the right; but he could not. In a note at page 203 of his 'Religious Peculiarities' he admits the fact, that lands are sold to Friends at a lower price than they otherwise would be, on account of the claim for tithe on them, which, he says, 'can be legally claimed, and will be actually taken;' and he says, 'it is sometimes remarked that, in refusing to pay tithes, Friends withhold the property of their neighbor, and thus involve themselves into a breach of common integrity.' No sophistry can alter this plain statement of fact. To keep back, under any pretence, the money which another has a lawful right to, is as undoubted dishonesty as if one entered another man's house and stole his goods."

CHAPTER IX.

"I earnestly recommend it to those who go under the name of quakers, and may think themselves to be such, but really are not, that they would seriously weigh the following, and judge and see whether quakerism has been falsely charged or not."—*Rev. C. Leslie, in reply to William Penn.*

"LUCRETIA, thee must explain this matter further to me," said Susanna, the following morning. "I cannot believe that we, the most spiritually-minded of all religious professors, deserve to be called dishonest, because, in the faithful adherence to our 'testimony' against an hireling ministry, we suffer our goods to be seized, rather than pay tithes."

"We must get the 'Yearly Meeting Minute Book' to see the grounds on which the 'testimony' stands," replied Lucretia. "Here it is, page 254. 'Our testimony against tithes and forced maintenance in this gospel day being *received from Christ our Head and High Priest, is not of our own making or imposing, nor from the tradition of men*, but what we have from Him, by whose divine power we were raised up to be a people, and by which we have been preserved to this day; knowing that his ministry and gospel are free, according to his own express command, 'Freely ye have received, freely give.'' Observe now, my dear cousin, that '*received from Christ*' means, received from the 'light within.' It does not mean that the Bible has given Friends their testimony, or that it is to be found in the Bible; but the word Christ is, as I told you, often used by Friends when they design to place peculiar force on any obligation required by their 'light.' It is an unfair

and an impious expression, and is designedly used to mislead those who are so little versed in the Bible, as to be capable of believing it means Christ's written commands.

"Barclay's 'Apology' does not go so far as the meeting book. He argues on the payment of tithe being unnecessary, being a Levitical law; and he says, 'There is no express gospel command for it.' He does not object to ministers being supported; for he says, 'It is lawful for him to receive what is necessary and convenient,' only he would not on any account give anything to bishops or priests, least it should become to them 'a bait for covetousness.' It was George Fox who forbid the payment: he is '*the Christ our head and high priest*,' who made and imposed the testimony. He was ever at open war with the clergy, and the language he employed evinces the bitter spirit in which he established the testimony. He says, in his 'Journal,' page 499, 'All the preachers for tithe and money, and the takers and payers of tithe, must be testified against in the Lord's power and spirit; that all may stand up to their testimony for Jesus Christ, in his power and spirit, against the tithe-mongers.' In another place he says, 'These priests are counterfeits, who take people's tithes now by law, and are from the beast.' He calls the clergy 'dirty spirits,' 'oppressing hirelings,' and many other hard names, but he has not given any Scripture text for it all, but 'Freely ye have received, freely give.'

"Now, what has the Lord, in truth, commanded us to do? 'Render to all their dues;' 'Walk honestly to them that are without;' 'Do justly,' &c., &c. The written commands of Christ concerning money are all to give—'Freely ye have received, freely give;' 'Give to him that asketh of thee.' And least any disciple of the Lord should cling to the retention of money, we are warned rather to take wrong, than to resist a money demand—'Why do ye not rather suffer yourselves to be defrauded?' Nothing can be more unscriptural than the quaker system of refusing to pay the lawful tithe; nothing

more untrue than that the command to do so has been received from Christ."

"What right have clergymen to demand tithe of us?" said Susanna. "We do not go their churches, and why should we be called upon to pay them?"

"The law of the land has given them a right to it. They have as much right to their tithe as we have to our household property. What gives us a right to hold any property but the laws of the land in which we live?"

"Yes," replied Susanna, "but this is a very different case. Tithe is by way of payment for spiritual duties, and no man has a right to enforce payment from those who conscientiously object to the performance of those, so called, spiritual duties."

"Friends do not go to church, it is true," said Lucretia, "yet they do receive a benefit from the Establishment, of which, perhaps, they may yet understand the value. The church prays for them. Friends do not pray for themselves, ignorantly thinking they are sinless and perfect, and need no pardon for sin. The church knows they are miserable sinners, all the more miserable for their ignorance, and in praying unceasingly for them, she returns a tenfold value for all the tithe allotted to her by the laws of the land.

"Supposing even, to please you, that those duties are miscalled spiritual, and that our rulers have no scriptural authority for enforcing them, still we are bound to submit to them. 'Submit yourself to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake.' Our Lord set us an especial example in a similar case. He objected to the propriety of tribute being demanded of him, and yet he did not refuse to pay it. 'Lest we should offend them, give unto them for thee and me.' The 'light' which leads Friends to uphold this testimony, is as opposite to the light of Scripture, as night from day. The Bible says, pay—under every circumstance, although objectionable, although a mere ordinance of man, still pay what is demanded of you. Friends say, do not pay; resist the legal demand in

every possible way. No; look at the subject in any way you please, and still it is simply dishonest to withhold from any man that money to which he has a legal claim. Read all the lengthy reasonings of Friends, and then read the Bible rules for honesty, and convince yourself; but remember it is an unfair, may I not say a dishonest beginning Friends make, when they assert, they have been given the testimony by Christ, when, after all, it is only George Fox's 'light within,' they have so unwarrantably called '*Christ our head and high priest.*'

"This very flagrant ascription of Divine power to George Fox (for who but a divinity hath power to rule the conscience of man?) ought to open the eyes of Friends, to the cheat which has so long been played upon their credulity. The Book of Discipline has numerous passages of the same import. At page 118 we are told that the discipline of the Society 'had its origin in Divine authority.' What was that authority? In the introduction they tell us themselves, that 'George Fox was the chief instrument' in establishing the discipline, although 'other faithful friends' helped. In his "Journal," he takes the entire credit of it all to himself, and says, 'I was moved of the Lord' to do it. To the present day, you see Friends ascribe to him—to a mere man—'divine authority.'*

"Again, on plainness, page 206, Friends call that 'an ancient testimony *Truth* begat in our hearts in the beginning,' and they call it 'the cross of Christ, which preserves Friends blameless.' Truth means, William Penn's sick relation's dream,

* George Fox, in his "Answer to the Westmoreland Petition," p. 30, says—"If ever you own the prophets, Christ, and the apostles, you will own our writings, which are given forth by the same Spirit and power."

And in "Truth's Defence" he says—"You might as well condemn the Scriptures to the fire as our queries. Our given forth papers and printed books, it is from the immediate eternal Spirit of God. You are answered from the mouth of the Lord."—p. 2, 104, 107.

for that is the recorded beginning of Friends' plainness, as you see in 'No cross, no crown,' page 138. To call such a thing as dress, 'the cross of Christ,' is dreadful; yet I think I have shown you, that to the present moment it is 'the cross' to which quakers still look for salvation. What value can attach to any modern quaker profession of Christianity, when we find them advisedly using such phrases? Who will venture to say that those passages which seem to confess a true faith, are not also used in a non-natural sense?"

Mary Greenway came cantering up the lawn on her pony, and both the ladies hastened to the hall door to welcome her. She brought a letter for Susanna, and leaving her to read it, she ran up stairs with her sister. They soon returned together, and hoped Susanna had had a pleasant account from home. "They are all well, thank you," she answered; "but I am ordered to get ready to return home immediately. Eustace is to be here the day after to-morrow to escort me. My mother is not pleased with me for coming here. I wonder how they could have heard of my leaving Beech Hill, for I have not written home since I came here."

"I am sorry to her this," said Lucretia. "Is it possible my aunt objects to your being a few days in my house? I fancied I was rather a favorite with her. I have met her several times since I was married, and she spoke particularly kindly and affectionately to me."

"Thee was a favorite with both her and my father," she replied, smiling; "but when young Friends marry out, ministering sisters are jealous of any intercourse being kept up with them. My sister Jenefer is, I am sorry to say, almost master of the house. It is to her I am indebted for this abrupt termination of the pleasantest visit I ever paid. I wonder how Jenefer heard of my leaving Beech Hill."

"I can guess," said little Mary, "stupid people that we are, not to have been more cautious. The very day thee left us, Ann Field and Betsey Baker came to pay a morning visit to

my mother, and in the course of conversation they asked for thee. We never thought of mischief, and simply mentioned thy being with Lucretia. I remember now how they glanced at each other, and I have no doubt that as soon as they reached home, one or other sat down and wrote to Jenefer under pretext of some meeting business; and then in a postscript told of thy being with Lucretia Conway, who she was sorry to say, was a very improper companion for young people, being much given to dangerous disputations on the principle of our religious Society." Mary smiled as she improvised this quotation.

"Very likely it is so," said Lucretia. "Betsey Baker has more than once called me 'an improper woman,' and 'a dangerous character.' I consider these epithets from her quite complimentary, for overseers only apply such to persons of whose reasoning powers they are somewhat afraid. Were I fond of dress, company, or pleasure, they would be very friendly with me; but to profess to be religious, and at the same time to attend 'the steeple house,' is unpardonable. Betsey Baker and I have twice met in company where a religious conversation was carried on. She was then annoyed, perhaps this is a little reprisal to annoy me."

"I have to-day, however," said Susanna; "and thee must give me all the unfriendly conversation thee can in the time; I am beginning to think, if our doctrines and practices are true and good, they ought to bear looking into and talking of!"

"I would gladly speak to you of these things," she replied, "knowing, as I do, that it is only by apparently the merest chance, that young Friends have any opportunity of hearing them spoken of; and although they may pay but little attention to them at the time, still in those hours when the importance of true religion becomes distinctly seen, then the remembrance of past conversations will revive, and perhaps help in directing the mind to the Bible, from which alone can be derived either sound faith or substantial hope for the world to

come. Religion is now, my lovely cousin, but a subject of curiosity to you. Even as such it is worth your attention, for it is intensely interesting, and when you come to feel the need of it, then may you be se freed from the trammels of sectarianism as to seek for the knowledge of a Saviour. His commands and His salvation from His book, where alone it is to be found in its fulness, purity, and efficacy."

"Mamma will like to have thee with her, when Eustace arrives," said little Mary, "most likely she will drive over herself to-morrow to convey thee back to Beech Hill; for I must tell her this bad news."

"But do not mention our suspicions of Betsey Baker," said Susanna. "My letter gives no reason for the sudden recall; perhaps the good Friend was not thinking of me at all. The time originally fixed for my return is not very far off, perhaps it is a mere matter of convenience to Eustace coming now for me."

"Friends have the power of discerning spirits," said Mary, "they can see into each other's state, as clearly as if each had a looking-glass in his bosom. I am a Friend, so of course I have this power as well as the best of them. If thee knew the way that our overseers go from house to house, spying and watching, and talking among themselves, thee would think it just a most likely thing for them to do."

"The women overseers of this meeting," said Lucretia, "are two old maids, two widows, and one woman whose husband is overseer of the men's meeting. They are all uneducated. Two of them are actually deficient in common understanding. Is it to be wondered at, if Mary and the other young people do murmur at having such persons appointed to watch them, and call them to account? And is it surprising if these poor, silly, well-meaning women, having nothing to occupy their hands or minds, fancy themselves clever, and become puffed up with self-complacent vanity, at 'the important office,' as they call it, entrusted to them? It is the most natural thing in the

world, that in their ignorance and zeal, they should be officious. Overseer in the meeting, sounds important; but to an idle, ignorant woman's understanding, it means spying out everything about others, and talking them over to her fellow overseers."

"Your overseers," said Susanna, "cannot be a more disagreeable set than ours. Peggy Austin is a constant visitor at our house. I sit quietly at my work, and often have the full benefit of her conversation with my mother and Jenefer. She spends her whole time going from house to house to find out news, and then she talks it over in a pious way. I have often laughed to myself listening to her chatter; it is such a jumble."

"Talk Peggy Austin to me," said Mary, laughing, "as she is always led and guided by 'best wisdom,' it must be edifying and worth repeating."

Susanna, laughing, began thus, in a slow, drawling tone: "'Well, Jenefer dear, since I saw thee, the day before yesterday, I must tell thee where I have been—to see Mary Mippleton. It was a long way to go, but Deborah Skipton lent me her jaunting-car, and I thought it was only my duty to call on Mary, after her long illness. She was five weeks absent from meeting. She says she has found more benefit from taking bitter beer, than from anything else. Anna came into the room, and I am sorry to see she is getting very dressy. I think they had company in the house, they did not wish me to see; for I heard laughing, and I saw a straw bonnet pass by the window. Mary hopes to be able to attend the preparative meeting next first day. She says their little flock is in a low way. Their meetings are generally silent; and when an offering is made, it does not seem to be altogether acceptable to many. Mary says it sometimes feels to her to be 'an offering of unripe fruits.' I wish, Jenefer, thee could feel drawn to sit with our Friends in that meeting occasionally. I feel very poorly to-day. May I ask thee for a glass of wine?

I think I'll try the bitter beer. I wonder is it expensive?'—and so she chatters on. Mary, have I given thee enough of the morning visit conversation of an overseer?"

"Yes," she answered laughing. "That is exactly the way they go on; eating, drinking, dress, and religion—all jumbled up together—make never-failing topics of chat to our women Friends, in the instructive pursuit of their calling."

"The appointment of women to offices in the church," said Lucretia, "is one of the unscriptural emanations from 'the inward light.' It has entirely sprung from that.

"Solomon Eccles, who was George Fox's right-hand man, calls women meetings and preachings, 'The great and good ordinances which Christ Jesus' (*i. e.*, George Fox) 'hath set up.' And when John Story opposed the setting up of women's meetings, Eccles told him, 'It was rebellion against the living God.' Story was disowned for his interference, and the women gained the day. Then there was George Whitehead: he writes, in his 'Christian Quaker,' page 9,—'A heavenly motion came upon George Fox, as the Lord's anointed, as being the great apostle of Jesus Christ, and as one whom the Lord had ordained to be in the place amongst the children of light, as Moses was amongst the children of Israel, to set forth the method and church government of women's meetings.' Now read the Book of Discipline, page 144, and you will see how Friends, to the present day, use the name of the Deity indiscriminately for that of George Fox. It says: 'Women's meetings were set up by the wisdom and power of God.'

"The Bible commands women to keep silence in the churches. The 'light' of quakers bids them preach, and teach the men. The Bible would have women keep at home, mind their families, and occupy their spare time as Dorcas and Lydia did—in doing good to their fellow-creatures, and in improving their own knowledge and understanding; but the 'light' of quakers makes women teachers in public, and employs them in the too

congenial office of meddling in private affairs, and sanctimoniously overseeing others, instead of minding themselves.

"George Fox showed much worldly wisdom, when he gave power and authority to women in his sect. They would, he knew, keep it tenaciously; and as no other society allows women to take so prominent a part in public, or gives them such authority in private, he calculated rightly, that quakerism would find in the exaltation of women, an element of adhesiveness which no earthly substitute could give. Women love power, get it how they may. George Fox, William Penn, and Robert Barclay, knew well what they were about, when they resolved to enlist female vanity at their side. The society is now held together principally by women. They prompt the men; and as they are numerically vastly in the majority, if they relaxed their hold, or slackened the pressure of 'the wholesome discipline,' the Society would soon vanish away. But what would become of the women, now so elevated, so looked up to, so dominant, so flattered, and so servilely obeyed? They would be nobodies among other sects. However pious, talented, or useful, still women are only private individuals there. A great descent that, from the vain ambition of the now lordly ladies, who rule over the twenty thousand members of the Society, with sanctimonious, but most tyrannical dominion now."

"Can thee make any objection to Friends' views of peace?" asked Susanna. "That is one of our testimonies, which I should think cannot be controverted."

"The advocates of peace," answered Lucretia, "are not of necessity quakers. Many persons are quite as peacefully inclined as they are. Friends now arrogate to themselves the honor of being exclusive advocates of peace. But Friends endorse the opinions of George Fox and his contemporaries; so let us see what they were.

"George Fox upbraided Oliver Cromwell, in his 'Counsel and Advice,' page 27, for dismissing quaker soldiers from his

army. He says: 'Though they were quakers they were good fighters; many of them valiant captains, soldiers, and officers,' whose only fault was, that they would not take off their hats, and would say thee and thou.

"And George Bishop, one of those contemporaries whose opinions the quakers of 1852 endorse, wrote to the Council of State thus: 'Beware of falling into this spirit, (of reconciliation with the king,) or of thinking that the breach between you can be healed. For I declare it to you of the Lord, that it is irreconcilable—it cannot, it will not be healed. Therefore, in the power and dread of the Almighty, stand and bear over it—crush it to pieces—stamp it to powder—secure places necessary for defence, doing justice on those whom God hath given into your hands, lest out of this serpent's egg do come a cockatrice, and the Lord deliver you and your forces into the power of those who seek your destruction.' This it would be hard to spiritualize into what Bishop calls it—'An address of peace, love, and unity, and against all strife, wars, and contentions.'

"Other quakers wrote,—'Remember Amalek—*i. e.*, the soul-murdering and conscience-binding clergymen. Therefore blot out the remembrance of Amalek from under heaven. Ye shall not forget it. Vex the Midianites—*i. e.*, the lawyers—for they vex you with their wiles, wherewith they have beguiled you in the matter of Peor and Corbi—*i. e.*, the king and protector.'

"Edward Burroughs, of whom Friends say, that 'in him the fulness of grace and virtue dwelt,' wrote, 'To the Soldiers a Word of Advice;' in which he says, 'Oh! give the priests blood to drink, for they are worthy.'

"George Fox wrote to the Protector a letter, dated 11th Month, 1657, thus: 'Oh! Oliver, thou shouldst not have stood trifling about small things. Do not stand cumbering thyself about dirty priests.' And then he tells him, that if he had followed his counsels, 'The Hollanders had been thy subjects. Germany had given up to thy will, and the Spaniard had quivered like a dry leaf. The king of France should

have bowed under thee his neck. The pope should have withered as in the winter. The Turk, in all his fatness, should have smoked. Thou shouldst have crumbled nations to dust. Therefore, let thy soldiers go forth with a free and willing heart, that thou mayest rock nations as a cradle. For a mighty work hath the Lord to do in other nations, and their quakings and shakings are but entering. Lo, this is the word of the Lord to thee, as a charge to thee from the Lord God,' &c., &c.

"'How! how, George! Our dear friends the Dutch, are they to go too? When the quaker sword is drawn, it spares none. Here is destruction proclaimed to the ends of the earth, and that from *the mouth of the Lord.* And yet these men wipe their mouths, and say they are the meek of the earth. They deny the use of the carnal sword as antichristian, poor lambs! And yet I believe in my heart that many of them now are deceived, and think that quaker principle is really against fighting, because they have heard so much of it since 1660, and that most of the quakers of this generation do not know (for it is studiously concealed from them by those of the old stamp) what bloody fellows George Fox, Edward Burroughs, G. Bishop, and the rest of the primitive quakers were.' (Leslie, vol. ii. page 115.)

"Robert Rich—who left the quakers—in his 'Hidden Things,' page 29, tells us that the quakers sent a printed paper to the Parliament, subscribed by more than 10,000 names, offering to raise an army of 20,000 men against the *common enemy*,—for so they termed the king and the loyal party.

"Edward Burroughs' 'Standard,' page 9, has this sentence: 'The Lord is risen to overturn, overturn, overturn, kings and princes, governments and laws, and he will change times, and laws, and governments. There shall be no king ruling but Jesus, nor no government of force but the government of the Lamb.'

"Whenever man seeks to be thought extra wise, and strains after an appearance of holiness beyond that which the Bible

enjoins, he is sure to fall into contradictions. Carry out Friends' professed views of peace, and what a country we should have; for no one will venture to say the millennium has yet commenced. John the Baptist bade the soldiers, when they came to him, thinking as Friends do now, that the profession of arms was to cease, to be content with their wages, not to lay down their arms. If it is a sin to be a soldier, it must also be a sin to be a policeman. If the country ought not to be defended by its army, surely neither ought the city by its police. If it is a sin to repulse a foreign foe, is it not sin also to drive away a midnight thief? Friends do not scruple to fight what they call political battles, what the Peace Society denominates 'moral battles,' although these are forever going on, and sowing through the length and breadth of the land, a harvest of bad passions and ill will, the sure forerunners of physical combats."*

* Friends' minds seem very misty just now (1852), on the subject of peace. See, for instance, how the Hungarian warrior Kossuth, has been patronised and fêted by Friends. In a poem, printed in the "British Friend," he is styled "the noble Kossuth," "the brave Kossuth." He is addressed thus—

"Amidst the roar of public acclamation,
The tempest-greetings of a mighty throng,
The cannon's thundering reverberation,
The civic fête, with toast, and speech, and song;
The grand All hail! of a rejoicing nation,
A million times repeated, loud and long—
Can one lone voice, all tremulous with feeling,
Be heard by thee, *O glorified Kossuth*,
To all thy noblest attributes appealing,
As one who knows oppression's bitter fruit."

Such is the language which the peaceful quakers adopt now-a-days. The warrior who is spending his time in trying to excite sympathy for his country, and in collecting arms and money to aid him in the deadly strife, is called "brave," "noble," and actually "glorified." He is cheered in his warrior-path by the peace-loving Friends, with a song inspired by the reverberation of the cannon's thunder; and this

"Could a spiritually-minded people, such as we profess to be, fall into gross mistakes as to the Spirit's requirings?" asked Susanna.

"It is possible," answered Lucretia, "false spirits may assume the authority of the Holy Spirit, therefore knowing that Satan can transform himself into a spirit of light, we are warned impressively and affectionately to 'try the spirits whether they be of God.'"

"How shall we try them?" she replied, "by profession will not do, for Friends have two professions: they profess that Jesus Christ came in the flesh, and died for our sins, and they also profess that 'it is the universal saving light in all, which works salvation in all.'"

"We have another test," said Lucretia, 'by their works shall ye know them.' Are Friends as a people, spiritually minded? Are they not notoriously devoted to the acquisition of money? Who studies his ledger more closely than the Friend? Who is more sharp at making bargains? Even the men ministers spend six days out of seven, laboring hard to add pound to pound, in the counting house, the farm, the school, or the profession. Who is more rancorous in political debate than the Friend, or more unscrupulous in his assertions? Who makes the dress of his poor frail body an essential to salvation, or the ultra-grammaticism of his tongue, a stepping-stone to heaven? Who but the Friend?"

"The works of a Christian are repentance, obedience, and faith, and when warned in the Bible that Satan can and will

spiritual people regale and refresh their soldier guest with "civic fête, and toast, and speech, and song."

"The Westminster Review," of Feb. 1852, has remarked on this strange incongruity of the professors of peace. It says—"On the Sunday he applauds it as a saintly thing to present the patient cheek to the smiter; on the Monday he listens, with rapture, to Kossuth's curse upon the House of Hapsburg, and the Magyar vow of resistance to the death."

assume the appearance of a spirit of light, ought not Friends to look well to themselves, and see what they are about, when they suffer themselves to be led by a professed spirit of light, which is unrecognized by the Bible?"

"It is possible, after all," said Susanna, "that George Fox may have been a spiritually-minded man, and that these things may have been made manifest duties to him."

"Let us get his journal again," said Lucretia, "and read he account he gives of his call to be the founder of a sect. 'On a certain day (after his visit to Paradise) I was walking in the fields.' The Lord said unto me, 'Thy name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life, which was before the foundation of the world.' And as the Lord spake it, I believed, and saw it in the new birth. Soon after that, the Lord commanded me to go abroad into the world, which was like a briery, thorny wilderness. When I came in the Lord's mighty power, with the word of life into the world, the world swelled and made a noise, like the great raging waves of the sea. I was sent to turn people from darkness to light, that they might receive Jesus Christ; for to as many as should receive him *in his light*, I saw he would give power to become the sons of God, which I had obtained by receiving Christ. I was to direct people to the Spirit that gave forth the scripture, by which they might be led into all truth, and up to Christ and God, as those had been who gave them forth. These things I did not see by the help of man, nor by the letter, though they are written in the letter; but I saw them in the light of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by his immediate Spirit and power, as did the holy men of God, by whom the Holy Scriptures were written. Yet I had no slight esteem for the Holy Scriptures, they were very precious to me; for I was in the Spirit by which they were given forth: and what the Lord opened in me, I afterwards found was agreeable to them. When the Lord God, and his son Jesus Christ, sent me forth into the world to preach his everlasting gospel and kingdom, I was

glad that I was commanded to turn people to that inward light, Spirit and grace, by which all might know their salvation and their way to God; even that divine Spirit which would lead them into all truth, and which *I infallibly knew would never deceive any.*'

"Now mark this," said Lucretia, pausing as she read. "It is on this revelation of *infallibility*, that George Fox and his followers have built up all their systems. We have nothing whatever but George Fox's own unsupported word for the reality of his assertion, that the Lord Jesus either appeared to him, spoke to him, or appointed him in the miraculous manner he narrates, to go into the world and teach these novelties, or gave him any promise of an *infallible* light to guide him."

"If the world swelled and made a noise, would not some persons have heard the noise?" said Mary, "but read on."

"'With and by this divine power of God, and the light of Jesus, I was to bring people off from their own ways—from the world's teachers. I was to bring people off from all the world's religions, which are in vain. I was to bring them off from all the world's fellowships, prayings, and singings, which stood in forms without power. I was to bring people off from Jewish ceremonies, from heathenish fables, from men's inventions and windy doctrines, by which they blowed the people about this way and the other way, from sect to sect, and from all their beggarly rudiments, with their schools and colleges for making ministers of Christ. And from all their images, crosses, and sprinkling of infants, with their holy days, and all their vain traditions. Moreover the Lord forbad me to put off my hat to any, high or low; and I was required to thee and thou all men and women—and as I travelled up and down, I was not to bid people good morrow or good evening, neither might I bow or scrape with my leg to any one. I was sorely exercised in going to Courts of Justice, to cry for justice—I was made to declare against deceitful merchandise,

cheating and cozening—I was moved also to cry out against all sorts of music, and against the mountebanks playing tricks on the stages—I was exercised also with schoolmasters and schoolmistresses; likewise, also, I was exercised about the star-gazers—but the black earthly spirit of the priests wounded my life, and when I heard the bell toll to call people to the steeple-house, it struck at my life. As I went towards Nottingham, on a first day morning, with Friends to a meeting there, when I came on the top of a hill in sight of the town, I espied the great steeple-house, and the Lord said unto me 'thee must cry out against yonder great idol, and against the worshippers therein.' When I came there, all the people looked like fallow ground, and the priest like a great lump of earth, stood in his pulpit above. He took for his text these words of Peter: 'We have also a more sure word of prophecy, whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day star arise in your hearts.' He told the people that this was the Scriptures by which they were to try all doctrines, religions, and opinions. Now the Lord's power was so mighty upon me, and so strong in me, that I could not hold, but was made to cry out, 'Oh, no! It is not the Scriptures,' and told them it was the Holy Spirit, by which the holy men of God gave forth the Scriptures, whereby opinions, religions, and judgments were to be tried, for it led into all truth, and *so gave me the knowledge of all truth.** As I spoke thus amongst them, the officers came, took me away, and put me into a nasty stinking prison, the smell whereof got so into my nose and throat, that it very much annoyed me'"

* It is on this, and other such assumptions, that the phrases "The Truth," so often occurs in Friends' writings. As George Fox had, he said, "the knowledge of all truth," so Friends say "Truth begat in our hearts," "The truth as it is in Jesus," &c.; for George Fox claimed all the divine titles of Our Saviour. In his "News coming out of the North," p. 15, he says—"I am the door that ever was; the same

"George Fox's 'Journal' is written all through in the same style: 'The Lord bade me;' 'The Lord moved me;' 'The Spirit desired me.' *The whole fabric of quakerism rests on the unsupported testimony of his own pen.* No one heard the Lord tell him anything. Many persons did credulously believe him. William Penn did for one, when in writing his 'Winding Sheet,' he said, 'George Fox's words stand immoveable for ever, for he that is a minister of the Spirit, is infallibly so, and in that ministry is infallible—otherwise the Spirit's ministry is fallible.' But very many who heard him speak, and knew him well, did then believe him to be a self-appointed visionary, and most ignorant man. It is only natural that now also we may be permitted to doubt the reality of his revelations.

"His imprisonments for blasphemy, and for disturbing the congregations, were very numerous, but generally short. People saw he was fanatical and self-deluded, and therefore treated him with great leniency. The clergymen who were the especial objects of his fiercest invectives, were often the first to apply for his release and pardon. He gave them no credit for kindly motives, but boasted of miraculous interposition in his favor, and said, 'the Lord's power allayed them,' and 'they were forced to come under.'

"Once he fared worse. He says, 'Whilst I was at Mansfield Woodhouse, I was moved to go to the steeple-house and declare the truth to the priest and people. But the people fell upon me with great rage, struck me down, and almost stifled me. I was cruelly beaten and bruised by them with their hands, Bibles, and sticks; then they haled me out, and put me into the stocks, where I sat some hours. I was inwardly bruised, but the Lord's power soon healed me again.'

Christ yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Numerous such blasphemous sentences might be quoted from his writings. I shudder to reprint more of them than seems absolutely necessary to expose the system of which such a man is still the revered founder.

"George Fox's letters and addresses to the priests, magistrates, officers, &c., are, one and all, violent tirades, most insulting, uncharitable, and unchristian; whilst his epistles to Friends are self-righteous and self-opinionated to a degree. He claimed inspiration for all his words and acts; and it would seem impossible, now, to understand the credulity with which his assertions were received by his disciples. Whenever a literal meaning to the Scripture text suited his own pre-conceived views, he adopted the literal meaning; whenever such did not suit him, he unhesitatingly gave his own interpretation, and claimed to be 'given of the Lord to see it.'

"In reading the memoir of Joseph Francis Borri, who was a celebrated Italian alchymist in 1660, for fifteen years imprisoned in the Inquisition at Rome as a fanatic and imposter, we are struck with the wonderful similarity of his and George Fox's writings. Borri says, 'When I began to walk in the way of the Spirit, I had a vision of the night, and was assured by an angelic voice that I should become a prophet.' He had a great reputation for sanctity. He performed several able cures, had very many disciples who loaded him with money and honor, and considered him a prodigy of wisdom and divine inspiration. Like George Fox, he could discern spirits; and he said, 'The spirits obey me, and serve those whom I delight to honor.'

"Peter Mormius, also, the notorious alchymist of 1630, told his sect that he was given of the Spirit to see how Holland might be made happy and rich. The celebrated Dr. Dee was also, like George Fox, constantly in the Spirit, and saw visions. He 'was impressed with the belief that he saw the angel Uriel, one day in November, 1582, as he was engaged in fervent prayer.'

"Lilly, the astrologer, also, had his conversation with spirits, and voices came to him just the same as to George Fox. Every one of the alchymists, astrologers, and fanatics of the sixteenth century pretended to have immediate communication

with spirits, and that it was from them they derived all their pretended wisdom and sanctity.

"George Fox said, 'All languages are to me as dust.' Was not that speech equalled by Paracelsus, of Zurich, who said, 'There was more knowledge in his shoe-strings than in the writings of all the physicians!' George Fox prophesied the fire of London; 'an angel of the Lord, with a glittering sword drawn,' revealed it to him. (See Journal, p. 386.) Mother Shipton prophesied, in her jargon, equally well. The main features of folly appear essentially the same in them all; and if George Fox's votaries still exist, why, so do Mother Shipton's. In many of the rural districts in England she is still in esteem as a true prophetess."

"Then," said Susanna, "thee thinks quakerism is all one monstrous system of deception!"

"I do," she replied. "The Apostle tells us what the fruits of the Spirit are, 'love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.' You will look in vain through George Fox's 'Journal,' or other writings, for manifestations of these Christian graces. In them is hatred, unmitigated hatred, to priests, magistrates, and all men and women who presumed to think differently from him. There is variance with everybody, except those who acknowledged his authority. There is emulation—for he proudly sought to be the founder of a new religion, and he pushed the Bible most unceremoniously away, whenever its precepts opposed his course. He was full of wrath and evil-speaking, as his letters testify. No name was too hard for his pen to use to priest or magistrate; and if the Scriptures do, indeed, contain the whole counsel of God, and if the blood of Jesus Christ of Nazareth does, indeed, cleanse from all sin, then there can be no doubt whatever, that George Fox's teaching was heretical and unchristian.

"The whole tenor of the New Testament teaches that the true religion of Christ was founded in all its excellency, and

in all its requirings, by our Lord himself and His disciples: but George Fox tells, and expects us to believe him, that 'the truth sprang up *first* to us, so as to be a people to the Lord, in Leicestershire, in 1644.' ('Journal,' p. 662.) He wrote numerous epistles, many of them, if taken in the literal meaning of the words used, are Scriptural and intelligible; but he adds, 'and because most people would confess that God's people should be thus, but few know how to come to this state; therefore, in the openings of truth I wrote,' &c. People might believe that salvation was to be attained, through the merits of the death upon the cross, of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, as narrated in the Bible; therefore, George Fox was moved to inform them, that the way of salvation was not what they thought, but that another way was the right one, and that it had been especially revealed to him in 1644, that to walk in the truth was to follow him, and to obey the movings of his spirit in all its various manifestations and ordinances, or testimonies, as he calls them.

"Yet, still, I would make great allowance for the times in which he appeared, for his own unlettered zeal, and the national fanaticism of the day, which may have impelled him in running out of one error to fall into another, and a worse. He may have meant well; there is some reason to believe he was but a tool in the hands of the Jesuits. It is because we are required to believe not only in his well-meaning, but in his actual well-doing, that we dwell on his own record of his life and his other writings, as a proof of his being like ourselves but a mere creature, a fallible man."

"There is," said Susanna, "one peculiarity in our Society, which I believe stamps it as being undeniably of heavenly origin. Our ministers can speak to our states. In my own experience I have actually heard in the gallery and in private 'opportunuties,' allusion made to circumstances and feelings, which it was impossible the speaker could have known except by immediate inspiration. I may add, there is another feature in it, which

gives our body a heavenly reality and authority, which no other sect can or does lay claim to. When any one spoke slightingly of George Fox or of his contemporaries, he and they could just say a few words, and in a very short time the offender was sure to die. There are in George Fox's 'Journal' numerous such cases related, as well as in the lives of other worthies like him; and I am told Friends have still the same power over life and death, if they choose to exercise it."

"In reply to the first peculiarity," replied Lucretia, "just look at Acts, 17th chapter, and see how a damsel possessed with a spirit of divination followed Paul, uttering an undeniable truth; and yet it was an evil spirit she had, that so presumed, and was accordingly rebuked. If Friends have any such power as they lay claim to, it must be like the damsel's, a spirit of divination—an unholy spirit. Some of them are very cunning, and have sharp ears. They pick up a thing which a little cleverness enables them to use, so that simple-minded, credulous Friends are impressed with awe and admiration of the wisdom they lay claim to. It has more than once been my lot, to become accidentally cognizant of the way in which a minister acquired the knowledge of secret acts and feelings, which was afterwards seriously passed off for immediate revelation. As to George Fox and his followers having the power of life and death over their adversaries, I know they did claim it, and have recorded numerous instances of the success with which they used it. But was it a heavenly power? Did the Lord Jesus, our adorable Redeemer, or his disciples ever send any unfortunate adversary to the tomb for offending them? No—but we read in history, that to have an evil eye, or to wish death by word or thought, was considered a sign of witchcraft—a sin worthy of death; and it is also an historical fact, that some quakers were accused of this sin."

Susanna made no reply. It was very strange indeed to her, to hear George Fox openly accused of error. "Lucretia," she thought, "has joined the Church, and it is only natural she

should run down quakerism, but that is no reason why I should place credence on her opinions. These quotations she has read from George Fox's journal, are only partial extracts, and the contexts might explain them; but then, why did he use language which required to be explained? besides, her 'Journal' is the large folio edition, the original and most authentic—why did Friends leave out so much indeed all the extraordinary parts of his writings when they compiled the late edition? Were they conscious his doctrines were unsound? Were they afraid it would not be for the good of the Society, that young Friends should know *all* that he said and did?" Susanna's mind was bewildered with the thoughts which rushed into it, and her beautifully intelligent countenance became as grave as even that of a gallery Friend.

Mary advanced, and putting her two little white hands on Susanna's cheeks, said, "Banish all thoughts of quakerism now. Thee can think it all over some other time. Lucretia delights in entangling any Friend in a religious conversation, and therefore Betsey Baker knows she is a very improper person to consort with thinking young people. I do not like to see thee so grave. Come, take a ride with me, and send gloomy thoughts, fit only for old women, to the winds of heaven."

"I confess," said Lucretia, "I do like much to talk to Friends, young or old, of their religious opinions, and I do take every opportunity to introduce the subject."

Susanna smiled sweetly, and said, "thee is a proselytizer then; I did not know that, or perhaps I should have been more on my guard."

"I should like to convert a sinner from the error of his way, although I scarcely aspire, even in imagination, to the honor of being a proselytizer. The very most I hope for, in my intercourse with Friends, is to lead them to think and search out for themselves. Very many amongst all sects, are merely mechanical members of the congregations they belong to. There is no vitality in a mere outward conformity. Would people

only think of what they are, and why they are so; what is the good of their being what they profess to be, I should ask no more; changing from one sect to another does no good, unless it is the result of thought, and rational scriptural conviction. If in the course of my conversation I can sow a good seed of thought, then I humbly hope the Lord may cause it to fructify, spring up, and ripen into a good fruit. Now, go take your ride, and be home in good time for dinner."

Before the evening closed, Mary Greenway drove over: she too had received a letter from Susanna's mother, thanking her for all the kindness shown to her daughter, and saying that "circumstances rendered it advisable for her to return immediately home." Little Mary suggested to her mother the idea of the overseers having told Jenefer of the visit to Lucretia, and she at once said she had no doubt whatever that such was the origin of the speedy recall. There was no use in lamenting now over the mistake made in mentioning Susanna's absence, when the overseers had paid their visit, but all resolved to be more cautious in future.

Susanna bade farewell to the Conways with regret, and returned with her aunt to Beech Hill. Her brother arrived in the evening; there was no time to enquire anything of him now, she had to pack up her trunks, and leave early in the morning. Having promised to correspond with Mary, she took an affectionate leave of her aunt and cousins, and departed.

Eustace was not very communicative. He seemed less happy, or rather, more pre-occupied than was his wont. Susanna also was sad at the abrupt termination of her most pleasant visit, she was fearful of the return home, and the stern companionship of her uncongenial sister. At length, she said, "Eustace, why did they send for me in such a hurry?" "Because madam Jenefer chose it," he replied. "Why? I do not know, but if I had not come for you, they would have sent Ralph Moneymore to fetch you."

"Impossible!" she exclaimed.

"Everything is possible in our house now," he replied, "I wish I could leave the country altogether, for there is no comfort at home, and you, poor child! will find it no easy matter to live there either."

This was sad news for Susanna, and the journey, although so tedious, was ended with regret and dread.

Susanna was affectionately welcomed home by her father, who kissed her more fondly and tenderly than ever, and she thought, home cannot be unhappy to me, whilst one so dear and good and kind is in it. Her mother and Jenefer also received her cordially, and spoke of her absence as having been a privation of enjoyment to them. All praised her improved appearance, and hoped the roseate hue of health might remain upon her cheeks. She told of her good aunt and kind cousins; expatiated upon the charms of a country life, and amused them with the anecdotes and incidents of her sojourn at Beech Hill. Her daily ride on horseback was not omitted, and to that she attributed her renewed health and strength.

"Sure thee can ride at home, darling," said her father. "Tom will ride out with thee, whenever thee likes. Where can we get a side-saddle, Eustace?"

"Oh! at Friend Judson's," he replied, laughing. "He is renowned for making the best hunting saddles in Ireland. By the way, Friend Jenefer, how is it that Friends may make hunting saddles, but must not go out hunting? If one is a sin, how happens it that the other is an approved means of getting a livelihood?"

"Oh! what matter for that," said the father, who dreaded one of Jenefer's explanations. "Go there to-morrow and select a nice one for Susanna. The little bay will carry her beautifully. We will try to keep those roses on her cheeks," he said, as he playfully stroked them with his fond fatherly hand.

Susanna was delighted at the prospect of a recreation, which she had never thought would be attainable at home; and to find the whole family acquiesce in it, was as unexpected as pleasant.

Eustace brought the saddle, and added greatly to her enjoyment by volunteering to go with her instead of old Tom, for the first day. They were both in high spirits as they cantered along the circular road. "This is a pleasure I little expected," said Susanna. "Thee frightened me as we came from Beech Hill, by thy grave sad looks, and by saying that trouble was in store for me."

"I hope I may have been mistaken," said Eustace, "but I think there is something brewing. Ralph Moneymore and Jenefer are constantly together. You are the subject of their plottings, or I am very much astray in my opinion."

"They all know my mind about him," she said. "I am not afraid of anything from that quarter. Eustace, thee has grievously departed from '*the simplicity*,'" she added, laughing. "Thee says *you* even to mother and Jenefer. I was actually petrified with astonishment, when I first heard thee say it to them the night I came home."

He laughed and said, "I thought it was better to go to work determinedly. One day soon after you left us, Jenefer began preaching at me, so I told them all, that I would not stay in the house, if such impertinent interference with me was continued. I told them they knew as well as I did that there was no religion at all in the house, although so much talk about it; that I would say what I liked, and wear what I chose, and if my company was not agreeable they had only to tell me so quietly, and I would not trouble them long. I knew, before saying anything, that my father was as tired of Jenefer's affectation and preaching as I was, and that my mother would not allow me to be sent away on any consideration. Now I will give you a piece of advice. Say little to Jenefer when you come in opposition, but do not yield to her in any one thing. My father gave up to her in little trifles, and now he is slavishly afraid of her. Mother has scarce a will of her own, and Jenefer will try hard to preach you into submission also."

"I thank thee for the wise caution," she said, gaily. "I have heard much of quakerism, and the tyranny of women Friends, whilst I was away; and now, that I am quite sure that our profession of having really an unerring light to guide us, is false, I am not disposed to submit to the 'requirings of truth,' as Jenefer's 'best wisdom' may incline."

The ride was a long and pleasant one, Susanna's bright smile and heightened color delighted her fond father, who pressingly advised her to ride every day. They all asked where she had been, and who she had seen? And these questions being answered, her mother told her that her old admirer, Ralph Moneymore, was coming to tea. Susanna glanced rapidly at Eustace, and saw his meaning smile! Ha! she thought, I am prepared for this.

Ralph came, Susanna presided at the tea-table, and was very civil to him, and more chatty than usual, but as soon as tea was over, she left the room. Her mother after a while, sent for her, but she pleaded fatigue, and retired to rest—to rest, but not to sleep. A resolute resistance to the plan she doubted not was made to force her into a distateful marriage, buoyed up her courage, and she determined to speak to her father first, and then to be guided by circumstances.

Day after day passed, and as no one spoke of Ralph, Susanna smiled as she thought of the foolish fright she had given herself. She rode out with old Tom. It was pleasant, but not half so much so, as when her brother accompanied her. She soon prevailed on him to escort her again, and talking and laughing, they rode gaily on. "Come round by the park," said he, "and let us see the review, I hear the guns firing."

"Oh! no," she said, "I should be afraid."

"Of what?" he asked, "of the guns? or of Jenefer?"

"Well, I do not know," she laughed, "it is not Friendly to go to a review, and yet I have often wished to see one. Is it any harm? I am not afraid of the guns, or of Jenefer either; but is it not a wrong thing to go there?"

"Come, try for yourself," he said, "do not tell them at home, and if you find harm in it one day, do not go there again."

That review in the fifteen acre field, was a gay sight. They who understood military evolutions enjoyed the precision with which the moving columns obeyed the word of command; they who admired a splendid pageant, and who did not? looked with delight on the noble horses, snorting and animated, as if with an appreciation of the important part in the spectacle which they bore; the gallant officers decked in their brilliant habiliments, and glittering in the light of their golden ornaments, as these reflected the sunbeams, dashed from side to side, now with impetuous speed, as if impelled by an irresistible impulse, the next moment still and motionless as a marble statue. It was a gay scene, and the crowd of spectators who flanked the field, were not the least interesting part of the pageant. The city lady in her ponderous barouche, from which the horses had been removed, made it a matter of business. She was crowded with her fair young companions, and as if their sweet smiles were not sufficient attraction for the disengaged officers and pleasure-seekers, she had her well-filled hampers with cold chicken, ham sandwiches, pastry, and champagne, to lure them to her side. The multitudinous jaunting-car parties imitated her in their way, and whilst they regaled on their more substantial fare, made the air resound with mirth, laughter, and wit. Nor were the pedestrians a whit behind the aristocratic drivers and riders, in their keen and loud enjoyment of the revelry. Bare-footed urchins, and half-clad artisans looked thoughtless of poverty and want, and seemed to forget, in the noise of the firing, the brilliancy of the moving panorama, and the exuberance of their own mirth-loving wit, that it was but a show, and would soon pass away, leaving all life's sad realities as severely true to-morrow, as they were yesterday. The military music, as it rose in the air, stirred the hearts of the bravest, and worked strange marvels on

the horses. Such of them as were accustomed to the gala, snorted with delight, others were frightened, started off, or trembled, so that what with the guns and the drums, many an unpractised driver found himself suddenly plunging into a difficulty; and many an unskilled rider found himself unexpectedly dismounted, whilst such events afforded an occasion of loud laughter, and well-pointed satire. It is one of the many good points in the Irish character, that no selfish sorrow shuts out participation in another's pleasure, and this generous impulse to brighten with a smile the gladsome happiness we see, but share not, is like charity twice blessed, for it re-acts on our own feelings, and although the joy is not ours, yet there is a delightsome charm in speeding it on to the heart of a fellow-pilgrim in this world of sorrow, change, and toil.

CHAPTER X.

"The quaker is so impracticable—his conscience is so troublesome—makes him such a crotchety citizen—it comes across so many social duties, we hardly know what he will do; and yet it does not do to avenge ourselves on his conscience; for, though he turns not again, he will not suffer in silence—so that, what with his scruples, his profession, *his disgraceful bad principle*, &c., no wonder if he is not in good odor."—*Westminster Review*, April, 1852.

SUSANNA was so unused to noisy sports and crowded scenes of revelry, that she instinctively shrunk from participating in the gay spectacle of the review. It afforded her no pleasure whatever, and if she could have left it immediately, she would gladly have done so; but when in a crowd, it is no easy matter to get out of it. Her horse was no stranger there, and she was greatly surprised to find her brother so much at ease in it, as well as to observe the numbers of officers and gentlemen who saluted him as they passed, with the freedom of old acquaintances. At length, to her great relief, the review was ended; and the multitude dispersed, all apparently in good humor and good feeling, with each other.

The sweet smiles of the ladies, as they thanked the ragged urchins, who were so on the alert to perform any little office of civility, which there might be opportunity for, and the carelessly-flung shilling, or penny, as the case might be, of their gentlemen escorts, stirred up kindly feelings, and added a link to the chain which binds the Irishman to his superior in station, with cheerful obeisance. Without servility or abject submission, there is an innate deference for station, as being

the representative of superior education and virtue, which they who hold that station would do well to foster in the Irish mind. Worth alone deserves pre-eminence and respectful obeisance; and as surely as water finds its level, so surely will worth, intelligence and virtue, raise the standing of its possessor in the appreciation of the multitude, who, inattentive to the principle, yet feel the effect, and acknowledge the power of these irrisistible attributes.

The frank readiness with which the Irish of all classes, attribute good motives, and expect to meet kindly returns from strangers, is peculiarly characteristic; and when that cordial feeling is rudely repulsed, when cold cynicism and harsh selfishness is the return offered, who can say the blame alone rests on those warm-hearted beings whose feelings were first chilled, and then driven back with perhaps a force which destroyed them altogether, or turned their proffered sweetness into gall and wormwood?

As the brother and sister rode slowly away, they were overtaken by a group of officers, one of whom, after speaking to Eustace, claimed acquaintance with Susanna also. It was Captain Weyburgh. The others soon passed on; he remained with them, and gaily conversing on subjects as numerous and varied as the aspect of the moving crowds about them, still contrived to let Susanna know very distinctly, that one thought alone was in his head, one vision alone was before his eyes, and that she, and she alone was the point to which his every thought was directed. She was flattered, as any young girl would be, with the marked and most respectful attentions of so brilliant a beau; and when he took leave, she candidly agreed with her brother, that he was a very agreeable person.

Susanna observed a great change in Eustace. His manners were altered, and his tone of conversation quite changed. She remarked it to him, but he only said, smiling, "I am not changed to you, at any rate." He was, in truth, much altered during the few months she had been away. He had found

the evenings at home insupportably wearisome and distasteful. He abhorred Jenefer's preaching and assumption to inspiration; and as she carried the practice of her craft into all the details of domestic life, he quietly withdrew from the home her influence had rendered so repulsive. As the Book of Rules desires weighty Friends "to abide in that power that gives dominion over all corrupt spirits;" so she tried to obey it, and to obtain dominion: whilst everything that opposed her "dominion," was to her "a corrupt spirit." With regret Eustace had seen his mother, whom he dearly loved, submit without an effort at resistance to every whim of her self-opiniated daughter; and his father also, was now become almost afraid to assume any authority, or to express a wish or opinion on any subject. He spent most of his time at his place of business; his meals were always comfortable, and an after dinner sleep was now become his panacea for conflicting interests, and home troubles.

No young man could be expected to remain the listless inmate of so unpleasing a parlor: Eustace left it with regret and disgust. He was naturally of an affectionate and domestic turn, and had home been happy and attractive, he would not have resorted to the scenes of excitement, with which he was now become familiar. Many other quaker young men like him, were absentees from their mother's fire-side of an evening for the same reason. The monotonous click of the knitting needles, the sanctimonious remarks and reproofs of an aspiring sister, and the heavy breathing of a drowsy father, are found to be wanting in attraction for young Friends. When quakers banished the arts and sciences from their sitting-rooms, they virtually banished the young men also. Youth requires and will have excitement and cheerfulness. Deprive a mother's apartments of these attractions, and you rob her society and her maternal influence, of half its power for good over her sons. The absence of home pleasures in the evenings draws the young men Friends to congregate in taverns, club houses, and such like places of resort; when deprived of the softening

and refining influence of beloved female relatives, they acquire tastes and habits most injurious, and too often degrading in the extreme; from which as life advances, and youthful tastes pall upon the surfeited palate, they start into fathers of others, for whom the same path alone is open; or ascetics, who hope by additional austerity of manner, and adherence to the peculiar and accredited forms of pietism in the Society to atone for the vagaries of youth, and so live out the rest of their days in that tranquil indifferentism, which their neglected, or for the most part very partial education, induces them to sink into.

Eustace did not like to associate with those young men. He had a personal dislike to Ralph Moneymore, who was a leader amongst them; and he rejected all unnecessary intercourse with his cousin Reuben Stephenson. There were several other young men Friends also, whom Eustace thought it beneath him to associate with; and he had no natural taste for the scenes in which they delighted. If he was driven to dissipation, he resolved it should be among a different set; and having been introduced by Captain Weyburgh to a billiard room, he soon became a favorite with some of those who resorted to that pastime, and having his purse always well filled, he found no difficulty in obtaining admission to their circle as they congregated at the tavern, or adjourned to the theatre or the concert room. He was often invited to the mess, and his natural good sense and temperate habits having preserved him from falling a victim to the baits which some of those brilliantly adorned gentlemen had artfully hoped to entangle him and his purse in; he rose in the estimation of the more intelligent, and more refined of the party; and some two or three of them, amongst them Captain Weyburgh, felt that their quaker acquaintance was a man of no common mould, and well worthy of being enrolled among the number of their friends.

Eustace on his part, whilst sedulously endeavoring to make his company agreeable to them, felt his own deficiency in edu-

cational refinement and conventional agreeabilities. His spare time was therefore employed in acquiring a knowledge of the literature of the day, and of that *savoir faire* which is indispensable as a passport to good society. The study, ephemeral as it was, was useful and pleasing. The effect on his manners was most beneficial; on his mind, alas! greatly the reverse. He had fled from the mockery of religion, and fallen into the dangerous extreme of disregarding it altogether. He still went to the first-day morning Meeting, but it was to escape observation, to avoid being talked of. For the same reason he occasionally mixed with Friends, but he felt himself mentally isolated from them, and even longed to be rid of the necessity of going amongst them at all. Were it not for his love for Susanna, and his affection for his father, the tie would at once have been broken.

Susanna's acquaintance with Captain Weyburgh now became almost daily strengthened. Whether she rode out with old Tom or her brother, or went to take a solitary walk, it was ever the same, the captain was sure to meet her, by chance, as it seemed. His unceasing attentions and graceful declarations of unalterable attachment at length were felt in their full force by her; but from the first moment of his proposal that she should unite her fate with his, she had steadily refused to accede, on the ground of her parents' certain disapprobation. It was not until she had several times repeated this determination, that she felt the cost it was to herself to persevere in it. "It would not be right for me," she thought, "to marry without the consent of my father and mother. I have ever resolved to do what I know to be right. That is the only religion I can trust to; and now I know it is right to refuse him." She sighed. The sigh opened her heart, and she saw there that right and inclination pointed different ways.

Eustace conferred with her most kindly and affectionately. He praised his friend, and told her that he had ascertained his respectability, wealth and suitability every way, except the

one. "We cannot make a quaker of him; except for *that*, he is all right."

"And that exception is decisive," she said, sighing; "so tell him, Eustace, and let me be spared all further mention of the subject."

Eustace did tell the captain, who could not at all be made to understand the propriety of resigning a very nice wife, merely because an old shepherd, or shoemaker, who lived some three hundred years ago, had asserted he was commissioned by Heaven to forbid the banns. However, although he could not see "the right," he perceived, very closely, that he must have patience; and ill-brooking the vexatious impediment, he resolved to persevere in his suit, by every possible expedient, without frightening his timid, but most loveable lady, from her notions of right. Eustace was his advocate, and he guessed that there was a whispering voice in Susanna's own heart, which pleaded his cause for him also, so that, although vexed and provoked, he was by no means hopeless. The difficulty only stimulated his passion and excited his ingenuity to invent a means of overcoming it; he did not doubt of being ultimately victorious over "old Fox" and his antiquated and senseless rules. Meanwhile, Susanna remained at home. She neither rode nor walked out. This sedentary life, with the brooding thought of her captivating lover, and the thraldom she was in, soon blanched her cheek, and paled the brilliancy of her blue eyes.

Martha Sillington soon noticed, with a mother's quick perception and fond alarm, the depression of her daughter's spirits. She kindly and affectionately inquired the cause. Susanna, of course, could give no cause. She attributed her undeniable depression to the weather, and the wearisome feel of having nothing to do but needlework, which might as well be left undone, and reading books which had no interest for her. Having thus given her mother the idea that she was suffering from a morbid spirit of discontent, the alarm ceased, and Mar-

tha Sillington, with that peculiar, stern harshness of manner which seems inseparable from the character of a consistent elderly woman Friend, rebuked her daughter, and thereby added to the depression she wished to see removed.

Jenefer and her mother *sat together*, as Friends say, many times on the subject. Friends were beginning to remark the change in Susanna's look and manner; and as, after each meeting, one or another would say to her, as she stood in the hall, "I am sorry to see Susanna look so drooping," Jenefer felt annoyed; for Susanna's beauty and attraction was valued highly by this worldly-minded aspirant for elevation in the Society.

At one of these sittings, Jenefer having turned the matter over in her mind, told her obedient parent that she felt it would be best to get Susanna married as quickly as possible. "She does not know what ails her," said Jenefer; "and she does not know what would be for her own real welfare. We are her best friends, and it is our duty to attend to her interests, and to get her comfortably and respectably settled in life."

"No one has proposed for her but Ralph Moneymore," replied the mother. "She told me she would not marry him."

"Ralph is still disposed to wish for her," she answered. "He has repeatedly spoken to me about it. He is most suitable every way; and there is no use in consulting Susanna any more about it. Let her know that the thing is decided, and that she has no option, and it is not in her nature to resist. She will cry about it, and go on in her silly way, shutting herself up in her room, and looking miserable; but that will soon go off. Ralph is very fond of her—too fond," she said, half sadly. "There is nothing to fear from him; and now, mother, when thou and I feel quite easy in our own minds on the propriety of what we are intending to forward; and may I not say, when this dear child's suitable settlement in life depends upon us, dost thou think we should be faithful to the light given us, if we shrink from inflicting a momentary pain on her, when it is to secure her permanent welfare?"

By this and many other such like plausible arguments, Martha Sillington, the affectionate, loving mother, was won over by her strong-minded daughter to assist, or rather to take the principal part in ruining the peace of the child she really loved, and wished to see happy. Jenefer loved to manœuvre: she planned the sacrifice of her only sister's freedom, and stifled, both in her own mind, and in her credulous parent's, every suggestion of sympathy for the unconscious victim, by the repetition of the words, "Surely, we are her best friends; we would not propose, or do anything that was not for her real welfare."

Jenefer lost no time in communicating to Ralph the determination she had come to, to coerce Susanna. He did not quite relish the idea of an unwilling bride. He rejected the proposal of taking Susanna so entirely by surprise. "No," said he. "I must not have her vexed. I will go daily to your house. Let me be received as an accepted suitor by all, and let our engagement be made the subject of general conversation among Friends. I do think it is only opportunity I need, to make myself acceptable; but as the dear girl is so very hard to be won, I would have no objection that there should be that gentle pressure, which is sure to arise from our friends talking of us as an engaged pair. Susanna will not like to be thought a flirt, and every one will call her one, should I be rejected after a lengthened course of visitings, and being invited to meet company at your house."

"Very well," she replied. "Thou art quite right thus to blend the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove. Pray consider thyself invited to dinner to-morrow. We expect a few friends."

They parted, and Susanna found herself now, part of every day, in company with Ralph Moneymore. He avoided paying her any attention in private; but when strangers were present, his manner became most disagreeably assiduous to her. When publicity was sure to screen him from being re-

pulsed, he would address his conversation to her; when only her own family was present, he spoke not a word to her exclusively.

Susanna cared not; she observed the oddity of his manner; and knowing that Jenefer liked him, and seeing them so often conferring privately together, she thought his manner put on to cover her known dislike to him. Her mind was fully occupied with the image of another, whose love having refused at the dictate of duty, she felt free to think of as an oasis in the desert of the life she looked forward to as her inevitable destiny; and thus mentally engaged, her quiet, thoughtful resigned manner forwarded the scheme of which she had been pre-informed, but was now unconscious, and on the success of which hung her freedom and her happiness. Captain Weyburgh took good care she should not forget him. Nosegays of the choicest flowers, tied with gold thread, lay on her toilette table when she rose in the morning. Her maid could only tell that the man who left them had a moustache. Poetic effusions, in blank envelopes, came by post from the same quarter she knew, for a thread of gold was tied round each. Books, also, came to her often, without a name, but with the gold thread for a marker. Susanne had no occasion to ask where they all came from. She had seen the captain purchase gold thread one day when he came into a shop in which she was, and her heart told her all the rest.

Six months passed on. Ralph was almost daily at the dinner-table. The father had been deceived into a belief that Susanna was quite willing to accept the husband thus fixed on for her; and she and Eustace had agreed to expect shortly a public announcement of Jenefer's marriage.

It was after dinner; the most auspicious hour of the day to present any request for a favor, as people are almost always in good humor then. Susanna, having reclined on a sofa, had closed her eyes, that she might shut out the present, and indulge in a day-dream of future devotedness to the memory of

her only love, but was roused by her mother's voice saying: "Susanna, thee must put an end to this trifling. It is quite time to finish this long courtship, and that a day should be fixed for the marriage. Ralph, come here," and he sprung to her side; "I am telling Susanna that it is time to fix the day. What does thou think?"

"I think so too," he said, smiling. "Shall we go before the next monthly meeting?"

"Who is going to be married?" asked Susanna listlessly.

"Thee and I, to be sure," said he; "who else?"

"Nonsense," she angrily replied, and rose to leave the room; but Jenefer stopped her. "Thou must remain; sit down."

Susanna had not learned to rebel—she sunk into a chair.

"It is time to give over this affectation, Susanna," she said, harshly; "Ralph has put up with too much already from thee —trying for years to please thee; and now, as we have seen that thou art incapable of judging what is for thine own real happiness, we, thy best friends, have accepted Ralph's proposal for thee; and therefore we request and desire, that thou wilt manifest a due sense of the favor conferred on thee. There is no occasion for thee to speak much about it; thy 'best friends' have already weighed the matter. I may say, we have turned the fleece on both sides, and now it is only necessary to inform thee, that thy presentation of marriage is to be on next monthly meeting day—three weeks from this time; that will just give thee nice time to make the necessary purchases."

"I will spend to-morrow shopping with thee, dear," said the mother, who did not like the look of cold shuddering with which Susanna heard this most disagreeable announcement; "Thee shall have everything of the nicest and most costly, and I do think Ralph will prove a very affectionate husband."

Ralph approached her chair and took Susanna's hand; he would have spoken kindly—more than kindly, for he fondly

loved her, and had only consented to force and underhand means when he perceived there was no other chance at all for him. Susanna withdrew her hand quickly, and calmly, but with a face as pale as marble, said, "You seem to have settled the business without consulting me. I wish to speak to my father and brother before I say anything to you."

"There is no occasion to speak to my father; he entirely approves of it," said Jenefer.

"Does he?" asked Susanna. "Then he has greatly changed. He told me long ago, when I positively refused to marry that man there, that he was pleased to hear me say so, as he did not much like him himself. I value my father's opinion: I must hear it from his own lips, not from Jenefer's."

"I scorn such unworthy insinuations," said Jenefer. "Mother, wilt thou call in my father?" He came drowsily, for he had been sunk into his usual after-dinner slumber, and sleepily asked what was the matter.

"Father, my dear father!" said Susanna, throwing her arms round his neck, and imprinting a fond kiss upon his forehead, "tell me here, before them all, that thee will not suffer me to be forced to marry that Ralph Moneymore—a man who has not the manliness to ask me openly, but who plots with Jenefer, and inveigles my own mother to assist him in his wicked attempt to rob me of my earthly happiness. My own dear father, say thee will protect me; bid him leave the house, and tell him I hate him."

"My poor child, be calm," he said. "No one would harm thee; but do not speak so, my pet, of any Friend; Ralph is a very good Friend. We must not offend him—it would not be right. Oh no! There! Be calm, darling; thee could not hate any one. There now, shake hands with Ralph to show thee only forgot thyself for a moment. Shake hands with him first, and then I will speak to thee, my own pet."

"Do not ask me, father," she replied, much agitated, "do not ask me to affect a feeling of friendship which my heart

rejects; thee would not like thy Susanna to shake hands with any one when her doing so would only be a deception."

"Father," said Jenefer, "I hope thou wilt feel the propriety of enforcing on Susanna the necessity of obeying her parents with that cheerful alacrity which becomes her: tell her at once that thy mind is made up, and that it is quite useless for her to attempt a childish resistance to the arrangements which have been made for her best interests, as well as for her respectable establishment in life. It has been borne in on my mind, in a very remarkable manner, that it is our duty to see this marriage accomplished."

The father evidently feared to oppose his eldest daughter, and Susanna saw with dismay that a coil had been woven around her. Her spirit rose with the occasion. She no longer appealed to father or mother; they were both, she saw, afraid of Jenefer, and also infatuated with the idea of her being led by "best wisdom," and thereby rendered an infallible interpreter of the will of heaven. Scorning to address a word to Ralph, or even to glance over where he sat; looking, indeed, most rueful, she again attempted to leave the room; but Jenefer again impeded her exit.

"Thou must not leave this room until thou hast consented to the arrangements we have made to secure thy welfare;" and Jenefer desired her father and mother to assert their parental authority, and to demand obedience.

They did so—each—as commanded, but with the faltering voice of natural affection, crushed beneath the tyrannical sway of a power they had long since succumbed to.

Susanna understood it well. "Do as you will, then; but I will never marry him," she said, gently, but with a clear, steady voice, and an eye kindling with energy. "And now allow me to retire. There are yet three weeks to the monthly meeting—quite time enough to speak on such an unpleasant subject, without spending the whole evening over it."

She was then allowed to retire, and the others talked long,

at least Jenefer talked and they listened, as if spell-bound by her sanctimonious assumption of best wisdom. They resolved to keep all silence to Susanna, take it for granted she had consented, as her words, "Do as you will, then," might be construed to imply, and to hasten the needful preparations.

Ralph did not at all like the method of wooing into which he had been dragged; but he reconciled it with the hope that love after marriage would be more permanent and sure than love beforehand. He never for a moment doubted that he had the attributes necessary to inspire affection. He knew the ardor of his own feelings, and could not resist the temptation to accept the lovely, albeit unwilling bride, and the handsome portion offered to him.

The mother wept. Jenefer remonstrated on such weakness, and then she smiled faintly, and spoke of the happy future which was in store for Susanna, and the gratitude she was sure they would all feel called on to express, when the present trying time had passed away. Tears, however, would roll down, and in an agony of feeling, she exclaimed: "Eustace will be very angry I am afraid, with me." The father said nothing, he mixed for himself a strong tumbler of spirits and water, and went sorrowfully to bed.

Susanna, on retiring from the room, went in search of Eustace. He had left the house, as usual, after dinner. She then repaired to her own room, locked the door, and seating herself on the side of the bed, wept long and bitterly. Relieved by the flood of tears, she rose, bathed her face, and opened the sash to inhale the breeze of evening now blowing freshly. Hour after hour passed on, and still Susanna stood at the window. The family had retired for the night; she still stood looking at the blue vault of heaven, and noticing star after star as it visibly spangled the firmament, till all space became resplendent with those bright lamps of heavenly light. She made numerous attempts to count them, and was still attempting the impossible task, when, at long past midnight, she

heard her brother's key at the hall-door. She hastened to meet him, and told him all that had occurred. His indignation equalled hers; his outbreak of anger far exceeded. "Jenefer," said he, "is a vile hypocrite, with her silent sitting for 'best wisdom,' her affectation of piety, her 'opportunities,' and her preachings; she is a mean, spiteful thing. She is vexed because Ralph wont have her, for that is what she has been aiming at all along; and now that she has failed to cover her defeat, and keep him near her, she would sacrifice her only sister, of whose gentle beauty she is as jealous, as she is vexed with the love and admiration it excites."

"Jenefer," said Susanna, "has indeed played very false by me, but there is great allowance to be made for her. The meeting, which approved of her ministry, and flattered her vanity by acknowledging her to be an inspired preacher, has done all the mischief. There is not one woman in a hundred whose natural vanity would not be puffed up with the knowledge that a whole congregation of sensible men and women were listening to every word that she should condescend to utter, in the approved twang, with a reverential awe, as if she was a mouth-piece of communication from Heaven direct to them. Jenefer's head is turned by this adulation, and now she actually believes herself to be inspired. No matter whether it be really mean, spiteful vexation at her own disappointment which has originated her decision to marry me to that man, still I am sure she thinks 'she is given to see' that it is for my best interest she is acting."

Eustace replied: "Well, think all the good of her you like, you cannot make me think it. But what will you do? Submit and go before the monthly meeting, or rebel?"

"Rebel!" she said, "I will not marry him; but how shall I act? Pray advise me."

"What would you think of marrying Weyburgh?" he asked, with a smile.

"I have refused him," she replied. But the tell-tale blood

mantled her cheek, and Eustace's question was answered as he expected.

"Go to bed now," said he, "come down to breakfast as usual. Go shopping too, if mother wishes it. Put them off their guard, and I will arrange the matter for you. You shall not be married to Moneymore, even if to escape from him, we are obliged to call in military aid. I met Weyburgh this evening, and he was planning all sorts of out-of-the-way plans to see you. He has something to say to you, which he assured me was of vital importance."

Susanna retired, but not to sleep. Fear, hope, and love agitated her mind, and banished the soft influence of "nature's sweet restorer." She spent the morning with her mother, going from shop to shop, scarcely speaking, but obedient to all her directions, and giving her opinion when asked for, as one after another addition to her already well-stocked wardrobe was being made. Eustace had gone out immediately after breakfast, and did not return till night. Ralph, too, had modestly absented himself.

Time passed slowly, and an aching head, added to the anxious care of her heart, inclined Susanna to seek her own apartment at an early hour. On her toilette lay a letter. It had not been there ten minutes before, when she had been in her room—no matter: first locking her door carefully, she read and re-read it. It was another, and a more earnest, entreaty from Captain Weyburgh, that she would consent to marry him without asking, or being refused, the approbation of her parents. The letter was written just at the time when she was undergoing the trying scene in the drawing-room, as already described, and Weyburgh was quite ignorant of the tyranny to which she was subjected. Susanna was well inclined to accede to the proposal now. When first made, although she knew that her affections were irretrievably gone, she shrank from the idea of a clandestine marriage—now, that was a trifling consideration, when weighed against a hateful union.

Stratagem and secresy were repugnant to Susanna's open, confiding temper, but she was compelled to adopt them. Jenefer watched her with unceasing perseverance, and had she had the remotest idea of the existence of a secret lover, she would not have allowed her to go out of her sight.

It was evening, a few days after the revelation of Jenefer's scheme, that Eustace asked Susanna to come and take a long walk with him. She promptly accepted the proposal. "I will go with you," said Jenefer.

"Indeed, you will do no such thing," said Eustace. "One woman is quite enough for me to take care of. I only asked Susanna," he added, to distract her attention, "because she looks so dolorous—almost as miserable as if she was sentenced to execution. Be quick, child," he said, "and do not put on your poke bonnet, or I won't have you, either."

Jenefer was mortified, but judged it wiser to say nothing; so she contented herself with a very pious shrug of her shoulders, turning up her eyes, and sighing deeply, to indicate her mourning in spirit over the wilful and ungracious objects of her "burdened travail."

Captain Weyburgh soon joined her brother and sister. He was too glad of the advantage it gave him to be very sorry when told of the Ralph Moneymore plot. He saw at a glance that his own star was in the ascendant, and to avail himself of the chance it gave him was the point to which he bent all his attention.

It is needless to repeat all that was said. Suffice it, the arrangements were made, and that day week, at eight o'clock in the morning, Susanna and her brother were met at the door of St. Peter's church, by the captain and his sister, who had come from London only the day before. She kindly embraced Susanna, told her she had long known her well, from her brother's description, and she assured her of a cordial welcome from all the Weyburgh family. Thus cheered, and upheld by her own strong confidence in the faith and love of

him to whose strong arm she now fled for protection, and her act approved of by her brother, the only member of her family whom she believed to be capable of forming a wise and independent judgment on any subject, Susanna tried to still the beating of her heart, and to stem the torrents which poured from her eyes; as now, without a father's benediction, or a mother's kiss of love, she spoke the solemn words which bound her for life to another. The ceremony ended, the husband and wife separated at the church door as they had previously arranged, Susanna and her brother returning home, their absence unnoticed, except by the servants.

Oh! what thoughts now whirled through the brain of the poor girl. She was no longer a quaker. She had broken through the hedge—had knelt in a church, and heard prayers read by one of the "tithe-mongering parsons." She was a wife, the wife of an officer—a soldier's bride—that vulgar thing, all covered with red and gold. She must soon leave her father's house. How should she part? Would they kiss and bless her, now that the past was irrevocable? Would they forgive her, and blame themselves for insisting on her marrying Ralph Moneymore? She wept much—then, feeling the ring which encircled her finger, she felt the necessity of concealing that token of her morning's employment. To a thread of black silk, suspended round her neck, she entrusted the precious treasure, and then, overcome by her feelings and long wakefulness, she lay down on the bed, and sunk into a heavy lethargic slumber.

CHAPTER XI.

"As baptism is putting on Christ, giving up our names to him, being admitted as his disciples, and a publick confession of his doctrine, so the renouncing of our baptism is as publick a disowning of him, and a formal apostasy from his religion."—LESLIE.

THE day preceding the monthly meeting on which Jenefer had arranged that her sister's presentation of marriage should take place, had now arrived. No further mention of that event had been made to Susanna, nor any opportunity afforded for her declaring positively, as she had resolved to do, that she would not submit to it. The preparations were carried on, but without speaking of the purpose designed; and as Susanna was quite willing to have a well supplied wardrobe, she made no objection whatever to fitting and trying on the numerous dresses which her mother had selected, and desired her to have made up. She had said when the Friends' bonnets were being ordered: "When I am my own mistress I will never wear one of them;" but even Jenefer smiled at this, for she judged that time would never come. Ralph's wife must be consistent, or how could he get on in the men's meeting? Besides, Jenefer quite meant to govern and dictate in her sister's house as well as in her father's.

Susanna's altered manner had been noticed, and given them all great pleasure. She was no longer miserable looking. A smile was often seen to wreathe itself in exquisite beauty round her mouth, as imagination led her to the scene of happiness her husband's tongue had so eloquently portrayed.

Her look of thoughtful anxiety, too, was only natural. Jenefer liked it, and told her mother she thought it very becoming in one so soon to assume the duties of a matron, and she trusted the weightier duties of a staid female Friend.

They were sitting round the tea-table, Eustace absent; he had only just left the house, thinking that as the whole day had passed over without mention of the monthly meeting or of the presentation, that the scheme was postponed for awhile, when Martha Sillington spoke as follows: "Susanna, dear, to-morrow will be an eventful day for thee. The presentation of marriage is a very serious event in thy life. I hope thou art endeavoring after that weighty feeling of solemnity which our precious discipline enjoins, and that thou hast sought after 'counsel and clearness.' I have observed a shrinking from even the mention of thy intended husband's name, which it seems to me thou hast almost carried beyond the extent of due modesty. I fear Ralph may be distressed by it, and I wish to say, that after to-morrow's ceremony there will be no occasion for thee to avoid his affectionate attentions. Indeed, I would desire thee to reciprocate them more decidedly than thou hast yet done. Cold manners in an affianced bride are unbecoming, and might be construed into heartlessness."

Jenefer, who never thought any one could "tender admonition" so cleverly as herself, now interposed and said: "It is very important that the appearance of bashfulness which Susanna knows so well how to assume, should not be carried so far as to offend the feelings of the Friend who has honored her with his choice. The dignity of woman, and that elevation in the scale of being which our Society affords to females, requires that the weakness which vain women so readily yield to, be overcome. A staid deportment at all times, and a resolute upholding of our firm determination is becoming to us, and when one of our members childishly gives way to tears and nervous tremblings, it brings discredit on us all in degree. We should show ourselves above such feebleness,

and so indicate by our deportment that we are helpmeets indeed."

Oh! how Susanna's heart beat now. The dreaded hour was come. It was well for her that she possessed some of that firmness of purpose and indomitable pride which Jenefer deemed so becoming in a woman. Still she could scarcely speak, with the choking fear of letting her situation be known. Almost inarticulately she said, "Mother dear, I have never consented to marry Ralph Moneymore. I distinctly told him I would never be his wife."

"Oh! but that does not signify at all," said her mother, smiling, but evidently anxious. "We told him thou would. He knows very well that thou wast only bashful, and he told me he likes thee all the better for it."

"But, mother dear, listen to me. I cannot marry him."

"Cannot!" said the mother. "Why? This is nonsense. It is well he is not here to listen to such a silly affectation of modesty. I hope to-morrow will see an end put for ever to thy childishness."

"Mother, dear mother," she said; "it is utterly impossible! I have told you all so, over and over again. No earthly power can force me to marry Ralph Moneymore."

"But thee must," answered her mother, very angrily. "All the needful arrangements are made. Thy aunt Stephenson and Reuben are prepared to accompany us to the monthly meeting. The clerks have had due notice served, and our guests are invited to dinner. I am ashamed of thee, indeed I am; but we will not suffer thee to make fools of us in this way. Yes, thee may cry as much as thee likes, but submit thee must; and after all, there is no use in going on so foolishly, for we all know very well that, in reality, thee is like every other young Friend, only too glad to be the favored of the whole meeting."

"Although you drag me into the monthly meeting, I cannot, and will not go through the ceremony. You cannot

make me speak the words," she said, and sunk weeping into an arm-chair. Jenefer, meantime, looked like the concentration of rage. She had not expected or prepared for such determination of purpose. The emphasis which Susanna had repeatedly placed on the words, "I cannot," had struck ominously on her ear, and originated an idea of the real state of the case. She had, before now, noticed the black thread round Susanna's neck, and asked "why she wore it?" Now she flew across the room, and madly snatching the thread up, showed the gold ring suspended on it. "Girl," she screamed, "what is this? Speak, I command thee; what does this mean?"

Susanna roused herself by a strong effort, seized the glittering object of her sister's wrath, and snapping the string, placed it upon her finger. A cold thrill passed through her frame, succeeded instantaneously by a burning glow, which seemed to give her strength of body needful in such a trying moment, and rendered her beauty as startlingly brilliant as a few moments before downcast and timid. "It means," she said in a low, musical, and tremulous voice, "that I am married already, father;" and she knelt before him. "Pardon me. They drove me to it. Father, dear father, one kind word, and I will tell thee all."

"My poor child," he began, placing his hand on her head; but Jenefer snatched it away, and putting her hand on his lips: "Be silent, father. This is no time for weakness," she said, or rather screamed. "Get up, out of that, wretched creature! On thy knees, like a Papist?" And she spurned the supplicating form of her lovely sister with her knee. "Get up out of that, I say, and confess at once what thee has done! who has thee married? Let there be no mock-modesty now—speak, I say! for know I will, who it is that has connived with thee to destroy the respectability of our family."

She paused for breath, and Susanna, casting a glance of most loving import to her mother, and still holding her fa-

ther's knee, now looked up, and with a heightened color, and a flashing eye, that rendered her beauty almost burning, spoke. Her voice was calm, and although her frame trembled with emotion, her words flowed in an unembarrassed stream. "Father—mother: I owe it to you to tell it all. Never daughter loved her parents with more fond affection than I love you."

"Hush!" interrupted Jenefer, "no canting: say the name of the man—there is nothing more wanting of thee."

Susanna neither looked at her or made any reply to her, but simply continued her tale. The parents listened, confounded and overwhelmed with unutterable dismay. No word of censure escaped their lips. They felt their own fault; their own hearts told them that the bow had been overstrained, and consequently the string had snapped. The contrast between their two daughters was never before so glaring. One looking like a proud discomfited demon, before whose malignant influence they shrunk, but dared not resist: the other, gentle, loving, and beautiful as angels, when we dream of their heavenly grace, kneeling before them, awoke only feelings of love and pity, and intense regret at the mad folly of the step she had taken to avert what they thought a small evil, if evil it was to be considered at all. She ceased, after telling everything except the name of her husband.

"Who is the man?" shouted Jenefer. "Be quick, and tell his name. Some low fellow, that thee is already ashamed of, of course; none but a low fellow would marry thee in such a disreputable way," and she laughed like a fiend in her passiŏn.

Susanna replied: "I will answer my father when he asks me."

"Answer me," she said. "He shall not open his lips to such a wretch, such a disgrace as thee is."

"Unless my father or mother ask me," said Susanna, "I will not reveal the name of my dear and honored husband."

"Tell me, my poor darling?" said the father.

She smiled sweetly, albeit sadly, as she took his hand, and kissing it, said, "Captain Henry Weyburgh, of the—Lancers."

He groaned, and lay back in his chair. The mother uttered a slight scream of horror, and shut her eyes, as if to shut out the dreadful news, whilst Jenefer raged with ungoverned fury. "Begone," she yelled; "begone, miserable creature leave the house thee has disgraced! A soldier—a vulgar soldier! My sister married to a common soldier! What will the Friends say? What will they think? I had a thousand times rather thee was dead. Go; leave the house, I say! Get up out of that," and she roughly caught Susanna's arm. "Off, off, and never let us see thy wicked face again!"

"Father," said Susanna, "am I to go? Dear father, speak, and tell me, must I leave thy house—now—it is very late, almost night—may I not remain until the morning, father? Until Eustace comes home, father? May I not, father?"

Jenefer had been whispering to her mother, she now started up, and said: "No; thee is a bad girl: go away at once and forever—go to the soldiers;" and tossing her head back, she laughed in the excess of her wrath, with that low cackling sound, which distorts the features, and gives the auditors a thrill of horror.

"Father," Susanna again began, but Jenefer caught her arm. "Go to thy room this instant—go!" and she dragged her to the door. "I will send for a car; and thee, go put on thy bonnet, and leave us."

Susanna went to her room. She hastily attired herself, and selecting a few necessary articles, was putting them in a trunk, whilst sadly thinking where should she go, when the door opened, and her father entered, with a tottering step and frightened look. Jenefer's step following rapidly, made Susanna instantly to turn the key in the lock; she thundered at the door, vociferating her commands to her father to let her in, or to come out himself.

He was almost overcome with fear and emotion; but still, his own parental love, and Susanna's pleading voice, upheld him. Speaking through the door, he said: "Jenefer, cease. Thee shall not come in. I will do what I choose. Go, stay with thy poor mother; Susanna will soon be ready to go." Then, embracing the poor trembler, he said, "I am not going to blame thee, darling. I blame myself much more; but they deceived me. May the Lord bless thee, and make thy husband kind to thee. Take this, dear," and he put a roll of bank-notes into her hand; "it is all I have by me—about fifty pounds. Go now to the hotel in Sackville-street: order apartments there, and, as soon as possible, write a note to thy husband, and bid him come to thee. Either Eustace or I will see thee to-morrow; and now, darling, farewell. Do not forget thy own fond father; and be sure he will never forget thee, or cease to love thee."

Again Jenefer's voice was heard. Her very step on the stairs indicated the fierce passion which now o'ermastered all her formal precision of manner. "Come," she shouted, "the car is at the door."

A fond kiss to her father, and whispered expression of gratitude for his kindness in forgiving her, and Susanna, who little expected such a loving and free pardon from him, with a lightened heart, opened the door, looking, to Jenefer's horror, as calm and self-possessed as ever. "Send one of the servants to carry this trunk, Jenefer," she said.

"Carry it thyself, or leave it," was the reply.

"No," said Susanna; "I will wait here until it is put in the car."

Jenefer was obliged to yield. Then, with a steady step, and a tearful eye, Susanna walked on. She halted at the parlor door. "I must bid my mother farewell," she said.

"No!" screamed Jenefer. "Thou shalt not."

"I will not go into the car, until I have seen my mother."

The father thrust Jenefer aside, and opened the parlor door

for her. She went over to the sofa, on which her mother was weeping. "Mother! dearest mother!" she said. "I am come to say farewell. Will thee forgive me, mother? Speak one word to me, dear mother, that I may remember forever; one kind word, mother, to thy own child?"

The mother raised herself, and looking with sadness on the suppliant, stretched out her hand; but Jenefer was by her side in a moment. "Mother," she said, "be firm. Let no infirmity of purpose lead thee to sanction such a disgraceful departure from our rules. It is thy duty to manifest a holy displeasure. Show this wicked young woman that thee, at least, is incapable of countenancing vice. Bid her go to the soldiers."

The mother did not articulate a word, except "Farewell!" She was afraid of Jenefer. Susanna, still holding her hand, kissed her lips, and she received a warm kiss in return, and a warm and affectionate pressure of the hand, which told the mother's feeling, so far as that weak-minded mother dared to own maternal love, in the presence of her tyrannical directress.

And now Susanna turned to leave the home of her infancy, alone, and at night. Her father handed her into the car, although Jenefer tried to pull him back into the house; and again and again he kissed, and invoked a blessing on her.

Scarcely had the sound of the wheels died away in the distance when Eustace returned home, impelled by one of those unaccountable and inexplicable impressions on the mind, which occasionally urge us to perform acts or to prepare for events of which we have had no previous knowledge. To find his mother in strong hysterics, his father wholly regardless of her, absorbed in his own agonizing reflections, Susanna absent, and Jenefer swelling with impotent rage, was indicative enough of the fact that Susanna's marriage was now discovered.

Eustace inquired the particulars as quietly as if he knew nothing about it; and Jenefer was rejoiced to tell them with her own peculiar coloring attached. "The unfortunate crea-

ture," she said, "has married a common soldier, and she is gone off to live in the barracks with him."

"'Tis false, Jenefer," said her father, sternly. "She has married a gentleman, a captain in the army, and she is now at the hotel in Sackville street." He then told Eustace of Jenefer's inhuman conduct. He blamed himself and his wife, and acquitted Susanna, saying, he would never forgive himself for having allowed Jenefer to tyrannize over her sister as she had done; or for having yielded to her suggestions, and fallen into the trap she had set for them. Then the poor man, reeling under the misery of his mind, fell to the ground in a violent fit of paralysis. Eustace hastened to procure medical aid, and the mother was effectually roused from her hysterical weeping by this demand for her prompt services. With a troubled heart and a faltering step she performed the requisite attentions.

Both parents shrunk from Jenefer. The spell was now broken. They saw her as she was, a passionate, malicious, envious, ambitious woman, self-opinionated and over-bearing. No longer the inspired minister, the channel whence flowed "best wisdom." They felt she had wrecked their happiness, and yet they blamed her not, for she was what they had made her; they had exalted her, and puffed her up by submitting to her "inspirations" on all occasions, and now sorrow of heart was their portion.

Susanna, having followed her father's directions, was soon joined by Weyburgh, whose delight at getting her away from the Friends at last was unbounded. She, too, was happy. The termination of her secret had been so infinitely better than her wildest hopes had anticipated—what signified the unpleasant part? that was over for ever. She had received her father's fondest blessing, and a kiss of reconciliation from her mother. The recollection was happiness in itself; and now love reigned triumphant—tears were easily wiped away, and replaced by the sunny smiles of hope.

The following morning Eustace called on them. He refrained from clouding Susanna's happy face by talking of her father's illness; but as they spoke of the scenes she had passed through the evening before, the tears again rose to her eyes, and would not be restrained. She mentioned the hope she cherished of seeing her father again, but he bade her not expect it, and reminded her how liable Friends were to be severely dealt with themselves, if they countenanced any one who "married out;" but said: "I will watch over your interests every way, and I doubt will Madam Jenefer conquer any more. Her sway over my father is ended for ever."

When Jenefer had assisted in attending on her father, and that her mother, almost exhausted by the events of the day, had retired to seek a sleepless pillow, she prepared to watch all night by the bed-side of the sick man. The silence was intense. She could not sink into nothingness now. No; the busy brain was whirling in a tempest of confusion. She was most unhappy. Her father had treated her as he never had before, since she became a preacher. The sting of wounded pride was piercing. Her authority had been contested; but for that, she could yet struggle. Her father's illness was peculiarly well-timed for her, as no Friend need know of the decline of her home influence; but how should she account to the meeting for what had happened? How inform Ralph? How put off the expected guests? And oh! more bitter far than all, how could she bear to have it known that she—the naturally strong-minded woman, the medium of especial communication for the whole Society with heaven, the family treasurer of "best wisdom"—had made so sad a mistake? Who would give her credit for spiritual discernment now, when she failed to act with even common sense in her own family? She had often boastingly told her own immediate companions how she was anxiously, and through much difficulty, securing her dear sister's best interests, by effecting her marriage with that worthy young man, Ralph Moneymore.

Confident of success in her scheme, she had made Susanna's disinclination to the connection a topic of conversation, that she might hereafter get credit for true wisdom, when the knot was indissolubly tied, and the galling chain had, as she believed it would, bent her victim into the resigned and calm appearance which so often covers up the wreck of happiness, and which is so often mistaken for content.

Besides this, Jenefer detested the army in an especial manner. In this she carried out the views of Friends to the letter. "Hired assassins," "red murderers," were they all; and George Fox, although he did try to prompt the Protector to the most bloody wars, had afterwards, when Charles the Second ascended the throne, and loyalty was politic, recorded in his journal that he "was sent of God to stand a witness against all violence, and against the works of darkness, wars," &c.

To be obliged to confess that her own brother-in-law was a soldier, was humiliating in the extreme. Again, Jenefer thought, would Susanna's conduct affect the acceptability of her ministry? It ought not, she thought, but Friends generally received with caution the lip offerings of those whose immediate relatives brought scandal on "the cause of truth."* No feeling of sisterly affection troubled the heart of this self-righteous schemer. No regret for the loss of Susanna personally troubled her. Her beauty being removed from such close contrast, was not an unpleasant reflection; but the attendant circumstances more than counteracted this slight gleam of comfort. But Jenefer must not sit thinking all night, she must act. Her father slept heavily now, therefore she supplied herself with writing materials at his bed-side, and commenced her task. First to Ralph. And hope mingled with her vexation, as she thought perhaps Ralph may cling to me for comfort now, as that pretty chit is for ever gone out of his sight. She would be very tender to him. Circum-

* "The cause of truth," in quaker language, means the cause "of quakerism."

stances warranted her addressing him as a dear brother; so she wrote to him thus:

"My very dear and esteemed Friend,

"I regret the necessity which lies upon me to communicate anything that might distress thee. I trust thou will recognise the hand of an over-ruling Providence in this dispensation. I am enabled to do so, and thereby greatly strengthened. My poor misguided sister has wandered from the fold. We have not yet heard how she was beguiled, but no extenuating circumstance can excuse her conduct. She has deceived us all. She is married to a common soldier, and gone off. My dear brother, for surely I may call thee by this endearing appellation, be comforted; she is not worthy of thee. Come to me and I will let thee know all the particulars. My father was so shocked by her unprincipled conduct, that he yielded too much to anger, although in such a case anger is righteous, and I am sorry to say he has an attack of paralysis. Friends must be informed of this at once. It will account for there being no presentation to-morrow at the monthly meeting, and we can arrange matters more leisurely afterwards. We are called on, dear Ralph, to evince great strength of mind, under the weight of this grievous dispensation, but I trust we shall experience an upholding, and be preserved from sorrowing over-much.

"Thy ever affectionate Friend and sister,

"JENEFER SILLINGTON."

Then she wrote to her aunt Stephenson, requesting her to inform the clerks of the meeting that her father had been suddenly seized with paralysis, and that therefore the ceremony was adjourned. To Peggy Austin she also sent a note, giving her such details as she wished should be circulated at the monthly meeting.

This necessary business transacted, Jenefer sunk back into her easy chair; she thought, and thought again, until tears at

last burst their strong barriers, and rolled in torrents down her cheeks. When had she wept before? Memory could not tell. Eustace had frequently said he believed the formation of her eyes was different from that of others, and that when she died, he would have a post-mortem examination made, to discover if the lachrymal duct was altogether deficient. Now it seemed as if the pent-up flood of years had suddenly overflowed; and Jenefer was softened by the unusual feeling. She resisted it as a duty attached to her office of minister, and incompatible with that stern strength of mind which she conceived evinced "the perfection" she had attained unto. She had made a grievous mistake, and all the meeting would know of it sooner or later. Pride was fallen; but pride will not stay long down. It is something of the nature of India-rubber, it will spring up again. Jenefer's soon rebounded back to its own abode, and only lay quiet until invigorated for another effort.

Susanna was soon settled in elegant lodgings, and introduced to a circle of acquaintances totally unlike any she had ever previously mingled with. The colonel's wife, Lady Harriet Murray, was aunt to Captain Weyburgh. She had been the confidante of her nephew's romantic love for the young quakeress, and had endeavored to dissuade him from indulging it, as an impossibility for himself, and even if possible, an unsuitable connection for either. Now, however, that the fact was accomplished, she resolved to befriend the young bride, and therefore all her influence was exerted to place Susanna in a favorable position. Her kind and affectionate manner was most gratefully appreciated; and her advice was esteemed, and considered as judicious as it was agreeable. That Weyburgh should get leave of absence, and take his bride and sister to London; introduce her to his family; and if, as she anticipated, a regimental life was not agreeable to Susanna, then that he should sell out, and, having ample property to do so, purchase an estate and live on it. One more interview with Eustace, one long visit from Paulina Bird, and Susanna left

her native land, ignorant of her father's illness, and rejoicing in his forgiveness and blessing—her brother's true affection—and delighting in the belief that her mother would think of her only with love and fondness. She laughed to think of Ralph's disappointment, and rather enjoyed the discomfiture of Jenefer; whilst to be away from the kind remarks of Friends was pleasant. She recollected that it would be an agreeable thing for them to have so exciting a topic for conversation, and one so capable of yielding protracted enjoyment, as the story of her extaordinary marriage into the army. There seemed to be no cause for regret on any side, and Susanna gladly welcomed the happiness which waited on her footsteps now.

Years rolled on. Susanna's rectitude of conduct, and amiability, secured her the respect and esteem of all her associates. Her husband almost idolized her, and gratified all her wishes with the most prompt affection, even although to do so his commission had to be given up; for Lady Harriet's opinion proved correct—Susanna could not reconcile her habits to the life of an army lady.

On one point, Captain Weyburgh had yielded to his wife sorely against his own conviction. This was the baptism of their children. With all the tenacity of quakerism, Susanna had maintained the inutility of such a ceremony. She attended church regularly, and had learned to love the Book of Common Prayer, once the object of her unmitigated contempt; but it was because her husband requested her to accompany him, and the beautifully-bound volume in her hand was his gift. He was a thoughtful man, and valued his commission in the army of the Lord far more highly than he did the epaulettes on his shoulders.

Susanna had greatly retrogaded in a serious point of view. Her mind, once so inquiring, now seemed impassive to religious impressions. She neither sat in silence waiting before the Lord, nor knelt in humble prayer, except in the public congregation. Her time and thoughts were all engrossed by her

husband—now becoming very delicate—her children, her house, and her large circle of acquaintance—friends, they called themselves. There was no room in her heart for God.

Her father had died in less than a year after her marriage. He had not completed his will; but Eustace, knowing his intentions, had acted strictly on them, and sent her the three thousand pounds originally set apart for her marriage portion. Her mother had also now sunk into the grave, having once, when Jenefer had gone to attend a distant quarterly meeting, taken the opportunity of her absence to send Susanna a valuable present, and a letter replete with love and blessings, entreating that no reply might be returned, nothing but a newspaper to indicate its safe arrival.

Eustace had gone to America, first settling two hundred pounds a year on Jenefer for her life, to revert to Susanna and her children at her death, for which this strong-minded Friend did not deign even to thank him, the reversion was so distasteful an addition to the gift.

Susanna had never entered into the vortex of fashionable life—its charms had no relish for her. Quiet, useful, and domestic was the round of her daily avocations; but her spiritual life was torpid, until the alarming fact of her beloved husband's near approaching death roused her feelings.

Consumption—an hereditary disease—had worked its slow and insidious way almost unperceived; and when at length medical aid was confessed to be useless, and the conscious invalid had himself informed Susanna of the parting so soon to be, she was overwhelmed with her distress, and in anguish of heart, and deep self-reproach, she listened, and bowed herself to the inevitable woe.

The silent watching at night, and the enforced calmness of demeanor by day, compelled Susanna now to resign that bustling activity which had so distorted her mental vision, and obscured her view of the unseen world. With horror she saw now how her years had been wasted on the earth and its at-

tractions. With terror she felt how she had neglected even the thought of her dear husband's salvation, and now she was ashamed to ask him, was he afraid to die? For if she had cared for his soul, why had she not interested herself about its welfare when there was time to do so? Death! death! the thought was appalling. Eternity was opening wide its portals for him she loved, to enter in, and which eternity was it to be—an eternity of happiness or of misery? She, too, must soon follow; and her darlings, her children, consumption was in their blood too. The foundation of Susanna's happiness was shaken; she felt the superstructure she had raised and rejoiced in, crumbling beneath her. She seemed falling and each she best loved seemed falling with her, into that dread abyss which she had been forewarned of, and been offered the means of escape from.

Agonized with the sense of her own unfaithfulness to the most important part of her duty as a wife, a mother, and a religious professor, Susanna silently wept as she performed the careful and tender duties of a nurse. No word escaped the lips of her dying husband that could satisfy her as to the state of his mind. His affection for her was manifested in a thousand ways. His entire reliance on her prudence, and his confidence in her uprightness, was now but a fresh wound to her heart, newly awakened to feel its own innate worthlessness—a more piercing sting to that conscience which had so long slumbered at its post, and was only aroused when too late to repair the evil which neglect had strengthened or created.

A worthy minister of religion had sought the sufferer's death-couch, and had spoken there those words which shed peace and an holy calmness on the hour of nature's dire extremity; but Susanna was not present. Exhausted with fatigue, she had sunk into a short forgetfulness of her trouble, and when she awoke the clergyman had gone away.

Lady Harriet, her most true friend, had been present, and told her of the comfort which Weyburgh had appeared to

receive, as they commemorated at his bedside the dying love of the Saviour of men, and how he had expressed his pleasure, that she, his wife was absent at the time, lest it might shock, or annoy the peculiar religious ideas she entertained.

The narration gave no comfort to Susanna. A death-bed ceremony—what could that do for an immortal soul? She shuddered to think her husband should seek to any mortal for aid, at such an awful moment. She longed to speak to him of Jesus, but her tongue was unused to speak the name, and would not obey her wishes. Besides, would not even Weybugh, her fond husband, who had ever acted to her, and spoken of her, as one superior to her sex, in all points; would not even he think her a hypocrite, should she, having never before done so, now speak on the state of his soul, or presume to point out to him the way of salvation? No—her tongue was tied. She would have given worlds to know was Jesus the Lord of his heart, but she could not bring herself to ask him.

Three days more, dragged their slow moments by, as in weary, watchful tears, and heart-breaking self-condemnation, Susanna sat beside the expiring form of her husband, none conscious of her mental suffering, none imagining that the calm, tearful exterior, covered up a chaos of conflicting and o'er-mastering thoughts. He beckoned her to his side, again blessed, and thanked her for the true love and affection with which she had made his life so happy; again praised her for the faithful performance of her duties as a wife and a mother, lacerating her heart by such commendation, which she knew in its highest sense was most undeserved; and then, as a last favor, asking her, for his sake, to permit their children to be baptized. "Grant me your promise, Susanna, dear?" he said; "you little know what an ease to my mind it would be, had I seen that Christian duty performed at their births for our darlings."

"It shall be, dearest," she replied. "Do you wish anything else?"

"Yes," he murmured faintly; "I do wish that you too were baptized."

"Oh! do not ask me that," she said: "How could I submit myself to such a rite?"

"Well, dearest," he said, "I must not urge it on you. I know you will do what is right, and you understand more than I do; but will you sometimes think of my wish on the subject? Farewell, true and faithful, most lovely and beloved wife, farewell. We shall meet again in the realms of glory, and you will bring our children with you." The last effort was made, and Henry Weyburgh, in his thirty-ninth year, gently sighed, and so passed from time to eternity.

Susanna performed her duties mechanically. She smiled through her tears on her children. She was most gracious to her numerous kind visitors, but she was utterly miserable in the consciousness of her own sinful disregard of the welfare of those immortal souls, over which she had been entrusted with influence.

Before long, it was necessary to search for some papers concerning property matters, and Susanna shut herself up in her poor Henry's room, resolved to perform the task herself. Amongst his papers she found a sealed letter addressed to herself. It had been written about a month before his death. In it he entreated her forgiveness for concealing from her, in some degree, the state of his affairs, which were much embarrassed, from different causes, all which were mentioned. He could not bear to distress her, he said. The letter also told how, unwilling to say anything which might jar against her religious feelings, he had suffered much regret at the want of Christian communion. He mourned the chasm which educational differences had originated between him and the beloved of his heart; and whilst he most humbly depreciated his own spiritual attainments, and cast himself entirely as a worthless and lost sinner, wholly dependent on the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, the Saviour of men, he gave her credit for ad-

vanced spiritual holiness, and deemed her silence on the subject of religion was the natural result of her peculiar dogmas. He spoke of the comfort he had derived from prayer, and entreated her to teach his children to kneel before the footstool of the Almighty, for, he wrote, "they may not be able to attain to your standard of holiness, and I owe all my comfort now, in the prospect of death, to the habit of prayer, which my mother taught me when a child. When I felt my lost state, and found you, dear Susanna, averse to speaking on religious subjects, I came to my closet, and kneeling, sought and found the angel of the Covenant, who has, I humbly believe, redeemed me from mine iniquity."

This letter was balm to Susanna's mind. Her Henry was safe in the City of Refuge. His trust had not been placed in mere ceremonies; man was not his Saviour. And she was humbled to the dust by the unmerited praise which he had bestowed on her, and the bitter consciousness of her own backsliding. She knelt, and prayed, and wept before the Lord. She renounced her treacherous self, and asked for guidance. "Search the Scriptures," sounded in her ear. She started, and looked around. Was it but memory recalled the words of the text? It seemed something more; but enough, she would search.

CHAPTER XII.

"Those essential points of doctrine on which the Society is divided admit of no compromise. Nothing is more prejudicial to the mind, in reference to religion, than settling down upon a conventional or traditional faith, and thus accepting, as gospel truth, that which is asserted to be such, without examining the grounds on which these assertions rest. This believing by proxy may be better suited to the natural indolence of man, than a diligent and prayerful examination of Holy Scripture; but the one will keep the mind in a state of dangerous ignorance, accessible to every error, while the other will make us 'wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus.'"—RICHARD BALL.

IT was soon evident that Susanna must leave her elegant home, and learn to accommodate herself to comparatively straitened circumstances. The privations attendant on loss of wealth, however, scarcely cost her a sigh. Her happiness was not dependent on riches. To educate her three children, and live in the utmost privacy, was her wish; and to prepare herself and them for the hour when they should be called to meet their lost one, was her business now on earth. Having renounced all self-dependence, and resolved to trust to the Saviour of men alone for deliverance, her self-accusation now took another very plausible phase. She felt she had grievously erred in doing nothing: that her faith was fruitless—a mere barren stock. Now, she would co-operate with the Spirit, and, in her warmth of feeling, she hurried into the common mistake, that her co-operation was essential to her soul's salvation. Owing to her very imperfect religious education,

she had great difficulty now in forming her own mind; and it was often painful to find that her well-intended resolves were fallacious—her best efforts unproductive.

She settled in a small cottage near the Islington Road, London. The gay friends of the captain's beautiful and wealthy lady had fallen away from the poor widow and her children. Lady Harriet Murray alone remained true as ever, and more kind and deferential than before. She knew of the heart-struggle going on: she knew of the high resolve; and she saw that the clouds of adversity were a necessary preparation for the sunshine of true peace; and that the bodily exertion demanded of Susanna, would be useful in strengthening the vigor of her resolution. She frequently visited the cottage, and one day brought with her the rector of the parish —a good old man. Susanna had often been in company with clergymen; but this was the first really pastoral visit she had received.

After some preliminary conversation, in which his true Christian kindness was developed, Susanna, knowing the purpose for which Lady Harriet had introduced him, and having resolved to trust no longer to her own feelings, told him of her deceased husband's wish, that her children should be baptized, and added that it was now her wish to have the ceremony performed.

Mr. Reynolds, in surprise, inquired how it happened that it was not already done; and begged her to state why she had neglected compliance with this ordinance of Christ?

Susanna would have preferred saying nothing on the subject. Henry had requested that his children should be baptized, and his dying request was almost sacred in her eyes; but when told of her having been a quaker, Mr. Reynolds urged her to inform him why the Friends so determinately refuse baptism, and why they consider a ceremony which the Lord Jesus, who is our example in all things, himself observed, as so wrong, that they even expel from amongst them, any

who may think it a duty to obey the Scriptures on this point? "Pray tell me, my friend," said he, "what has originated this departure from the universal practice of the Christian church?"

"Friends have many objections to water-baptism," replied Susanna. "They say, 'that being an outward ceremony, and a relic of Judaism, it is no part of the spiritual dispensation of the gospel of the New Testament.' Also, 'that it is plainly repugnant to right reason, as well as to the Scripture testimony, to affirm that to be a spiritual ordinance now which was a carnal ordinance before.' Also, 'that the text upon which the whole superstructure of water-baptism rests, is Matt. xxviii. 19, and that there is nothing to prove that water is here meant, since the text is silent about it.'" (*Barclay on Baptism*, p. 435.)

"But," said Mr. Reynolds, "how do you understand St. Peter's exhortation in his sermon, Acts ii. 28, 'Repent, and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins?'"

"Friends say, that 'Peter may have meant water, but that 'we are to keep Christ's commands alone,' and as that does not mention water, they do not feel bound to adopt the usual interpretation of it. 'It remains to be proved,' says Barclay (page 448), 'that he did it by virtue of his commission, or that Peter's baptizing some with water makes it a standing ordinance of his church.'

"But the origin of Friends' refusal of the rite of baptism is to be found in the first few pages of George Fox's 'Journal.' The Scripture arguments of Barclay are only for the purpose of more firmly establishing his pre-determination. When he was yet quite a young man, he tells us, that, on many different occasions, the Lord, in an especial manner, opened up his understanding to the true meaning of the Bible. He did not know the Bible at the time; but that afterwards he found that, *if spiritually understood*, the Bible was quite in accordance with the revelations previously made to him. He says, 'In

the year 1648, as I was sitting in a Friend's house in Nottinghamshire, I saw there was a great crack to go through the earth, and a great smoke to go as the crack went, and that after the crack there should be a great shaking. This was the earth in people's hearts, which was to be shaken before the seed of God was raised out of the earth.' Then he had many other especial heavenly revelations; he says, 'I saw the states of both priests and people, of physicians and lawyers, how the physicians were out of wisdom, the lawyers out of equity, and the priests out of faith: the Lord said unto me I was to bring them off from all the world's fellowships, prayings, and singings, which stood in forms without power.' He enumerates a long list of things, and amongst them was 'baptisms, and sprinkling of infants, which put the priests, professors, and people of all sorts into a rage; but many people felt the weight of truth's testimony.'"

"I was not before aware," said Mr. Reynolds, "that the Friends claimed miraculous revelations of the Divine will for their peculiar doctrines. Is it not a sign of Anti-Christ, to claim or need a foundation beyond what God has revealed to us in the Holy Scriptures?"

"Every single one of Friends' peculiar doctrines and practices has been the subject of an especial revelation to George Fox, or his contemporaries," replied Susanna. "The 'thee' and 'thou,' the hat, &c. &c., are each particularized in the first twenty-four pages of his 'Journal,' as being so needful to salvation as to need a peculiar and visible manifestation to him of the Lord's will."

"And are you, my friend," said Mr. Reynolds, "so sure of the reality of these visions, as to cling to George Fox's teaching on them all, including even the subject of baptism?"

"No," she replied, "I have long ceased to give any credit to the miracles of George Fox, and his very assumption of immediate converse with God, and of miraculous power to discern spirits, cure diseases, shake the spires of the churches, &c.,

&c., has inclined me to doubt the truth of any of the doctrines he taught, so far as they are exclusively his. Besides, the flagrant cheat he practised on his followers in publishing 'The Battle-door,' a folio volume, or 'The Thee and Thou,' in which he pretended to have the gift of tongues, shows that he was a most unprincipled man. There are, I think, thirty-two languages in it, and for a long time it was thought his work, although every one knew he was only an illiterate journeyman shoemaker; for in the Introduction he says, 'All languages are to me but dust, who was before languages were.' Yet the truth came out, even in his life-time, for a certain Jew, in London, told that George Fox had paid him 'three-score pounds in new crowns for the bit of Hebrew that was in it.'"—Leslie, p. 15.

"Still you think it your duty to renounce baptism at his desire?"

"His opinion does not influence me," she replied, "but baptism appears to me so very trivial an act, that I cannot understand why so great importance is attached to it. A few drops of water can do neither good nor harm; but if we use them, it seems as if we considered there was some charm in them."

"A trivial act," repeated Mr. Reynolds. "True, most true, yet not more trivial than that which lost the world. To pluck and eat a fruit was a trivial act also. Was it not? Ah! my friend, it is not the importance of the act itself, it is the spirit of obedience that is tested by the command. If you command your son to pick up a stone by the way-side, and he refuses, because the stone appears worthless in his eyes, would you be satisfied with such a reason for disobeying your positive command? 'My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it? how much rather then when he saith to thee,—wash and be clean?'"

"Surely," said Susanna, "you do not believe that water can wash away sin?"

"Water in itself cannot cleanse from sin," he replied; "neither could all the waters of Jordan, of themselves, have cleans-

ed Naaman of his leprosy; yet when God made use of His creature water, then, in His hand, it became powerful to heal, and even so now. He is all-powerful to cause water, at His command, to purge away the sin of man; and in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, He has commanded us to use it now."

"Friends argue," said Susanna, "that if water-baptism had been an ordinance of the gospel, then the Apostle Paul would have been sent to administer it; but he positively declares, 'That Christ sent him not to baptize but to preach.'" (1 Cor. i. 17.)

"That does not follow," said Mr. Reynolds. "Saint Paul speaks, in that very chapter, of baptism as being an appointed ordinance of the Church of Christ; the administration of it was not especially committed unto him, although he did perform it; and observing how an undue prejudice in favor of the rite, if received at his hands, was springing up, he hastened to check that superstition, and to disavow all personal connection with the sacrament, which should ever stand, not in the name, or to the honor of Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, but of Christ alone.

"Do you think it probable that those eleven disciples who actually heard Christ speak the words, 'Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost,' would know exactly what he meant? That they understood Christ to mean water is evident, for Peter, soon after, desired the whole multitude, who, pricked to the heart by the consciousness of their sins, cried out, 'Men and brethren, what shall we do?'—to 'repent and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins;' and Peter would not, in the presence of the other disciples who were with him, and had heard the Lord speak the command, had there been any doubt in the mind of any one of them of what was meant, have added, as the consequence of their being baptized with water, 'and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.'"

"Do you mean," said Susanna, "that salvation is dependent upon water-baptism! Is not the baptism of the spirit sufficient, without the outward sign?"

"That is quite a different question," he replied. "If Christ commands His disciples to be baptized with water, then it is clearly their bounden duty to obey His commands, without any reference to the intrinsic value of the act; without any hesitation because of its apparently trifling nature. George Fox's teaching in this respect, is undoubtedly opposed to the Bible; yet, as we read in Matthew, v. 19, 'Whosoever, therefore, shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven,' we may hope that the ignorant and deluded followers of Fox will be included in that number at least; but it is a fearfully dangerous experiment, for any to try how far they may disobey the commands of their Maker, and yet be permitted to dwell in His house. It argues little for the love of a child, that he wishes to set at nought even the most trivial command of a kind parent.

"If you adopt a child into your family, and require him to add your name to his, as a mark of that adoption, as a covenant, that in return for his love and obedience as a child, you bestow upon him all the privileges of your house, and make him your heir, and that he agrees to all you require, except taking your name, would you consider him a true and faithful child of adoption? or, rather, could you avoid feeling, that in his reservation of obedience on one point, there was a latent principle of disregard, and unchildlike resistance of your authority? The Lord Jesus has covenanted with us, that if we believe in Him, and are baptized into His name, we shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, and we shall be saved. This baptism must be received at the hands of our fellow-men. 'Ye' are to baptize—'I' will give you the Holy Spirit. Whether people are regenerated or not by water-baptism, is not the question. We believe that they who are baptized, where sol-

emn prayer is made, and the covenant entered into with a true heart and a full purpose, are, indeed, in a fit state for the reception of salvation; and that it is only by their own wilful neglect of the blessings and privileges offered to their acceptance, that their soul's salvation is endangered; yet, just as the child of adoption may despise the offered home, and wander away to his own ruin, even so may the baptized child of God renounce the covenant, turn from his God, and be lost. It really appears to me that the Friends' refusal of the rite of water-baptism proceeds from a deeper source than appears on the surface of these objections. As it is only a spiritual *something* in themselves, which they call Christ, that they worship, it is only natural that they do not need to obey the literal command of a literal Christ; they do not bow before the 'man approved of God,' and therefore they reject his badge of discipleship.

"The doctrine of Friends," said Mr. Reynolds, as he turned over the leaves of "Barclay's Apology," which Susanna had handed him, "on the communion of the body and blood of Christ is, I perceive, in the same manner, an elaborate attempt to support a pre-determined view of the subject. He seems to conclude that there cannot be a true spiritual feeding upon Christ, if there is any outward rite attached to it; just as he argues, that there cannot be a spiritual baptism if there is also an elemental. If this line of argument were extended to each of Christ's commands, it would do away with the moral law; for, whilst an outward observance of each separate law is required, our Lord tells us that the spiritual nature of the Gospel dispensation requires a heart service and purity far beyond that of the mere letter of the law. The Lord Jesus commanded, 'Do this in remembrance of me.' The words are very simple. Something, certainly, was to be done, and because Romanists and Protestants have each interpreted these words differently, therefore Barclay says (page 466), 'The reason of all this contention is, because they have not a clear under-

standing of the mystery, and were doting about shadows and externals. For both the ground and matter of their contest lies in things extrinsic from, and unnecessary, to the main matter. And this hath been often the policy of Satan, to busy people, and amuse them with outward signs, forms, and shadows, making them contend about that, while, in the meantime, the substance is neglected. Yea, and in contending for these shadows, he stirs them up to the practice of malice, heat, revenge, and other vices, by which he establisheth his kingdom of darkness among them, and ruins the life of Christianity. For there have been more animosities and heats, about this one particular, and more bloodshed and contention than about any other.' 'Now, all these uncertain and absurd opinions, and contentions therefrom arising, have proceeded from their all agreeing in two general errors: 1st. That it is an ordinance of Christ; and, 2d. An appointed means of grace. For want of a pure and spiritual understanding, men sought to tie this Supper of the Lord to that ceremony used by Christ before His death, of breaking bread, and drinking wine with His disciples' (page 464). 'Which, being denied and receded from, as they are by us, there would be an easy way of reconciliation, and we should all meet, in one spiritual and true understanding of this mystery' (page 467). 'That were, indeed, an easy way to reconcile the difference between the church of Christ and its enemy," said Mr. Reynolds, "to neglect the performance of a duty, because some perform that duty improperly. The Friends, were hard set for an argument in favor of their spiritual interpretation, when they thus cut the gordian knot of Christ's command, with the sharp pen of Friend Barclay.

"Will you be so good now, my friend," said Mr. Reynolds, "as to tell me on what grounds the Friends reject prayer and the reading of the Scriptures in their meetings for worship?"

"They say," she replied, "that all true and acceptable worship must be spiritual, and can only be performed as the Spirit

of God shall move or inspire our hearts; and they say 'that a liturgy, or prayers, conceived extempore, are but superstition, will-worship, and abominable idolatry in the sight of God.' (Barclay, Prop. 11.) Also, 'that the Scripture prohibits prayers and preachings, but as the Spirit moveth thereunto' (page 394), and that now 'idolatry doth hug its own conceivings; but that no form of worship but the Spirit was prescribed by Christ. That even the Lord's Prayer was commanded to the disciples while they were yet weak, before they received the dispensations of the Gospel—not that they should use it in prayer, but that he might show them, by one example, how that their prayers ought to be short.' (page 372.)"

Mr. Reynolds asked, "Have the Friends given any reference to the Bible to prove this assertion, which is so opposite to the directions which the apostle gave Timothy, when instructing him how the public worship of the Christian church was to be conducted?"

"Oh, yes," said Susanna, "Barclay says, 'Job sat silent seven days with his friends, together—here was a long silent meeting.' He also quotes Ezra ix. 4, and Ezekiel xiv. 1, and xx. 1."

"Strange references indeed are those to give," said he. "Are you sure you have taken them correctly?"

"Yes," she answered; "and Barclay, you see, thinks them conclusive, for he adds: 'Thus, having shown the excellency of this worship, proving it from Scripture and reason,' &c. In a previous page on the same subject, he refers to Acts ii. 1, as authority for silent meetings. I have heard Friends, when preaching, quote other texts to prove the doctrine, such as, 'There was silence in heaven for half an hour,' therefore silent meetings were heavenly and holy, and fit worship for our heavenly Father. And again, 'Keep silence before me, O islands, and let the people renew their strength.' This was to prove that silent meetings were specially required in these the British islands. George Fox declared it was a part of his commission from the Lord 'to famish people from words.' ('Journal,'

page 58.) A favorite text with the quaker preachers in George Fox's day, was, 'Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree;' their *spiritual* explanation of this was *hangeth on the tree of knowledge;* and from that they argued that all scriptural or other learning was a cursed thing. Modern quakers often speak of learning as a thing to be avoided."

"I think, in quoting Barclay, you said he had proved his theory both from Scripture and from reason. You have given me the Scripture; oblige me with his proofs from reason, now."

"I will repeat them," she replied. "'The excellency of this silent waiting upon God doth appear, in that *it is impossible for the enemy—viz. the devil, to counterfeit it.* Now in all other matters he may mix himself with the natural mind of man; and so, by transforming himself, he may deceive the soul. Altar, prayers, pulpit, study, cannot shut the devil out: he can accompany the priest to the altar, the preacher to the pulpit, the zealot to his prayers, yea, the doctor and professor of divinity to his study; and there he can cheerfully suffer him to labor and work among his books, yea, and help him to find out and invent subtle distinctions and quiddities, by which both his mind, and others through him, may be kept from heeding God's light in the conscience, and waiting upon him; but when the soul comes to be wholly silent, and, as it were, *is brought to nothingness* as to her own workings, *then the devil is shut out*—he is sure that the devil is shut out' (pages 378, 379). And in the next page: 'The excellency of this silent worship doth appear in that it can neither be stopt nor interrupted by the malice of men or devils, as all others can.'"*

* In an old poem of the Hindoos, entitled "Bhagavad-Gita," silence is recommended as a religious exercise, superior to prayer, almsgiving, attendance at temple, &c., for the god Chrisna. Admitting that these actions are good, so far as they go, it says—"*But he who, sitting apart, gazes fixedly upon one object until he forgets home and kindred, himself and all created things—he attains perfection.*" (See "Chambers' Journal," July, 1852.) So that Friends' "solemn, silent, spiritual waiting for nothingness," is but a revival of an old heathen practice.

"It would appear that quakers—or, I should say, Friends, as I believe quaker is considered a term of reproach—consider that a silent meeting is for certain a season of spiritual worship; but it may not be so. The body may be still without the spirit being engaged in worship."

"Friends do not think so," said Susanna. "There are always "weighty or concerned Friends' present; and Barclay says (page 364)—'If one only is watchful, and keeps his place, he will feel a secret travail for the rest, in a sympathy with the *seed* which is oppressed in the others, and the rest will find themselves secretly smitten without words; just as a little water thrown into a pump brings up the rest, whereby *life* will come to be raised up in all, and the vain imaginations brought down; and such a one is felt by the rest to minister life unto them without words.'

"I never felt this when I was in the habit of attending meetings," added Susanna; "but I never was able to get into *nothingness*, although I tried hard for it; nor do I know what the '*life*' means. Queer things were felt and seen too, it is said, in the meetings of the early Friends. But it is a mistake to think that Friends consider the word quaker a term of reproach. Barclay says (page 367), 'They rejoice in the name;' and George Fox, the greatest authority of all, said that 'quaking was the great power of God.'

"Barclay's description of the quaking, which Friends consider a mark of holiness, is curious. He says (page 367),—'Sometimes the power of God will break forth into a whole meeting, and there will be such an inward travail, while each is seeking to overcome the evil in themselves, that *by the strong contrary workings of these opposite powers*, like the going of two contrary tides, *every individual will be strongly exercised, as in a day of battle, and thereby trembling and a motion of body will be upon most*, if not upon all, which, as the power of truth prevails, will, *from pangs and groans*, end with a sweet sound of thanksgiving and praise.'

"Were it not for this description of Robert Barclay's, I should have imagined the accounts recorded by individuals of their own experience in the matter had been exaggerated. Francis Higgins, in his 'Brief Narration of the Irreligion of the Northern Quakers,' page 15, tells us: 'Those in their assemblies that are taken with these quaking fits, fall suddenly down, as it were in a swoon, as though they were in epilepsy, and lie grovelling on the earth, struggling as it were for life, and sometimes more quietly, as though they were departing. While the agony of their fits is on them, their lips quiver, their flesh and joints tremble, their bellies swell as though blown with wind; they foam at the mouth. . . . . When the fit leaves them, they roar out horribly, with a voice greater than the voice of a man; the noise is a fearful noise; it is a very horrid, fearful noise, and greater sometimes than any bull can make.'"

"That description," said Mr. Reynolds, "is just what we might suppose would be, if the unfortunate victims of this sad delusion were actually possessed with devils."

"It is, indeed, very similar," said Susanna, "to the Scriptural account of such; but it certainly agrees also with Robert Barclay's; and numerous cases should be cited of Friends so circumstanced. John Gilpin, of Kendal, who was one of the contemporaries of George Fox, and a convert of his, wrote an account of his delusion, which is attested by the mayor and minister of Kendal. He called it, 'The Quaker Shaken,' printed in 1653. He was, by the great mercy of God, recovered from his monstrous possession, and returned to the church he had forsaken. He says, he earnestly desired to have the quaking and trembling fits, thinking, as Friends had taught them, that they were the manifestation of the light and life dwelling within him.* At last, they came upon him so vio-

* Barclay tells us in his "Apology," p. 365, that he himself was not converted to quakerism by strength of argument, by doctrine, or by any convincement of his understanding, but entirely by a mysterious *secret power* which entered into him, and so knit him to the rest; and,

lently that he could not stand, but fell down, trembling, quaking, howling, and crying, in such a terrible and hideous manner, as astonished all his family. He was pleased with this, thinking it to be the pangs of the new birth. The night following, he was troubled with terrible dreams and visions; and laying awake, he says: 'I sensibly perceived something lighting upon my neck, giving me a great stroke, which caused me much pain; after that, another; and so a third, and a fourth; each stroke being less than the former, till it came to the middle of my back; and then I thought that something entered into my body, which I persuaded myself, at Satan's instigation, to be the Spirit of God descending upon me like a dove, and entering into me.' When John Audland was preaching, soon after, he says: 'I was thrown down from the chair in which I sat, in the midst of the company, where I lay all night, in which time my body and all the members of it were still in motion; I being turned from my back to my belly, and so back several times, and making crosses with my legs one over the other; my hands, also, were carried to and fro upon the ground by a convulsive power, as if I had been writing upon the ground. I was persuaded this was the immediate power of Christ; and heard, to my thinking, a voice, saying, 'that writing with my hand upon the ground, did signify the writing of the law within my heart.' I moved my hands to my head, and heard a voice, saying, '*Christ in God, and God in Christ, and Christ in thee.*' After which, I was raised, and set upon my feet; then it bade me 'be humble,' and that brought me to my knees; and with a whispering voice, it said, 'Stoop low—low;' and having stooped with my face on the ground, it said: 'Take up thy cross, and follow me.'

he adds, that any proselyte who should join the Society from a mere convincement of the understanding to the truths Friends maintain, would be valueless, unless they also felt this *inward life*, without which none can worship with them. It is considered to be a sign of degeneracy, that those extreme quakings have ceased; although, when ministers are first beginning to speak, they invariably have slight attacks.

Whereupon I went to a fiddler's house, and *odd pranks were acted.* I acted not by a power of mine own, neither did I resist: I was passive.' From the fiddler's, he paraded the streets, in company with William Dodding, another Friend, proclaiming as he went, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life.' George Fox had these acts under his own immediate notice; yet he did not consider them improper. In his 'Great Mystery,' page 299, he says: 'It was the devil who was made to tremble in Gilpin—it was not the devil who made Gilpin to tremble.'* In Leslie's 'Theological Works,' vol. ii., there are many such instances, recorded on the testimony of men who had been mercifully recovered from their fearful delusion.

"To show you that Barclay is quite correct when he states that the 'quaking reached to strangers coming into the meetings, even to little children,' I will relate the story of Mr. Giles Firman, a minister in Essex, ann. 1656, 8 mo. 19—1654: 'At the earnest desire of some Friends, I went with John Ward and Anthony Hunter, to a meeting of the deluded souls called quakers, at John Hunter's of Benfieldside, in the county of Durham, where I found about twenty persons sitting all silent. After we had been a while all mute, the Lord moved me to arise and call upon his name by prayer. I was no sooner up, but my legs trembled greatly, so that it was some difficulty to stand; but after I had prayed a short space the trembling ceased. While I prayed to God as a creator, there was but little disturbance; but when I cried in the name of Jesus Christ, my mediator, God in my nature, now in the highest glory appearing and interceding for His saints, then the Devil roared in the deceived souls in a most strange and dreadful manner, some howling, some shrieking, yelling, roaring, and some had a strange con-

* In his "Journal," p. 113, G. Fox says—"Gilpin ran out from the truth into vain imaginations, and people made evil use of him against us;" but it was not until Gilpin left the Society, and also published the account of his delusion, that G. Fox thought fit to notice these imaginations as censurable.

fused kind of humming singing noise. Such a representation of hell I never heard of, nothing but horror and confusion. After I had done praying, (not opening my eyes before), I was amazed to see about the one half of those miserable creatures so terribly shaken, with such violent, various motions, that I wondered how it was possible some of them could live. In the midst of this confusion, one of them asked me if I were come to torment them. To whom I applied this word (Matthew viii, 29.) And while I spoke something of faith, they declared that they were come to the faith of devils, (James ii. 19), but that we were not attained to such a faith. After two hours we departed, one of them cursing me with these words; 'All the plagues of God be upon thee.'

"John Tolderoy's book, called 'The Foot out of the Snare," printed 1656, tells of his delusion. He joined George Fox's disciples, as Robert Barclay, and with him, the Friends to the present day, say, converts ought to join the Society by the working of '*a secret power*.' Tolderoy's narrative tells of the most astonishing possession of the devil, in which he was held after a conversation, even to the apparition of evil spirits dancing and singing about him, directing him what to do, and encouraging him in the principles of quakerism, chiefly to adhere to the light within, which he would find a superior guide to Scripture, as being the same spirit which gave forth the Scriptures, and telling him that he was as infallible as any of the prophets and apostles, he having the same spirit that they had. He tried to perform miracles, to light sticks by blowing on them, thinking the heat, or life, or light in him would proceed to them. This failed, and he writes: '*But in the end, not being able to do it, I was extremely troubled that I, the Christ of God, should fail in the performance of a miracle, since so many miracles were wrought by him that was a figure of me.*' Friend Tolderoy tells how he went on to imitate our Saviour's agony, crucifixion, death, burial, and resurrection, &c.

"It is sad to find that Tolderoy's dread of the persecution with which Friends invariably punish those who expose their

system, induced him to put *his foot again into the snare.* He wrote, by desire of the Society, a refutation of his first work, entitled, 'The Snare Broken.' In that he confirms the facts, but insists that he made a mistake in supposing it was an evil spirit which prompted him to perform and say such dreadful things, for that he now knew it was a good and true spirit. He also says, the spirits came to him 'in the form of flies.'"

Susanna's conversations with Mr. Reynolds, and her careful and prayerful study of the Holy Scriptures, led to the usual result. She saw the fallacy of Barclay's reasoning, and that to uphold the peremptory and fanatical teaching of George Fox was his object. As she narrated to Mr. Reynolds the several instances of delusion from which she had escaped, a light beamed on her own understanding. The example of the Lord Jesus seemed more forcibly commended to her than ever before, (1 Peter ii. 21). These fanatics taught that His holy example was not to be a guide to us in all things, and she remembered how, within the last few years in "The Beacon" by Isaac Crowdson, the quaker doctrine in this respect was tested, and shown to be the same to-day as it was in the days of George Fox, by the simple fact that if a quaker believes it to be his duty to be baptized simply in conformity to the example of the Lord, he is immediately expelled from the Society, as one who "has departed from the truth as it is in Jesus." Susanna therefore renounced, and forever, this, the last vestige of quakerism, which clung to her, as it does to so very many who leave the Society of Friends, with a most unaccountable tenacity.

If the Lord Jesus Christ were now on earth, he could not be a quaker. The Friends would disown him, and say, he had "departed from the truth as it is in Jesus," He having neglected to uphold "the precious testimony against water-baptism, which our worthy predecessors were given of the Lord to establish."

"Our blessed Lord's example in reading the Scriptures at

the time of public worship, is also set at nought by the Friends; they would disown him for that act also, were he now on earth; for they can hold no fellowship with any one who practises 'superstition,' will-worship, and abominable idolatry in the sight of God, by beginning and ending worship at his own pleasure, and doing or leaving undone as himself seeth meet." (*Barclay's "Apology," page* 351.)*

"The Saviour's example in singing a hymn is also an offence to the Society of Friends. He would have been 'dealt with' for this 'reprehensible act.' George Fox came to call people from 'singing,' and Friends think that as hymns are the utterance of holy feelings, therefore they 'are great and horrid lies in the sight of God, because the very people who sing will also confess that they are guilty sinners.'" (*Barclay, page* 416.)

As soon as Eustace Sillington had heard of his sister's widowhood, and her consequent loss of fortune, he wrote most warmly inviting her to cross the Atlantic, and take up her abode with him in New York. To this she agreed. It was necessary she should visit Dublin before departing, and with a heart pulsating with many a fond, and many a painful feeling, she entered the city, where still the image of her father lingered in her eyes; where, twelve years ago, she had been expelled his roof, but with his fondest blessing.

Jenefer was still unmarried. She was a minister "in good esteem and unity," although she had only what Friends call

* In the London Yearly Meeting for 1852, it appears that the Durham Quarterly Meeting proposed that the general advices of the Society should be read aloud in meetings *once a year.* "The proposal was repudiated, as an insuperable objection seemed to some in its having the appearance of setting a higher value and authority upon the said advices than upon the Scriptures. Were a beginning once made in this direction, where, it may well be queried, are we to end? By-and-bye we might have the Scriptures read (!!!) It would thus be difficult to prevent a greater evil (!!!)—*the rise of an idea that Friends had found out that their views as to silent meetings for worship were erroneous.*"—"The British Friend," 6 Mo. 1852.

"a small gift." Time had brought some wisdom to her. She had learned to subject her passions to a more fitting appearance. Surrounded by persons who were not relatives, or such as would naturally incline to conceal the irritability and domineering character of her mind, she had felt the necessity of self-restraint, and habit had now become a second nature. She received Susanna's note, informing of her arrival and desire for an interview, with perfect self-possession. Jenefer wished to have Susanna's signature to some papers, she therefore went to the hotel and received the kindly reception she expected there. To find her sister willing to be friendly was most grateful to the widow, and although she felt that true sisterly love could never exist between natures so dissimilar, habits so opposite, and recollections so painful, still the semblance of cordiality was welcomed and encouraged. Very few of her old acquaintances called on her, she had faded from their recollection. Many had left Dublin, some were dead, and some were married.

There was one, however, who had never forgotten her—never ceased to love her; this was her old admirer, Ralph Moneymore. He called to pay his respects, as soon as he heard of her arrival, and was received with a courtesy far beyond his hopes. Ralph was an altered man now. The disappointment of his matrimonial plot had nearly cost him his life and his reason. It had destroyed all his self-complacency. It had humbled him to the dust; and whilst he roused himself to look the same to his fellows, he felt that the arrow had pierced his heart, and opened a wound which no time could heal—no soothing sophistry could stanch. Ralph had accumulated money, had risen in society, had acquired influence in the city; but his heart was desolate. Jenefer's blandishments, and her proposal of marriage to him, for she had, as women Friends occasionally do, written to offer him herself and her fortune—was all in vain. He excused himself as unworthy of the high honor of being united to a gifted minister;

but he entreated that the calm friendship of acquaintance should not be withheld from him. His numerous useful attentions were acceptable to her, and he could not resign the only hallowed pleasure of his life—the chance mention of Susanna's name; the news of her; and the longing he had to know in what light she regarded him—the instrument which Jenefer had made use of to crush out her independence and happiness.

Susanna received him with the calm dignity of a widow, whose affections could not be ruffled, as they were buried in the grave of her husand. Ralph's last hope, which had sprung up unbidden when he heard of Captain Weyburgh's death, now drooped; and withering, fell off for ever. One half-hour's interview had shown him, that for him, the future must be dreary as the past had been. Gold, and a standing in the Society, must content his heart. More was beyond his reach. Still the interview was pleasant to both. No trace of unkind feeling was discernible in either. Each felt there was need of mutual forgiveness, and they shook hands, as they separated for ever, with kindly words, and feelings of good will. Susanna's heart was lightened of its sorrow, to find her surviving friends thought kindly of her. She and her children sailed to the new country with a full gale of prosperity, and the widow found a home of love and happiness in the house of her affectionate brother.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

GEORGE FOX'S LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

Written with his own hand, and now to be seen at the Prerogative Office.

"I do give to Thomas Lower my sedell the ar at Ihon Nelson's, and bridall and spores and bootes inward lethereths and the newengland indin Bible and my great book of the signifying of names, and my book of the new testement of eight langes, and all my fisekall things that came from beyond the seay with the outlandish cup and that thing that people do give glisters with and my tow dials, the one is an eknocksha dial, and all my over plush bookes to be divided among my 4 sones in law and also all my other bookes and my hamack I do give to Thomas Lower that is at bengamin antrobus his closet and rachall may take that which is at Strarthmor.

And Thomas Lower may have my walnut equinock shall diall and if he can he may get one cut by it which will be hard to do and he shall have one of my prospect glaseses in my tranck at London and a pair of my glovesess and my seale.—G. F.

"And the flaming sword to Nat Mead and my other two seals I Rose and the other Dan Abraham and Thomas Laier shall have my Spanesh lether hud. S. Meade shall have my magnifying glas and the torkell shell com and cace—G. F.

"And all that I have written consarning what I do give to my relashons, either mony or other ways Ihon Loft may put

it up in my tronke at Ihon Elfenes and wright all things downe in a paper and make a paper out of all my papers how I have ordered things for them and Ihon Loft may send all things down by Powelsworth carrer in the truonke to Ihon For at Powellsworth in Warwickshir and let Ihon For send Ihon Loft a full receat and a discharge and in this matter and non of you may be consarned but Ihon Loft only.—G. F.

"And my other letell tronke that standeth in Bengmin Antrobeses closet with the outlandish things Thomas Lover shall have and if it be order'd in any other papers to any other that must not stand so but as now orders.—G. F.

"And Sary thou may give Sary Frickenfeld half a gine for she hath been sarvesable to me a honest carfull young woman —G. F.

"Make no noyes of these things, but do them in the life as I have ordered them and when all is don and cleared what remenes to the printing of my books.

"Bengmin Antrabus hath one 100 of mine take no yowes of them for it when you do receive it.

"And in my chest in Bengamin Antrabs chamber there is a letell gilt box with some gold in it Sary Mead to take it and let it do sarveses among the rest so far as it will go the box is sealed up.—G. F.

"And let Thomas Docker that knoweth many of my Epesles and writen bookes which he did wright com up to London to asist frends in sorting of my Epeseles and other writings and give him a gine.—G. F.

"This is to be put up among G. F. seled up papers, that pocket that Sary Mead hath.

"I do order W. and Sarah Mead and J. Lover to take care of all my bookes and episeles and papers that be at Benjimin Antrobis and at W. W. Chamber and those that com from Strarthmor, and my jornal of my life and the paseges and travels of frends and to take them all into ther hands and all the over pluch of them the may have and keep together as a

library when the have gathered them together which is to be parted.

"And for them to take charge of all my mony and defray all as I have ordered in my other papers and any thing of mine the may take and God will and shall be ther reward the 8 mo. 1688.—G. F.

"Thomas Lover and John Rous may asist you and all the paseges and travild and sufferings of frinds in the beging of the spreading of the truath which I have keep together will make a fine history and the may be had at Strarthmor with my other bookes and if the com to London with they papers then the may be had either at W. M. or ben Antrubs closet for it is a fine thing to know the beging of the sprending of the gospell after so long night of apostace since the Aposels days that now Christ reines as he did in the hearts of his people glory to the Lord for ever amen.

"G. F."

The 8 mon. 1688.

Endorsed thus:

For G. F. to be layed in the trunke at W. M. the 8 Mo. 1688."

The original is in black letter. The will was proved by George Whitehead.

Leslie, in his remarks on this curious document, says:—"The handwriting of George Fox, for I have seen it, is as bad as his spelling; both equal to his sense and learning. Judge, then, what licking there must be to print anything that he wrote! when, after being the pretended author of so many books, he shows us how he could write and spell English! Here is no beginning of his will—*In the name of God*, as is usual with Christians; nor recommending of his soul to God (for he thought that was a part of God)—far less of his body to the earth, in hopes of its resurrection; for the quakers believe nothing of that. Nor is there a word of his trusting to

the merits, sufferings, or death of Christ for his salvation; for he thought that all that was performed in him, and that he himself was Christ. He calls not upon God's mercy, for he thought he had no need of it, as having no sins to answer for, but that he was pure and perfect as God. So die the deists: without any sense of Christ or of revealed religion, trusting only to that which is within them, which the one call light, the other reason. What he left of value is not expressed in his will (there might be reasons for that) but in other papers which are therein named. What need the world's people know how rich the journeyman shoemaker died by his preaching trade, and clamoring against hirelings? What is here disposed of must be understood by way of reliques from their first saint and founder. For what other use could old spur leathers, a comb, and glister pipe, be bequeathed, and with such caution—'*make no noise of these things;*" and that religious regard—'*but do them in the life as I have ordered them*'? How otherwise could spur leather, &c., be used '*in the life,*' but as reliques, and carrying some virtue in them, conveyed from him who wore them."*

EXTRACTS FROM

"*George Fox his letters in vindication of James Nayler, when under examination for his blasphemous riding into Bristol, the Quakers crying Hosanna before him, &c.*"

(Inserted at the end of James Nayler's trial, printed by the quakers: An. 1657.)

"To the Protector, and

"To you who are chosen by these nations to be the Parliament of England, to divide, rule, and govern things: this is

* In a "Life of George Fox," published, in 1839, by Darton and Harvey, we are told he had seven hundred pounds, and several sums

the word of the Lord to you: Take heed of acting against Christ where he is made manifest: take heed of acting or doing any thing against them that be in the pure religion, or acting any thing against religion. How know you but this thing is fallen out to try you, whether or no you act against Christ, where he is manifested in his members, for it is said, *Christ in you;* and if Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin; and if Christ be within, may not he speak in righteousness, and be confessed there? Now, if Jesus Christ be not in you, (mark) *Jesus Christ* be not in you, ye are reprobates; and if Christ be within, must he not speak? (mark) Jesus Christ, the Emanuel, the same: is it offence for Christ to speak, and Jesus to speak when he is within? . . . . And is not Christ Jesus, which except he be in you ye are reprobates, is not he the Emanuel and the Saviour, and the Prince of Peace? And is not he the Prince of Life and the Hosanna? Therefore take heed of persecuting that which is created and made by his power: If the seed speak which is Christ, he hath no other name, for the seed is Jesus Christ, and it is not blasphemy but truth."—GEORGE FOX.

"Was not the appearance of Christ when he was born glorious, when that the voice was cry'd Hosanna to the Highest? Was it not to the astonishment of beholders, and amaze-

of money lodged in the houses of different Friends; and also that he owned one thousand acres of land in Pennsylvania, a gift from William Penn. The writer, unwilling that any one should think he had accumulated money by his trade of preaching, suggests the probability of his having had some patrimonial property; and adds—"though Margaret Fell (his wife) was a woman of large estate, he seems scrupulously to have avoided enriching himself by it." This suggestion must receive its full value. The fact that this son of a poor shepherd forsook his last and awl, and, by *a trade in holy things*, succeeded in feathering his nest most remarkably well, remains undisputed; that he selected the wealthiest of his female votaries for a wife, is, however, no proof that the love of money influenced his choice.

ment of the world? Did it not stir up all chief priests and Herod? was not he puzzled about his birth, and they troubled at his coming? . . . Is not his appearance in the spirit as glorious in his second coming as it was at his first? Is it not as much to be admired in the world as it ever was? Answer these things, and satisfy yourselves. . . . To prison them contrary to the just, is to make them grow; and to banish them is to shame your religion, and not to own the thing the Scripture speaks of, and to put them to death is to destroy yourselves."—*George Fox.*

"Whether or no you will suffer Christ to have as much honor in the earth and the world as the devil hath? Where Christ is manifested, whether or no he shall have more honor. . . . . Therefore take heed, and consider, before you act anything, or judge, lest God judge you afterward, for be assured he will. Whether bowing in the truth, may not be a figure, that the seed of God shall rise and reign above the earthly powers, and they shall bow to it? And how know you but such things as these may be trials to you, whether you will persecute another for taking that which is acted among you to yourselves in another way different from this."—*George Fox.*

"But if you stand against this, it shows yourselves to be in the transgression, standing against the Emanuel, which is God with us. Be not hasty in acting these things, but examine and consider before you do act."—*George Fox.*

"Remember the Scripture which saith, 'His face is more marred than any man,' Isa. lii. 14. And whether this be not the same that gave his cheeks to the smiter, and opened not his mouth? And see now who they are that have spit upon him: but what evil hath he done?

"Notwithstanding all these warnings, yet on the 17th of the 10th Mo. the major part of the House pronounced sentence on him."

A Friend named Robert Rich, when Nayler was in the pil-

lory, stuck a paper over his head, with these words on it, "This is the King of the Jews." And on another paper was, "This was done that the Scripture might be fiulfilled."

William Haworth, in his book, "The Quaker Converted to Christianity," says, he saw James Nayler suffer for blasphemy; that some Friends, George Fox included, after it, made a show of disowning Nayler, for setting himself up to be the Messiah; but that it was only a show, for it was his ill-luck in being pilloried and branded that grieved them, not the hideous blasphemies he uttered. For not only did George Fox write in vindication of Nayler, but also William Penn said, that "Nayler was a prophet, and servant of the Lord, through whom the Holy Spirit did utter his mind." And John Bolton, a quaker, told Haworth, that he was standing by, and saw three women Friends, one after another, fall down and worship James Nayler; and one of them, in her bowings, said these words, "Thy name is no more James, but Jam." And Nayler said to Bolton, that "if he would worship his body, he should refuse it; but if he worshipped that within, he would accept it."

In "Hidden Things brought to Light," pages 37—40, we read: "After he was set free, James Nayler came into meeting, and, kneeling before George Fox, publicly entreated a restoration to favor. Fox gave it, and then offered his hand for Nayler to kiss; but bethinking himself better, he pulled it in, and thrust out his foot to Nayler that he might kiss it."

WORSHIP PAID TO GEORGE FOX.

Josiah Coal published letters to George Fox. In one of them this passage occurs: "Dear George Fox, who art the father of many nations, whose life hath reached through us thy children; whose habitation is in the power of the Highest,

in which thou rulest and governs in righteousness, and thy kingdom is established in peace, and the increase thereof is without end."

"A quaker woman rose up in a meeting, and in a singing voice worshipped George Fox there present, saying, 'Thou art the king of saints,' &c. That night, at the house of another quaker woman, she was reproved by her hostess, who told her she had been offended by such words. To which the guest replied, 'I pity thy shortness, that thou art come no farther yet, nor understandest: it was not to George Fox that I spoke, but it was the Life in me that spoke to the Life in him.' There is yet extant an original letter of George Fox's, in his own handwriting and spelling (such as his will), wherein he speaks of this very passage—it having made some noise—and mentions thus: 'That a woman stood up in meeting, and said, 'Thou art Jesus Christ, the Son of God,' and George Fox did not reprove her. And this hath been talked of up and down in the south to defame G. F. It is strange she should not be suffered to confess Jesus Christ the Son of God, but thou must turn it to G. F. And I do not understand, when she spoke, that she did name G. F. at all."—*Leslie*, vol. ii., pp. 508—510.

Solomon Eccles, in a sheet printed 17 of 9 mo. 1668, says, "It was said of Christ, that he was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not: so it may be said of this true prophet, George Fox, whom John (some quaker) said he was not."

John Audland wrote to George Fox as follows: "Dear and precious one, in whom my life is bound up, and my strength in thee stands. By thy breathings I am nourished. By thee is my strength renewed. Blessed art thou for evermore; and blessed are all that enjoy thee. Life and strength comes from thee, holy one. Daily do I find thy presence with me, which doth exceedingly preserve me: for I cannot reign but in thy presence and power. Pray for me, that I may stand in thy

dread for evermore. I am thine, begotten and nourished by thee, and in thy power I am preserved. Glory unto thee, holy one, for ever."

"Many persons have been seen to fall down before George Fox, and to say, 'Thou art the Son of the ever-living God, the King of Israel. All nations shall worship thee.' And to his wife Margaret, Friends used to kneel, and say, 'O thou my heavenly mother, pray to my heavenly Father for me.' These adorations were common to George Fox. He took it gravely, without any reprehension, but, on the contrary, with delectation, stroking his hand over their faces, as his custom was."—Leslie, vol. ii., p. 63.

George Whitehead defended the use of such awfully wicked language in his "Quaker Principles," Lect. 32, thus:—"As to this charge of idolatry, if not blasphemous names and titles given to George Fox; they were not intended for the person of George Fox, but for the Life of Christ in him, whereof he was a partaker."

SIGNS.

As some modern quakers appear ignorant of the fact that George Fox's immediate disciples were guilty of acts of fanaticism, as absurd as those of the white quakers now-a-days, a few of those signs which he approved of, and deemed holy, are here noted:—

"Robert Huntingdon went into the church at Brough, near Carlisle, wrapped in a white sheet, and with a halter about his neck, to show the Independents and Presbyterians that the surplice would be introduced again, and that some of them would be hanged."—*Sewell*, 1st vol., p. 436.

"A woman Friend went into a Protestant church at Dieppe, dressed in sackcloth and ashes, for a sign; but it does not

appear that she told what the sign was of."—*Sewell*, 1st vol., p. 191.

"James Milner to save the souls of the wife of Brian Fell, of Ulverston, and Dorothy Barwick, with a knife and a basin, he pretended his blood was shed, and said that he gave up the ghost as Christ did. To one who was accusing him of Luciferian pride for this act, George Fox replied, 'Oh! Luciferian pride to save souls?'"—"*Quakery Slain*," by Christopher Wade, pp. 7, 8.

"A quaker in London said he had an immediate call from heaven to steal an hour-glass out of a certain church, it being used, as he said, for superstitious purposes. George Fox was complained to, and he answered in these words: "And as for any being moved of the Lord to take away your glass from you, by the eternal Power it is owned."—Leslie, vol. ii. p. 54.

Solomon Eccles (George Fox's bosom friend and right-hand man) went into a Roman Catholic chapel, in Galway, Ireland, and when the people were on their knees, appeared, naked above his waist, with a chafing-dish of coals, and burning brimstone on his head, and crying: "Woe to these idolatrous worshippers!" declared that God had sent him to show them their portion, except they repented. This same man went into one of the London churches in 1659, and seating himself on the pulpit cushion, in the face of the audience, began to sew."—"*State Trials*," vi. 998.

"The wife of Edmund Adlington, of Kendal, went through the streets naked, on the 21st November, 1653; and Mary Collinson, another quaker lady in the same town, rebuked those who covered her, by telling them they had hindered the work of the Lord."

"Edmund Nesby's wife paraded Kendal, December 16th, following, in the same no-dress fashion, and actually went into the church there."

"Elizabeth Levens and Miles Newby, in a similar state of primitive simplicity, also perambulated the streets of Kendal;

they, and some others, 'went by couples, as a sign of how the beasts went into the ark.'"

"Thomas Holby, of Kendal, went in the same fashion, October 28th, 1653, through the market-place at Kirby Steven, upon the market day, saying, 'It is not I, but God that goeth naked.'"

"A quaker servant-maid at Putney came in no-dress into the room where her master had company at dinner; and, when some would have covered her, she thanked them for their love, but would not admit of that sort of kindness, but said, she was 'moved by the Lord to go quite round the table,' which she did; and, in admiration of her faithfulness, she was shortly after married."

"William Sympson was moved of the Lord to go, at several times, for three years, naked and barefooted, as a sign to them in markets, courts, towns, and cities; to priest's houses, and to great men's houses; telling them, 'So should they be stripped naked, as he was stripped naked.' And sometimes he was moved to put on hair sackcloth, and to besmear his face, and to tell them, 'So would the Lord God besmear all their religions, as he was besmeared.' Many ways were these professors warned, by word, by writing, and by signs; but they would believe none, until it was too late."—"*George Fox's Journal*," p. 323.

George Fox himself went through the city of Lichfield, as a sign. He says: "I saw three steeple-house spires, and they struck at my Life; immediately the word of the Lord came to me, that I must go thither. In a great field there were shepherds keeping sheep. Then I was commanded by the Lord to pull off my shoes. I stood still, for it was winter; and the word of the Lord was like a fire in me: so, when I got to the city, the word of the Lord came to me again, saying, 'Cry, Woe to the bloody city of Lichfield.' So I went up and down the streets, crying with a loud voice, 'Woe, woe, to the bloody city of Lichfield.' I went into the market-place, and

to and fro, and made stands, crying as before. As I went, there seemed to me to be channels of blood running down the streets: then I returned to the shepherds, and gave them some money, and took my shoes again. But *the fire of the Lord* was so in my feet that I could not put them on, but was at a stand. Then I felt freedom from the Lord; so I washed my feet, and put them on."—"*Journal*," page 49.

Several of the early disciples of George Fox have also recorded the fact, that "great bodily heat, marvellous and indescribable," attended these extraordinary exercises. They all call it *the fire of the Lord*. The early opponents of quakerism suggested that the unnatural heat came from an opposite quarter.

The no-dress sign was the favorite; there are very many more instances on record. Now, as the editor of the "British Friends" has informed us, in December, 1851, that quakers "of every generation endorse the opinions of George Fox and his contemporaries," it will, we trust, be instructive and interesting to show what they thought of those signs. George Whitehead defended Solomon Eccles for going naked into the churches, by saying, 'It was a sign of the nakedness of such dark professors and priests as he witnessed against. George Fox's own opinion is as follows: "This hath been a figure of your nakedness, who are Egypt spiritual, and Ethiopian black. The Lord hath moved his servants to give *a true sign* among you, as to go naked to your steeple-houses, in your markets, in your streets, which is a figure to you of all your nakedness."—"*Great Mystery*," *by George Fox, p.* 233.

PENNYMAN'S SECESSION.

There was a Mr. John Pennyman, a wealthy and substantial citizen, who, like many other good, sober men, was deluded into joining the quakers, from their pharisaical pretences

to holiness. He was said to be "a grave, ancient man, of an honorable family, whose grey hairs must win respect from all." After being some years in the Society, he "became shocked at the *gross immoralities* of the quakers, and in the meekest manner, represented it in the meeting."* He printed in a sheet, his reasons for leaving the Society, and an account of the treatment he received for daring to call that sin which they enacted amongst themselves. No transgression of the laws of God, they taught, was sin to a quaker, unless, by a new and immediate inspiration from the inward light, it appeared intended to be a law unto him individually. (*Serious Apology, p.* 49.) Mr. Pennyman had not received this doctrine, and, in the Ratcliff Meeting, he spoke a verse of Scripture, which was the only reproof he ever meant to make; but *the Book was in his hand*, and the sight of a Bible is unbearable in a Friends' meeting. He tells us that "Henry Sutton pulled him down with great violence, called him a limb of the devil, and one of the wickedest of men."

At another meeting, in Gracechurch-street, Mr. Pennyman was preached at by several Friends, who called him, in their addresses, in what they called a solemn meeting for worship, "A grinning dog," a "whiffling cur," a "devil's agent," &c. He gives the names of the speakers; they were not of particular note, but at length George Whitehead, the renowned preacher and writer, arose, and said of poor Mr. Pennyman: "I am moved of the eternal God, to pronounce woes and judgments against him. God's power will choke him." These Friends then wrote to him, and, as usual with Friends, they insinuated that they could tell stories of him if they inclined to do so; but they were too meek for that, so they only called him names. "The Devil's Drudge." "The Devil's Porter

* From the very first, Friends have spared no pains to impress on "the people of the world" a belief that they are especially a moral people—just as, by repeated assertion also, they hoped to be considered the most spiritually minded and best Christians in the world.

setting open the gates of hell." "The Bond-slave of the Devil." "Runnagade." "Vagabond." "Betraying Judas." "Wolf." "A creeping Judas, instigated by the Devil, in the spirit that would murder Christ." A most foul slander was afterwards traced by Mr. Pennyman to one of them, James Holliday. He demanded a public retraction, but the quaker minister replied, "unless the Lord required it of him, he would not give it." There were many quakers—like Mr. Pennyman, men of character, piety, and education—who, after being for some time amongst the disciples of George Fox, became aware of the subtle snare into which they had fallen. They tried very hard to engraft Bible truths into the system, which, having once joined, they seem to have been most unwilling to leave. George Fox's printed and spoken assertion, "I am equal with God;" of which blasphemy he was found guilty at the Lancaster Assizes, 18th March, 1652, he having coolly and determinedly repeated the dreadful words in the presence of Mr. Lawes, Colonel Tell, Colonel West; also Dr. Marshall, Mr. Altam, George Becket, and Isaac Burn, Judge Puleston presiding; and James Nayler, James Milner, Leonard Fell, and Richard Hulberttrom being also found guilty of the same crime. This fact appears to have startled J. Pennyman and several others; and the consequence was, a separation took place, an allusion to which is made in the "Book of Discipline," although the particulars are not given, or the cause of the separation mentioned; only it is there spoken of as being of a very evil origin, and that the secession of such members left the Society in a more holy, and more healthy state.

CONTROVERSY WITH JOHN WIGAN.

There was one John Wigan, an anabaptist preacher, who was prisoner with George Fox in the Castle at Lancaster, in 1664. Him the quakers challenged to dispute with them;

at first he refused, but on their posting a notice on the walls, that they "challenge all the sons of Adam to discourse with them of their fundamental principle, the Inward Light." Wigan accepted the challenge, and held "that Christ doth not lighten every man that cometh into the world with a saving light."[1]

The Friends were very angry at the result of this argument. They wrote letters to him after it, which he published, as well as "The Narrative" of all his intercourse with them. He says, page 12, "G. Fox and Margaret Fell were both present, and the chief managers. G. Fox entered the hall, strutting like Colossus at Rhodes; he clapt one foot upon a seat and the other upon the table, about which the rest were standing, and with his unwieldy bulk looked like the giant in Guildhall.

"When the argument was ended, Margaret Fell exclaimed, 'Thou art a miserable creature.' James Brom then said, with great fierceness, 'Thou art an enemy of God.' Thomas Davenport added, 'Thou hast deny'd Christ to-day.' Richard Culban exclaimed, 'Thou hast deny'd the Lord that bought thee.' Whilst George Fox only said, 'Thou art not a rational man.' After him John Burly arose, with, 'The eternal judgments of God fall upon thee and burn thee up as chaff; thou art worse than a drunkard.'

"John Wigan then fled from the hall, for he thought he had had enough; but James Park did not think so, and followed him to his chamber, crying out with great vehemence, 'Thou art a lyar, and a deceiver, and the curse of God will be upon thee in thy bed-chamber and closet, and wherever thou goest.' Park also called him names—'a monster,' 'a strange birth of the flesh,' &c., &c., &c.

"Then John Wigan returned to the hall and made matters tenfold worse; for he asked Margaret Fell, between whom and George Fox a courtship was going on briskly, 'What parish priest in England had got more money with his tongue than George Fox, since he was a journeyman shoemaker in Man-

chester?' It was an unmannerly question, and rubbed upon a sore place, so Margaret answered thus: 'Thou art a wicked, ungodly, impudent lyar. Thou lyar. Thou proud, disdainful spirit, a heathenish spirit torments thee, and many more such night-owls as thou art. Thou wicked lyar. The devil, the god of this world, is thy God, and thou hast done what thou canst in opposing the quakers to get him glory. Thou hast a great measure of the spirit of envy, malice, and cruelty, and blood.' And so, John Wigan says, he stood corrected, and that this was every word her answer to his question."

Maragaret Fell wrote Mr. Wigan a letter afterwards, which he gives in the appendix, page 59, in which she compares him to Korah, and James, and Jambres. She writes, "Thou art without God in the world; a minister of darkness. Thy foul, sinful prayers are abominable. Thy fleshly performances are but grass and chaff, rotten hypocritical performances. Thou hast committed sacrilege, and hast blasphemed against the Holy Spirit of God, which will never be forgiven thee in this world, nor in that which is to come. Thou art under it, and it remains upon thee for ever. Thou art the man; thou art accursed; and no other portion can thou have, *and this is Scripture and truth to thee.*"

After "the great Fox's Fell Dame" had thus consigned the poor anabaptist, he tells us, to eternal misery, and he disbelieving the quaker assertion, that "what is spoken or written by Friends is of as great authority as the Scriptures, and greater," (see "Truth Defending the Quakers," by George Whitehead, page 7,) had published his narrative; a Friend, named William Holden, wrote him a long and very unsavory letter, which he advised him also to publish. It is quite too bad to transcribe here; but a very similar inodorous style of letter, showing that quakerism to-day is the same as it was of old, may be seen in the Appendix to "Quakerism, or the Story of my Life," signed by Robert Meek.

Rev. J. Wigan's book, entitled, "Antichrist's Stronghold

Overturned," contains his original dispute with the quakers, and all the subsequent narrative and letters he received from Friends. The names they called him would fill more than a page. He was "an infidel child of darkness," a "thief," "sot," "ignoramus," "grinning like a dog," "teeth like a lyon," "mouth like a dragon's beast," &c., &c., &c.

William Penn, in his "Reason against Railing," says: "They that are angry for God, passionate for Christ, may tell us they are Christians, if they will, but to be sure they are no Christians of Christ's making." Then he goes on and vindicates Edward Burroughs for calling Philip Bennett a priest, who opposed him thus: "Thou art a wicked creature. Blackness of darkness is reserved for thee. Thou art a serpent, and the curse of God is eternally upon thee. Thou beast, to whom the plagues of God are due." These look like bad names, but William Penn says, "it was the fittest return that could be made to Philip Bennett for his questions;" although, in page 164, he tells us, "the questions were civil and had no railing or reviling in them;" but "he was a white devil, and more serpentine for that;" and he adds, "I warrant it from God, and by the sense of His eternal Spirit, to declare that it was the portion, and only fit answer, to be given to those trepanning questions." Then William Penn says: "I was accused of railing, because I said of James Nayler's book, that if he had treated that accursed stock of hirelings (the clergy) ten thousand times more sharply, it had been but enough." One more quotation from this book of William Penn's will aptly conclude the subject: "I will not, God is my record this day, for more worlds than there are stars in the firmament, so violate the laws of charity, as to rail or revile the most violent of his opposers."*

* "Shortly after the appearance of Mr. Macauley's 'History,' a deputation of quakers waited on the right honorable gentleman to

An old poet having read William Penn's "Reasons against Railing," writes of it thus—

> "The saints may do the same things by
> The spirit in sincerity,
> Which other men are tempted to,
> And at the devil's influence do.
> All piety consists therein
> In them—in other men all sin."

George Fox appears, from his own "Journal," to have had very bad health, as well as to have been the victim of despair. Before he began to preach, he was "bled and physicked" to a degree. He often speaks of great weight and oppression of spirit, and being "medicined" for it. He was often in a state that he could not eat; and it was whilst in that state (see "Journal," page 420), that he was able to discern spirits, to tell who were honest-hearted and who were not. He was in an awful state of mind and body—so weak as to be unable to stand, he says, "from warring in spirit with the evil spirits of the world. I was under great sufferings beyond what I have words to declare. I was brought into the deep, and saw all the religions of the world, and people that lived in them, and

remonstrate with him upon the character and conduct he had assigned to their great writer and champion, William Penn. It is reported that Mr. Macauley produced original documents which fully justified the view he had taken of William Penn's proceedings. It is asserted that he told the deputation that he had advanced nothing but what could be supported by unquestionable testimony, and that he had suppressed many passages which bore hard upon his memory, because they were not, in his opinion, calculated to throw light on the matters he had to relate. After perusing the papers and documents submitted to them, the deputation withdrew, impressed with the idea that the wisest course would be to avoid discussion, which would perhaps only lead to further disclosures—that, to assail Mr. Macauley's veracity, would only end in signally damaging their own cause."—MORNING HERALD, 13 Oct. 1852.

the prints that held them up: who were as a company of men-eaters, eating up the people like bread, and gnawing the flesh off their bones; but as for true religion and worship, and ministers of God, alack! I saw there was none in the world. For they that pretended to the church were but a company of men-eaters."

One of those who opposed the setting up of women's meetings afterwards made friends with George Fox, and sent in a paper condemning himself for so doing. "That he did wilfully oppose, although warned by George Fox to take heed until the *fire of the Lord* did burn within him, and he saw the angel of the Lord, with his sword drawn in his hand, ready to cut him off."—*George Fox's "Journal,"* page 461.

George Fox, like the alchymists and astrologers of his day, said he often saw the angel of the Lord: thus, in "*Journal,*" page 375; "As I was walking in my chamber, with my eye to the Lord, I saw the angel of the Lord with a glittering drawn sword, stretched southward, as though the court had been all on fire." And frequently, he says: "I saw the Lord's power." One time he "had a vision of a desperate creature, that was coming to destroy him." ("*Journal,*" page 250.) Another time of "a bear, and two great mastiff dogs," (page 63); another in Bandon, "of a very ugly-visaged man, of a black dark look." ("*Journal,*" page 407.) This same vision, Leslie tells us, sometimes appeared in meetings, frightening the poor Friends dreadfully; and to confirm the story of the occasional appearances in meetings of this queer-looking customer, we have in *Edward Burrough's Works*, page 167, an allusion to it, where he is very angry that the people of the world will put constructions on things—says it was all a lye, and yet mentions Hexham as the scene of one such appearance and mentions the names of two priests, Mr. Firman and Thomas Tillam, who were, unfortunately for the Friends, present as spectators, and who have authenticated the fact. After his vision, George Fox generally "had to be medicined." Friends

would deem it heresy to suppose they were the result of bad health, or bad principles, instead of any divine supernatural power.

EPISTLES.

When George Fox went to Ireland, where, he says the earth and the air smelt with the corruption of the nation, at a meeting of Friends in Cork, he describes ("*Journal*," page 407, 408), the disturbances which he thought holy, thus: "The powerful presence of the Lord was previously felt, whereby many of the world were reached, convinced, gathered to the truth, and the Lord's flock was increased, and Friends were greatly comforted in feeling the love of God. Oh! the brokenness that was amongst them in the flowings of life! So that in the power and Spirit of the Lord, many together broke out into singing, even with audible voices, making melody in their hearts. At which time I was moved to declare to Friends as followeth:

"Sound, sound abroad, you faithful servants of the Lord, witnesses in his name, faithful servants, prophets of the Highest, and angels of the Lord! Sound ye all abroad in the world, to the awaking and raising of the dead, that they may be awaked and raised up out of the grave, to hear the voice that is living. For the dead have long heard the dead, the blind have long wandered among the blind, and the deaf amongst the deaf Therefore, sound ye servants, prophets, and angels of the Lord, ye trumpets of the Lord, that you may awaken the dead, awaken them that are asleep in their graves of sin, death, and, hell, sea and earth, and who lie in the tombs. Sound abroad, ye trumpets, and raise up the dead, that they may hear the voice of the Son of God, the voice of the second Adam that never fell, the voice of the Light, the voice of the Life, the voice of the Power, the voice of the Truth, the voice of the Righteous,

and the voice of the Just. Sound ye the trumpets, the melodious sound abroad, that all the deaf ears may be opened to hear the pleasant sound of the trumpet to judgment and life, to condemnation and light. Sound your trumpets all abroad, you angels of the Lord, sons and daughters, prophets of the Highest, that all that are dead and asleep in their graves, who have long been dreaming and slumbering, may be awakened, and hear the voice of the Lamb, who have long heard the voice of the beast, that now they may hear the voice of the Bridegroom, the voice of the Bride, the voice of the great Prophet, the voice of the great King, the voice of the great Shepherd and Bishop of their souls. Sound it all abroad ye trumpets, among the dead in Adam; for Christ is come, the second Adam, that they might have Life. Awaken the dead, awaken the slumberers, awaken the dreamers, awaken them that are asleep, awaken them out of their graves, out of their tombs, out of their sepulchres, out of the seas! Sound abroad, ye trumpets, that awaken the dead, that they may all hear the sound of it in the graves, and they that hear may live, and come to the Life, that is, the son of God. He is risen from the dead, the grave could not hold nor contain him, neither could all the watches of the earth, with all their guards, keep him therein. Sound! ye trumpets of the Lord, to all the seekers of the living among the dead, that he has risen from the dead, to all the seekers of the living among the dead, and in the graves that the watchers keep; he is not in the grave he is risen; and there is that under the grave of the watchers of the outward grave, which must be awakened, and come to hear his voice, who is risen from the dead, that they might come to life. Therefore, sound abroad, you trumpets of the Lord, that the grave might give up her dead, and hell and the sea might give up their dead; and all might come forth to judgment, to the judgment of the Lord before his throne, and have their sentence and reward according to their works. Away with all the chaff, and the husks, and contentions and strife, that the swine feed upon the mire, and in the fall, and

the keepers of them of Adam and Eve's house in the fall, that lies in the mire, out of light and life."—*George Fox.*

In another Epistle (page 614) George Fox, arguing against prayer, says: "To take counsel of the dead (that is, the Lord Jesus Christ) was forbidden by the law of the Lord. He hath given Christ (that is the light within) in the new covenant, in his gospel day, to be a counsellor and a leader to all believers in his Light. Men are not to run to the dead for the living, for the law and the testimony of God forbids it." He quotes Hosea, iv. 12, and Psalm cvi. 28, 29, and then adds: "Lo, here ye may see, the sacrifices of the dead were forbidden. The living know that they shall die; but the dead know not anything."

George Fox was wont to address his epistles to Friends thus:—"To all the elect, faithful, called and chosen of God, the flock and heritage of God, who have been acquainted with the dealings of the Lord, and have kept your habitations in his life, power, and truth, being built upon the holy, heavenly rock and foundation, Christ Jesus, who was the foundation of the apostles and prophets."—*Journal*, p. 575.

The conclusion of his Epistles ran in this style:—"I am him who is translated into the kingdom of his dear son, with all his saints, a heavenly salutation, and salute one another with a holy kiss of charity, that never faileth." Geo. Fox.—*Journal*, p. 656.

Having given a specimen of George Fox's style of Epistle to Friends, it is only fair to give one or two of his Epistles to the "people of the world." I select that on Trembling and Quaking, because it is well to know his views on this subject, and I hope that the man's own writings will be admitted to be better evidence of his mind and teaching than any comment. The Bible, he said, was *not* the word of the Lord: behold the effusions which he and his disciples substitute for Holy Writ. This Epistle was written in London, in 1655. It is given in his "Journal," p. 144, and begins, "Amongst other services

for the Lord which then lay upon me in the city, I was moved to give forth a paper to those who made a scorn at trembling and quaking.

"*The word of the Lord* to you all that scorn trembling and quaking, who scorn, throw stones at, and belch forth oaths against those who are trembling and quaking, threatening and beating them. Strangers ye are to all the apostles and prophets, and are of the generation that stoned them, and mocked them in those eyes. Ye are the scoffers which they spake of, that are come in the last times; be ye witnesses against yourselves. To the light in all your consciences I speak, that with it ye may see yourselves to be out of the life of the holy men of God.

"Moses, who was judge over all Israel, trembled, feared, and quaked when the Lord said unto him, 'I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob;' then he trembled and durst not behold. This, which makes to tremble now, ye teachers and people scoff at, and scorn those in your streets, who witness the power of the Lord. . . David, a king, trembled. He was mocked. They made songs on him; they wagged their heads at him. Will you profess David's words and Moses's words, who are in the generation of your fathers, mockers, scoffers, wonderers and despisers, which are to perish? O blush! Be ashamed of all your profession, and be confounded! Job trembled, his flesh trembled, and they mocked him; so do you now mock them in whom the same power of God is made manifest, yet you profess Job's words. O deceitful hypocrites? Will ye not own Scripture? O for shame! never profess Scripture words and deny the power, which according to the Scriptures, makes the keepers of the house to tremble, and the strong man to bow himself. These things priests, magistrates, and people scoff at; but with the power ye are judged, and by the Power and Life condemned.

"The prophet Jeremiah trembled; he shook, his bones

quaked, he reeled to and fro like a drunken man, when he saw the deceit of the priests and prophets, who were turned from the way of God; and they were not ashamed, neither could they blush. Such were gone from the light; and such were they that ruled over the people. But he was brought to cry, 'O foolish people! that had eyes, and could not see; that had ears, and could not hear; and that did not fear the Lord and tremble at his presence, who placed the sands for bounds to the sea by a perpetual decree, that the waves thereof cannot pass?' And he said, 'a horrible thing is committed in the land; the prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means. Shall not I visit for these things, saith the Lord? Shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?' They were such as did not tremble at the word of the Lord; therefore he called them a foolish people. Hear, all ye the word of the Lord, ye foolish people, who scorn trembling and quaking. Give over professing the prophet Jeremiah's words, and making a trade of them; for with his words you are judged to be amongst the scoffers, scorners, and stockers. For he was stocked by your generation; and you now stock them that tremble at the word of the Lord, at the power of the mighty God, which raises up the Seed of God, and throws down the Earth which hath kept it down. Lo, you that are in the fall, when death reigneth, enemies of the truth, despising the power of God, as those of your generation ever did, woe and misery is your portion, except you speedily repent. Isaiah said, 'Hear the word of the Lord, all ye that tremble at his word.' And he said, 'This was the man that God did regard, who was of a broken and contrite heart, and trembled at his word. When their brethren hated and persecuted them, saying, Let the Lord be glorified; he shall appear to your joy, but they shall be ashamed.' (Isaiah, lxvi. 5.) Now, all ye scoffers and scorners, that despise trembling, you regard not the word of the Lord: they are not regarded by you that tremble at the word; who are regarded by the Lord:

therefore you are contrary to Isaiah's words. Profess him and his words no more for shame! nor make a trade of his words. Ye that seek for your gain from your quarter, ye greedy, drunk dogs, that never have enough; ye are they that despise trembling; ye are such as Isaiah cried against, who himself witnessed trembling. Here, therefore, be ye witnesses against yourselves, that with the light in your consciences ye may see ye are out of the prophet Isaiah's spirit, and are haters of them that tremble, whom the Lord regards; but such you regard not, but hate, persecute, mock, and rail against. It is manifest you walk in the steps of your forefathers, that persecuted the prophets. Habakkuk, the prophet of the Lord, trembled, Joel, the prophet of the Lord, said, 'Blow the trumpet in Zion, and let all the inhabitants of the earth tremble. The people shall tremble, and all faces shall gather blackness, and the people shall be much pained.' And now this trembling is witnessed by the power of the Lord. This power of the Lord is come. The trumpet is sounding. The earth is shaking: the inhabitants of the earth are trembling; the dead is arising, and the living is praising God; the world is raging; the scoffers are scorning; and they that witness trembling and quaking wrought in them by the power of the Lord, can scarce pass up and down the streets but they are pursued with mockings and reproaches. Thus you vent your malice against them that witness the power of the Lord, as the prophets did; who are come to the broken heart and to the contrite spirit; who tremble at the word of the Lord, and whom the Lord regards. . . . . If you see one as Habakkuk, whose lips quivered, whose belly shook, who said rottenness was entered into his bones, and who trembled in himself; if you see such a one in this condition now, ye say he is bewitched. Here again you show yourselves strangers to that power, to that life which was in the prophet; therefore, for shame, never make a profession of his words, nor a trade of his words; nor of Joel's who witnessed trembling, which ye scorn and scoff at. Ye

proud scorners, misery is your end, except you speedily repent.

"Daniel, a servant of the most high God, trembled, his strength and his breath were gone. He was prisoned, he was hated, he was persecuted. For shame, you that make a profession of Daniel's words; give over your profession, priests and people, who scoff and scorn at trembling; with the Light, you are seen to be out of Daniel's Life; and by the same power you are judged, at which you scorn and scoff. Here, again, ye witness against yourselves, that you are scorners and scoffers against the truth; and with the Scripture you are judged to be contrary to the life of the holy men of God. Paul, a minister of God, made a messenger of the Lord Jesus Christ, a vessel of the Lord to carry his name abroad into several nations,—when the dead, blind world have got some of his words and epistles, you teachers make a trade of them, and get great sums of money for it, and so you destroy souls for dishonest gain; making a trade of his words, and of the rest of the apostles, prophets, and of Christ's words, but denying the spirit and life they were guided by, and that power which shook the flesh and the earth, which the apostle witnessed who said, 'When he came among Corinthians, he was with them in weakness, and fear, and *much trembling*, that their faith might not stand in the wisdom of words, but in the power of God,—in that power which made him to tremble. This power it is that the world, and all the scoffing teachers, scoff at and scorn at in your towns, in your villages, in your assemblies, in your alehouses. For shame, lay aside all your professions of the apostle's words and conditions! Some that scoff at this power call it the power of the devil! . . I charge you, in the presence of the living God, to be silent, who act such things! Mind the Light in your consciences, ye scoffers and scorners, which Christ hath enlightened you withal, that with it ye may see yourselves. For who act such things shall

not inherit the kingdom of God.: all such things are by the Light condemned.

"Ye who come to witness trembling and quaking, the powers of the earth to be shaken, the scorning and scoffing nature judged by the Light: in it wait to receive power from him who shakes the earth. These are not come so far as the trembling of devils, who believed and trembled. Let that judge you.

"Take warning, all ye powers of the earth, how ye persecute them whom the world nick-names and calls quakers, who dwell in the eternal power of God: lest the hand of the Lord be turned against you, and ye be all cut off. *To you this is the word of the Lord.* Fear and tremble, and take warning. For this is the man whom the Lord doth regard, who trembles at his word; which you, who are of the world, scorn, stock, persecute, and imprison. Here ye may see ye are contrary to God, contrary to the prophets, and are such as hate what the Lord regards, which we, whom the world scorns and calls quakers, own. We exalt and honor that power which makes the devils tremble, shakes the earth, throws down the loftiness of man, and makes the beasts of the field to tremble, and causes the earth to reel to and fro, cleaves it asunder, and overturneth the world. This power we own, honor, and preach up, whom the world scornfully calls quakers."—*G. F.*

George Fox also wrote, to all churches, an epistle on "Plainness," in 1655. As it shows the effrontery and arrogant character of the man whom Friends still honor, revere, and obey, and of whom they say, "he was a perfect example of his own doctrine of perfection," and "one who advanced the doctrine of God his Saviour in all things." I copy it from his "*Journal*," page 149, in the belief that Friends ought to know, from himself, what manner of man their idol was, and what sort of spirit that was by which he was led.

"I was moved to write the following paper on Plainness,

and to direct it as an epistle to gathered churches into outward forms upon earth. 'All ye churches gathered into outward forms upon earth: the Son of God is come to reign; he will tread and trample, will shake and make you quiver—you that are found without his life, his light, and his power. His day hath appeared—mortar and clay will you be found. Breaking, shaking, and quaking, is coming among you! Your high building is to be laid desolate; your professed liberty shall be your bondage: *the mouth of the Lord of Hosts hath spoken it.* Tremble, ye hypocrites, ye notionists. The fenced cities shall be laid desolate; the fruitful fields shall become a wilderness; your false joy shall become your heaviness; the time of weeping and desolation draweth nigh! Come, ye witty ones, see how ye can stand before the Almighty, who is now come to plead with you. You'll fall like leaves, and wither like weeds! Come you that have boasted of *my name, saith the Lord*, and have gloried in the flesh, ye shall fade like a flower; who have slain *my witness*, yet boast of *my words*, which have been as a song unto you. Come, ye novelists, who love novelties, changeable suits of apparel, who are in the fashions, outward and inward, putting on one thing this day, and another the other day. '*I'll strip thee,' saith the Lord, 'I'll make thee bare, I'll make thee naked, and thou shalt know that I am the Lord.*' What! hast thou professed the prophet's word, and *my Son's words?* Hast thou covered thyself with their expressions? Thinkest thou not that *I see thee out of my life?* Thinkest thou, witty one, to hide thyself where none can see thee? Thinkest thou if thou fliest to the uttermost parts of the earth, *that I am not there?* Is not the earth mine, and the fulness of it, saith the Lord? Come, all ye that have trusted in your own conceited knowledge and wisdom, who were never yet out of the earth, and the lusts of it, never yet got the load of thick clay off you, never were out of the drunken spirit, whose imperfection appears, which must be come upon as a potter's vessel; broken cisterns; ye that

have been wise in your own conceit, wise in your own eyes—in which pride hath lifted you up, and not humility, you must be abased. You have run on, every one after his own invention, and every man hath done that which was right in his own eyes—that which pleased himself. This hath been the course of the people upon earth. Ye have run on without a king—without Christ, the light of the world, which hath enlightened every one that is come into the world. But now is truth risen—now are your fruits withering. You that are fortified, and have fortified your strong houses, called your churches, make your cords strong, the Lord will break you asunder, ye that are gathering in and ye that are gathered; for the Lord is risen to scatter you, his witness is risen in the hearts of his people; they will not be fed with dead words, nor with that which dies of itself, nor will they be satisfied with the husks which the swine feed upon. All ye priests in the nation, and teachers, that now stand against the light, your envy shows that ye are in Cain's way; your greediness shows that ye are in Balaam's way. Your standing against the light, which hath enlightened every man that cometh into the world, doth manifest that you are in Core's way—that spoke the great high words of vanity. Ye whose consciences are seared as with a hot iron, whose judgment doth not linger, whose damnation doth not slumber, who serve not the Lord Jesus Christ, but your own bellies. Who are as the evil beasts spoken of, which have destroyed many families, taken away cattle, their horses, their goods, even their household goods, destroyed many poor men, even whole families, taking their whole estates from them, whom you do no work for. Oh, the grievous actions that are seen done by you, the ministers of unrighteousness, whose fruits declare to the whole nation that you are not the messengers of God! Your actions declare it: your taking tythes, augmentations, treble damages, midsummer dues, as ye call them, of those ye do no work for, nor minister to.

"All ye powers of the earth, beware of holding such up as are unrighteous. Let not the words of the unrighteous overcome you, lest the righteous God, the judge of heaven and earth, take hold upon you; whose judgment is according to that of God in you, which will let you see when you transgress. Come, you proud, lofty ones, who have not considered the handyworks of the Lord, but have destroyed them; nor have regarded the way of the Lord, but have had plenty of the creatures, and have therewith fattened up themselves, and forgotten the Lord and his way. Oh! let shame cover your faces here upon earth! Come, ye that are given to pleasures! who spend your time in sports, idleness, and fulness! Your fruits declare the sins of Sodom; yet *you will make a talk of my name and of my saints' words.* 'But I behold you afar off!' saith the Lord. You are proud and lofty: you are bad patterns, bad examples, full, rich and idle: who say others are idle that cannot maintain your lusts. Oh! the unrighteous balances that are among people! O, the iniquity in measuring! O, the oppression in ruling and governing! Because of these things, *my hand shall come upon you, saith the Lord.* For the oppression is entered into the ears of the Lord, who gives rest to the wearied, to the burdened, to the oppressed: who feeds the hungry and clothes the naked: who brings the mighty from their seats, beats the lofty to the ground, and makes the haughty bend. *Come, saith the Lord, ye mockers, scorners, and rebellious ones, light and wild people, vain and heady. You have had your day of joy, you have scoffed, you have mocked and derided my messengers, my ambassadors* who have preached in your streets, and cried in your synagogues and temples: a day of trembling and lamentation shall come upon you when you are not aware. *I'll take away your pride* and your height. *I'll shake you as a leaf*, and bring you to be as men distracted. *I'll distract you*, and make you that you shall not trust one another in the earth; who have joined hand in hand against *my servants* in the

truth. *I'll smite you with terrors; and bring frets and fears upon you. The cup of my fury and indignation shall you drink.* Where will you appear, when repentance is hid from your eyes? when profane Esau, your father, is set before you? and Ishmael and Cain, wild and envious, whose fruits declare the stock? Come, ye proud priests, who have eaten up the fat of the nation, who by violence have taken other men's goods, whose envy hath slain many: whose wickedness and darkness hath abounded, and whose unrighteousness daily appears. Your fruits every day declare it, in summoning up, by writs and subpœnas, from most parts of the nation, for wages and tythes, such as ye do no work for. Oh! the abominable unrighteousness! How is the state of man lost! that these things they do not take to heart, to feel them! What havock is made in the nation by such! And all ye priests and teachers, who are railing and brawling in the pulpit, setting people at variance one against another: haters and hateful: provoking people to hate another. Here is the seed of enmity seen which you have sown and are sowing, whose seed must be bruised by the seed of the woman, which atop of your heads is set."—*George Fox.* Compare this Epistle with Prov. 30, verse 6.

The following short extracts, from the writings of George Fox and his contemporaries, will, we trust, show those Friends who think he was a safe guide, how deceived they have been, by believing the fictions which "weighty Friends" of modern days have imposed upon them, regarding the founder of the sect; and also in showing that, whilst a modern phraseology is now adopted to suit the times, still they, who like the editor of the "British Friends," and the ministers, &c., are conversant with the writings of George Fox, do hold the same unchristian doctrines as he did, and do insidiously instil them, whenever they can, into the minds of the people.

"An infallible spirit is now possessed and witnessed among those called quakers. Glory to God in the highest."—"*Great Mystery*," by George Fox, p. 105.

"Every true member of the true church hath certainty and infallibility of judgment."—*Ibid*, p. 862.

"It is not horrid blasphemy to say the soul is a part of God, for it came out of him; and that which came out of him, is of him."—*Ibid*, p. 273.

"All that have the Son, and the Holy Ghost, have that which is equal in power and glory with the Father."—*Ibid*, p. 248.

"As he is, so are we; and that which is perfect, as he is perfect, is in equality with the same."—"*Saul's Errand to Damascus*," by George Fox, p. 8.

"It is the doctrine of devils that preacheth that men shall have sin and be in a state of warfare so long as they be on earth; they that pretend coming to God and Christ out of perfection, they be in error."—"*George Fox's Great Mystery*," p. 101.

"Revelation is now witnessed in our days, as it was in the apostles; but not amongst you, who have inwardly ravened from the Spirit of the Lord, which have apostatized from the apostles. And so you be in the diabolical devilish that expects not that now, which was in the days of the apostles. If ever you own the prophets, Christ and the apostles, you will own our writings, which are given out by the same Spirit and Power. *You may as well condemn the Scriptures to the fire, as our queries—our given forth papers, and printed books.* It is from the immediate eternal Spirit of God. You are now answered from the mouth of the Lord."—*Ibid*, p. 321.

"Let this epistle be read in the Life and Authority of God, from whence it came. *This is the Word of the Lord unto* you. The Scriptures are *not* the Word of God, which thou, Christopher Wade, hast blasphemously affirmed."—*Ibid*, p. 246.

"The very Christ of God is within us. We dare not deny it."—*Edward Burrough's Works*, p. 146.

"Quakers can discern who are saints, who are devils, and who apostates, without speaking even a word. They have the Word of God, Christ, which is eternal and infallible, in their heart, to judge persons and things."—*Ibid*, p. 89.

"Such as have Christ in them, they have the righteousness itself, without imputation, the righteousness of God itself, Christ Jesus."—*Ibid*, p. 183.

"Christ is not distinct from the Father. The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are not distinct; and you priests are not fit to judge in such things as they are: they are too weighty and too heavy for you."—*Ibid*, p. 142 and 293.

William Penn, in his "Christian Quaker," p. 199, does not call our Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour, or the Christ, but he says, "the light which dwelt in Jesus," and that "Christ had a work to do in him, that holy person, which was born at Nazareth (in other works, also, Penn says that Jesus was born at Nazareth) was instrumentally a Saviour. The body was instrumentally a Saviour, as prepared and chosen for the work which Christ had to do in it."

"The devil is in thee, Christopher Wade. Thou sayest thou art saved by a Christ without thee, and so hast recorded thyself to be a reprobate."—*Ibid*, p. 5 and 250.

In George Fox's Decretal, "Epistle against Tythes," dated 3 mo., 1677, he says, "For any to cry against the priests in words, and yet to give them means, and put into their mouths, is a contradiction. And therefore take heed, for if the Lord God do bless you with outward creatures, and you do bestow them upon Baal's priests, the Lord may justly require the outward things from you again. So all the preachers, for tythes and money, and the takers and payers of tythes be testified against in the Lord's power and spirit, and therefore, in the power of the Lord, maintain the war against the beasts."

"Slay Baal: Balaam must be slain. All the hirelings

must be turned out of the kingdom."—"*News of the North*," by George Fox, p. 31.

"Now destruction is drawing nigh. Sorrow is coming. Sons and daughters (of quakers) are going abroad joyfully in the powers and strength of the Almighty. Howl, woe, and misery, all ye priests. Ye blind priests. All nations, and languages, and tongues, and kindreds, and peoples, tremble before the Lord's host (the quakers). The corrupt judge must not stand up. And the corrupt rulers must not rule. And thou beast (the civil government) and false prophet (the church) must into the fire. The false prophet is councillor unto the beast, and the beast maintains the false prophet. Both into the pit, and the lake and fire, you must both go. The Lord hath spoken it."—*Ibid*, pp. 20, 38.

"I bestowed," said William Penn, in his "Winding Sheet," "thirty-two pages to prove George Fox's spirit to be infallible."

"The light, the seed within, is Christ. Then I am he that speaketh. Then Hosanna. The Son is equal with the Father. I witness the Son in me: so I witness equality with the Father."—"*Christianity Vindicated*," by Robert Gordon, p. 33.

"The first thing the dark mind stumbles at, is that some have said that they that have the Spirit of God are equal with God. He that hath the Spirit of God is in that which is equal. And he that is joined to the Lord is one spirit: there is unity, and the unity stands in equality itself."—"*The Dawnings of the Gospel Day*," by Francis Howgill, p. 232.

William Penn, at a meeting, took for his text, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." This he explained thus: "The blood is the Life, and the Life is the Light within."—*Leslie*, vol. ii. p. 45.

"*Quakers are free from sin*, and therefore have not continued need of repentance."—*George Whitehead*.

"To say the sprinkling of infants with water is baptism into the faith of Christ. And that a steeple house is a church, and

that singing David's experiences in rhyme and metre, is singing to the praise of God; these are damnable heresies, even to the denying the Lord that brought them." — *Edward Burrough's Epistle*, p. 191.

"*Quakers have no need of the Scriptures to teach them.*"— *Ibid.* p. 408.

In George Fox's "Several Papers given forth for the spreading of the Truth," printed 1671, page 45, he says of the Bible, it is "feeding upon the letter which is death, which feeds you serpents, dogs, and swine. Your original is carnal Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and your word is carnal the letter, and your light is carnal the letter."

In a "Brief discovery of a three-fold estate of Anti-Christ," page 9, Friends say, "The clergy and Babylous merchants selling beastly ware (the Scriptures) in the pulpit; a pennysome market on the first-day, called the Lord's-day; but the Lord's-day is a mystery, they know nothing of it. They sell the report of other men's riches; the letter which is dust and death."

William Penn says of the Bible, "what was a command of God in the old time *is not to us, unless required by the same spirit anew.*"

"That which is spoken by the spirit of truth in any (Quaker Preachings) is of as great authority as the Scriptures are, *and greater.*"—"*Serious Apology*," p. 49.

George Fox, in his "News of the North," p. 39, says, "You say that Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, is the gospel. It is carnal; the letter is death."

"Quakers have no need of the Scriptures to teach them, for all the children of God are taught of God, and need not any other teacher; nor need not say one to another, know ye the Lord."—*Edward Burrough's Works*, p. 408.

And again he writes, "That is no command from God to me, which He commands to another."

George Fox wrote to Richard Baxter thus: "Writing paper

and ink is not infallible, nor *the Scripture is not the ground of faith.* Your rule paper and ink, that will come to death." —"*Great Mystery*," p. 302.

When George Keith, who had been twenty-five years a quaker, was accused of heresy, because he said "the light within was not sufficient for salvation." He desired to have this pretended heresy proved against him by Scripture. Samuel Jennings as the mouth of the meeting, replied, "We are not to prove it from Scripture, but from Friends' books, for the question between us is, not who is the best Christian, but who is the best quaker." And a preacher Friend of Philadelphia, Thomas Fitzwater, being asked how he liked George Keith's doctrine, replied, "Not at all, he was building up what they (the quakers) had been throwing down for forty years. He was bringing people back to the Scriptures and to the professors of Christ."—"*Heresy and Hatred*," by George Keith, p. 1.

George Whitehead wrote to George Keith in consequence of Keith's having exposed the monstrous doctrines and conduct of the quakers, thus: "Because thou hast poured contempt upon thy servants, I will assuredly bring confusion upon thee."

"I am grieved to hear that some say that they expect to be justified by that blood that was shed at Jerusalem," were the words of John Humphrey, a preacher in great esteem in Philadelphia.—See Daniel Lee's work, entitled, "*News of a Trumpet sounding in the Wilderness*," New York, 1697.

Samuel Fisher, a renowned old quaker, in a publication which he blasphemously entitled "The Burden of the Messenger of the Lord itself," says (pp. 3–5): "That prophet whose voice soever hears not, and obeys not, even in all things he saith to them, shall be cut off from his people,—who, by a measure of light from himself, hath enlightened every one of you,—whose voice is *within*, and *not without*, to you, or heard now without by any of you; *for the Scripture is not his voice;* for the Scriptures (not as written by the men that were inspired, but as since then mistranscribed, even in the very Greek and

Hebrew copies, how much more as we have them, mistranslated in many things, and in so many several translations)—these are in some things fallible, and so not fit to be the rule, as in the dark, for want of that light yet shining, *which now shineth forth*, they have been supposed to be; but Christ himself, his light and Spirit, which show good and evil in the heart, which are the only guide law and rule: and this is infallible, and there is the only sure and safe walking, even in the light, in Christ, in the spirit, and not in the letter, which is fallible, by false interpretations and translations."

It appears that John Faldo wrote to William Penn on the appearance of this statement of quaker disregard to the Scriptures, to ask, Did they mean that, before quakers came into the world, all were dark for want of the true light, and in supposing the Scriptures to be a rule, law, and guide? William Penn replied in his "Rejoinder," page 38, thus: "I cannot but observe after what suspected rate the Scriptures have been first collected. Are we sure that the judgment of those who collected them was sufficient to determine what was right, and what not? What assurance have our anti-revelation adversaries of their doctors' choice? How shall we be assured that, in above three hundred years, so many copies as were doubtless taken should be pure and uncorrupted? From hence we may observe the uncertainty of J. Faldo's Word of God." William Penn here calls the Bible "*John Faldo's Word of God*," and all who believe in it, in preference to quaker teaching, are "*anti-revelation adversaries*."

"He that knoweth the substance, the seed of the kingdom, the birth of the Spirit, knoweth the flesh and blood, which is of the seed; and this flesh is flesh indeed, this blood is blood indeed, even the flesh and blood of the Seed's nature; but the other was but the flesh and blood of our nature, which he honored in taking on him, in which he did the will, in which he offered up the acceptable sacrifice; but yet did not give the honor from his own flesh and blood to it. For the flesh and

blood of our nature was not his own naturally, but only as he pleased to take it upon him, and make it his. But that whereof he formeth us, and which he giveth us to eat and drink, is the flesh and blood of his own nature; and this was it wherein was the virtue, and wherein is the virtue, life, and power, for ever. Happy, oh! happy is he who is of it! who is taken out of, and formed of him (as Eve of Adam), and so becomes bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh. Not the flesh and blood of the outward earthly nature, but the flesh and blood of the inward spiritual nature; not the flesh and blood which Christ took of the first Adam's nature, but the flesh and blood of the second Adam's nature."—Isaac Pennington's "*Questions to Professors*," pp. 25–30.

"The Pope, the Episcopal, the Presbyterian, Independents, and Baptists, understand the blood of Jesus Christ no more than a brute beast."—*Solomon Eccles' Letter to Robert Porter.* "*William Burnet's Principles of the People called Quakers*," p. 41; printed 1668.

"To preach from a Scripture text is conjurative."—"*Saul's Errand*," p. 7, by George Fox.

Reverend Charles Leslie, through whose instrumentality many quakers were delivered from their delusions, says, he searched Friends' writings carefully and well, and he found them to be "a sink and complication of the vilest heresies that ever have been brought in the Christian Church."—Vol. II. p. 176.

"Christ is the substance of all figures, and his flesh is a figure of the light within."—"*Saul's Errand to Damascus*," by G. Fox, page 14.

"The body which suffered at Jerusalem was the body of Christ,—*i. e.* which Christ assumed, not into his person, but as a cloak or veil, like the body which angels appear in for a time and then throw off again. Christ suffered this body of his to be crucified, but *that the outward person which suffered was properly the Son of God, we utterly deny.*"—"*Serious Apol-*

ogy for the Principles and Practices of Quakers," by William Penn, page 146.

In a book printed in 1671, composed by a whole junto of quakers, entitled, "Some Principles of the Elect People of God, in scorn called Quakers," they say,—"The Scriptures do expressly distinguish between Christ and the garment which he wore. We can never call the bodily garment Christ."

Isaac Pennington, in his "Questions to Professors," page 25, denies that it was the flesh and blood of the veil—the outward, earthly nature (as he calls the body of Christ)—by which we are cleansed; "for," says he, "can outward blood cleanse the conscience?"

"Christ is not distinct from the Father, and they, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, are not distinct."—"*Great Mystery*," by George Fox, pp. 142 and 293.

"That which is spoken by the Spirit of Truth in any" (quaker preaching) "is of as great authority as the Scriptures and chapters are, and greater."—Geo. Whitehead's "*Defence*," p. 9.

"I saw a copy of a letter of George Fox's to Oliver Cromwell, transcribed by a quaker, and preserved as precious. He there calls himself the *Son of God;* and says of himself, '*My kingdom is not of this world.*' His words are: 'I who am of the world called George Fox, do deny the carrying or drawing of any carnal sword against any, or against thee Oliver Cromwell or any man. In the presence of the Lord God, I declare, as God is my witness, by whom I am moved to give this forth from him whom the world calls George Fox, who is the Son of God, who is sent to stand a witness against all violence, my weapons are not carnal but spiritual, and my kingdom is not of this world; therefore with the carnal weapon I do not fight,' &c."—*Rev. C. Leslie's Works*, p. 62, vol. ii.

"The Scriptures do not tell the people of a Trinity, nor three persons; but the Common Prayer mass-book speaks of

three persons, brought in by the father the pope. The Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, was always one."—"*Great Mystery*," by George Fox, p. 246.

"Christ never had any body but his church."—*Leonard Fell.*

"'I know nothing of Christ but within myself,' was the language of Thomas Curtis, a preacher for forty years among the early Friends."—*Leslie*, vol. ii., p. 236.

Thomas Crispe, after being thirty years a quaker, left the Society, and published a treatise, in which he tells why he left them. He was one of George Fox's own converts. He says: "You do never in your meetings pray for pardon or forgiveness of sin. I have been twenty years in due attendance, and have not heard it, for seeing it is Christ in you that prays, there is no need of it, he being without sin. Secondly, you do not pray to Christ, because it being Christ in you that prays, it is absurd for Christ to pray to himself."

In George Whitehead's "Judgment Fixed," p. 68, there is a long prayer of nearly five pages. An extract from it will show what sort of prayer is approved of by Friends, who disapprove of the Lord's Prayer. Whitehead tells God of his extraordinary gifts, for which he thanks Him, for his Christian Spirit, &c. "Thou hast raised me up in defence of thy gospel, to vindicate thy truth. Thou knowest the integrity of my soul before thee, and that I have not sought to exalt myself, nor my popularity, party, or interest to myself, but only thy glory, and the good of souls. Thou knowest that my soul hath sought for Peace. Thou knowest thou hast endued me with a Christian spirit, and with faith and patience. Thou hast also endued me with the spirit of righteous judgment, understanding, &c. O my God! as I have eyed thee, so I recommend to thee to plead and justify my cause."

One good turn deserves another is the gist of this prayer.

"The quakers are not a sect, but are in the power of God, which was before sects were, and witness the election before

the world began, and are come to live in the life which the prophets and apostles lived in, who gave forth the Scriptures." —*George Fox's Journal*, p. 305.

"Quakers are come not to Jesus the Son of Abraham, David, and Mary, Saint, or angel, but to God the Father. All worship, honor, and glory is to be given through Jesus Christ, *i. e.* the inward Christ is the Light within."—William Shewen's "*Thoughts and Meditations*," printed 1685, p. 37.

"Envy hath reached to heaven to prove that the saints in heaven are not perfect, but wait for the redemption of their bodies, which now if people mind the Scriptures, there is no such doctrine in it, as the saints in heaven have not received the redemption of their bodies."—*Richard Huthbertson, His Works*, p. 119.

"The sufferings of Friends, the people of God, in this age, are greater sufferings, and more unjust than the sufferings of Christ and apostles. What was done to Christ and the apostles, was chiefly done by a law, and great part, by the due execution of a Law."—*Edward Burrough's Works*, p. 273.

Edward Burroughs ranks next to George Fox, he was called the second pillar of the Society.

"Your imagined God beyond the stars, *and your carnal Christ*, is utterly denied."—"*The sword of the Lord drawn.*" By Christopher Atkinson, p. 5.

"Doth that which is carnal lead to God, whom to know, and be led unto is life eternal? And hath your *dead Christ* brought you thither, yea or nay? The Light sees your Christ, and in it you are comprehended, and your Christ; and with it denied, and your faith which doth not purify. Your Christ is denied, which is not the Christ of God. We deny your *mock Christ*, which leaves you in the devil's work, which is sin (by your own confession.) And so your Christ is but transformed in you, like unto an angel of light. O! ye professors and people, and your ministers like unto ministers of righteousness, and so not being the same Christ, *but like him*,

cannot save ye from your sins, and so not from condemnation. And this Christ ye believe in, and here is the mystery of iniquity hid."—"*Call and warning to Priest and Professor and People.*" By John Gould, p. 31.

"Faith in the history of Christ's outward manifestation, has been *a deadly poison* these latter ages have been infected with."—"*Quakerism, a new nick-name for old Christianity,*" by William Penn, p. 6.

"So all Christendom hath talked long enough of Christ's flesh and blood."—"*Spreading of Truth,*" by George Fox, p. 59.

William Erbery, in his "Babe of Glory breaking forth in the broken flesh of the Saints," says: "The outward Christ was but a child (thy child Jesus) while He was upon the earth, but is now grown to be a Man in us: even God brought forth in us." And William Penn, in his "Christian Quaker," page 98, has the same idea. "'Tis not a babe now, nor a child any more; but a man, that's the mighty God, brought forth in glory."

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

It is with shuddering horror that these few out of an innumerable number of equally wicked sayings of the primitive quakers, are re-produced. Were there any ground to hope that the Society at the preseut day, as a Society, had forsaken them, then the mantle of oblivion had not been raised. But it is not so. The preacher, and "weighty Friends," still hold the opinions of George Fox, and these others, his contemporaries. They speak them now, more correctly than he did; but they still hold them tenaciously: and, moreover, they boast that they do so. (See "*British Friend*," for December, 1851, where it is said, and none have contradicted the public assertion, that "Friends of every generation endorse the opinions of George Fox and his contemporaries." Also the "*London Yearly Meeting's Epistle*," for 1835, in which they say: "We still retain the same *unalterable principles*.") The Yearly Meeting of 1848 published the following: "In the course of our deliberations, we have been introduced into a deep religious concern for the preservation of our Society everywhere as a united body; *upholding our ancient standard of faith and practice, in all its fulness, spirituality and simplicity.* The "*Book of Rules*"—the best book of the Society—abounds with professions of reverence for those "ancient testimonies which truth (George Fox) begat in our hearts in the beginning." In the Preface, page 3, Friends say: "It must be allowed that as a religious body, *we are the same*

people our forefathers were, in faith, in doctrine, in worship, in ministry, and in discipline."

To one ignorant of the quaker cant, the language used at meetings, &c., &c., may often seem perfectly Scriptural and Christian; but the preachers are not appointed to the office until they know George Fox's meaning of words—and until they can speak it so well, that the initiated may find them *sound in non-natural meaning;* and the uninitiated and the strangers may believe that the simple meaning of the words is the doctrine intended to be taught. Thus, these ignorant ones are kept, or drawn, into communion with them, and into schism and separation from the Christian church. They, not seeing the grand error, are easily induced to countenance the peculiarities of this Society, as being matters too trivial in themselves to need the trouble and annoyance of publicly separating from the body that holds them.

These old quaker books are still kept as sacred relics. The subtle teachers of the Society still read, and instil their doctrines. The "*Book of Rules*," and the "*Yearly Meeting Epistles*," still refer to them as being infallible, and dictated by the immediate inspiration of the Holy Ghost. The "precious testimonies" of ancient Friends are still the governing principles. The whole edifice of quakerism hangs on them, and, were the opinions of George Fox and his contemporaries ignored, the Society would fall to pieces.

Many quakers of the present day are ignorant, and some are ashamed, of these gross delusions and blasphemous doctrines, although they obstinately persevere in crediting the assumption that these men had an extraordinary commission from Heaven, and had a right to say that they were "moved of the Lord" to affix God's seal to whatever their own imaginations invented, or their folly suggested. George Fox said, "Quakers are in the power of God, and in the authority of the Lamb, above all Houses, and are upon the Throne." So it is not to be wondered at if his disciples object to descending

from so lofty a pinnacle, and becoming only Christians, humble, lowly, meek, and suppliants for mercy at the footstool of the "man approved of God," our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ of Nazareth.

Quakerism is very subdolous and delusive. George Fox did preach that Jesus Christ, of Nazareth, was the son of God, and that Christ is the Saviour of the world; also that the New Testament is the true record of his life, and worthy of all reverence and obedience. There is no doubt that he did teach these sacred truths. But he also taught, that all Christendom was in a state of dark apostasy from the christian era, until he, George Fox, arose to enlighten the whole world, in the true spiritual meaning of the gospel. George Fox asserted that he had Christ, or an inward saving light, or a holy, substantial seed in himself; which was in him, and in every quaker, as holy, as perfect, as infallible, and as complete as was Christ, when manifested in the form of the son of Mary. That Christ (as he called his inward light) manifested in George Fox, &c., &c., was as worthy of adoration, honor, and obedience, as Christ was, when veiled in the garment of mortality. That *our* Lord Jesus Christ, having said, "I and my father are one,' meant Christ the Holy Spirit, not the outward man Jesus, and that it was therefore no blasphemy for James Nayler, George Fox, or any other "weighty friend," to claim equality with God, or to appropriate to themselves or to each other, the titles of the Deity; they also, having, they think, this "seed," or "Christ," or "*vehiculum Dei*" in themselves. It was in the same way George Fox taught that Christ is the Saviour of the world; a "universal saving light within," which mediates, atones, and saves all who acknowledge its indwelling in their hearts, and who "come under" to its requiring; this is what he calls Christ the Saviour of the world. They who do not believe there is anything at all in themselves which can save their souls, independent of the blood of Christ shed on

the cross of Calvary, George Fox calls "reprobates and dark apostates."

Thus spiritualizing away the Christian's hope of glory, George Fox taught that the Scriptures, being of Christ, or the production of the inward light in Christ and his apostles, are to be reverenced and obeyed in exactly the same manner as the epistles and "given forth writings" of George Fox and his disciples are to be reverenced and obeyed. Both, he taught, were streams from the same infallible fountain: but George Fox and his 'weighty Friends,' having the fountain (Christ) in themselves, have no need to drink of the stream which has flowed from Christ. They are above and beyond the Scriptures, although they reverence the Scriptures; as they are above their own epistles, although they claim that their epistles shall be reverenced.

Quakers being, as they think, poor souls! perfect and sinless, never pray for pardon of sin, or for a Saviour's mediation, to avert the punishment due to sin. The preachers do sometimes, but very rarely, kneel in the gallery, and pray to our Heavenly Father to be preserved from sin, (not in themselves, but from the unpleasant effects of sin in others,) that the true seed may arise, &c., &c.; and then all the congregation rise, not in token of adoration of God, but as a mark of respect to the preacher, (see "*Book of Discipline*," and George Fox's "*Epistle on Rising*,") as a recognition of his or her's being a "*vehiculum Dei*," a possessor of the light within." George Fox says, in his Journal, that prayer "lies in sighs and groans, in quaking and trembling, not in words;" that Friends are sinless, for "the entail of sin was cut off" when Christ, the seed, arose in the heart; and he adds, "this it is which angers all the devils, lawyers (clergymen), and councillors, that Satan should not hold sin by entail."

Joseph John Gurney laboriously endeavored to lure the Society back from mysticism, to the pure faith. He wrote and preached it, and he succeeded in having a kind of confession

of faith inserted in the "*Book of Rules*," page 11, dated 1829. It says: "Our Society has received those important doctrines *in their plain and obvious meaning*." He knew that Friends had a natural and a non-natural meaning for their words; and he wished to guard against the non-natural interpretation of this creed. Numerous efforts have been made by others to ingraft simple christianity on the stock of quakerism, but all in vain. The root is bad, it will not produce good fruit. Like the apples of Sodom, respectability and wealth may give a gloss to the outside, but within it is only dust.

The sagacious editor of the "*British Friend*," in his review of the Life of William Allen, by the Rev. J. Sherman, remarks that no one but a member of the Society, ought to attempt to write the biography of a Friend, as none but a member is qualified to write, or capable of understanding such a subject as quakerism. Very probably "concerned Friends" will say, I am equally unfitted for my task. It is to meet such objections that I have given so much of the very words of George Fox, &c., &c. His epistles were meant for "the people of the world;" so were his books, "*News out of the North*," "*Great Mystery*," &c., &c., &c., therefore "the people of the world" ought to know the opinion this wonderful man had of them; as his disciples still hold the same, as well as from his own pen, what were the doctrines he offered them, instead of the doctrines of the Bible.

I should like, had I space, to copy several other of his epistles to priests, magistrates, &c., however, they are all in the same style. Friends often say they can explain any expression in writing of early Friends, which might be misconstrued. It is well they confess there is something which needs explanation. Yet who can credit their expressed wish to do so, whilst from the days of George Fox to the present, we find in the "*Book of Rules*," that "the Cross of Christ," is to them nothing more or less than plainness (see pp. 206, 207,) broad brimmed hat and collarless coats, drab dresses, and poke bonnets?

"If you let in the light on a nest of young owls, they immediately cry out that you have injured them," so no doubt "the concerned Friends," will again cry out against me: for I have surely endeavoured to throw a little light on the doctrines really held by Friends, and on those dark places, the meetings of ministers, elders, and overseers of the Society of Friends. They still perpetuate George Fox's doctrines—they still reverence him as an inspired and infallible apostle; and in obeying him, and upholding his "testimonies," and the numerous other "testimonies" which have sprung up amongst themselves, they contrive to keep the twenty thousand members of the Society in a state of mental thraldom and alienation from the true church of Christ, if not actually from the well-grounded hope of a glorious eternity, which is offered to those who repent, believe, and are baptized into the name and faith of the triune God.

In conclusion. The Society of Friends counts me an enemy, because I have told these things; and yet there is no enmity in my heart towards any single one of them. Wounds must be probed and cleansed, before they can be healed. Medicine, bitter though it be, must be drank, before the health can be renewed. Error must be exposed before God can be adored. My motives for writing will yet be known. The memory of some departed ones still fondly lingers, and endears to me the Society they loved and lived in: and there are individual Friends for whom I would cheerfully lay down my life, if by so doing I could win them to come from the shallows of George Fox's digging, and drink of the pure water of eternal life, flowing from him who died and rose again: to confess themselves sinners, and to bow before the Saviour. For the whole Society of Friends, my sincere desire and prayer is, that God would mercifully forgive the past, and now, for Jesus's sake, "bring into the way of truth all those who have erred, and are deceived."

POSTSCRIPT.

Since this volume was sent to the press, an interesting and important matter has been brought under general notice by the "British Friend" of 10 mo., 1852. We are there told that Dr. Ash, an acknowledged and approved minister in the Society, in Bristol, has resigned his membership, and, moreover, has even ventured to print and circulate his reasons for so doing. It appears that for some years past the false doctrines inculcated by Barclay's "Apology" have startled Dr. Ash's mind into a fear lest the Society's republishing of this heretical volume should involve him individually in the sin of promulgating it, and thereby leading souls astray. He therefore, first by private remonstrance, and afterwards by publishing a pamphlet on the subject, endeavored to prevent "the intended publication (in which every member of the Society would necessarily be implicated)" of this obnoxious work. His efforts and remonstrances were all in vain; and therefore, like an honest, straightforward, conscientious man, he separated, at the cost of much personal feeling, from religious communion with the Society.

Dr. Ash's objections to the "Apology" "embrace the several propositions on immediate revelation, the Scriptures, universal and saving light, and justification, which he more particularly disapproves of, besides his considering the six last propositions (on the ministry, on worship, baptism, the communion, the power of the civil magistrate, salutations and recreations) no means free from objection."

The Friends' periodicals, both in America, England, and Scotland, are extremely indignant at one in the station of a minister having left their body for such reasons; and whilst censuring him, they avow the Society's full and entire accordance with Barclay's "Apology;" thus afresh evincing that quakerism to day is essentially the same as it was at the beginning. The "British Friend" is annoyed that so much

notice has been taken of the act of an individual. It would have suited "the cause" better had the thing taken "the usual course"—the letter of resignation sent to the monthly meeting being quietly disposed of there, consigned to the safe keeping of the clerk's bag—and the matter forgotten; but as "undue notoriety" has been given to it, we are favored with a lengthy article under the head of "No Barclay no Friend." The "British Friend" says: "Edward Ash's protest did not deter the Meeting of Sufferings from proceeding with the new edition; and we rejoice to have thus perpetuated at such hands (the whole body of the Society, embodied in the yearly meeting of London) a faithful exposition of the primitive Christianity which our Society was raised up to revive." . . . Again, "Should the time ever come when the Society of Friends, or the great body in their collective capacity, (the yearly meeting,) shall deny and repudiate the great doctrines advocated by Robert Barclay and his coadjutors, then it may truly be said that the religious community which arose about the middle of the seventeenth century, under the ministry of George Fox and his fellow-laborers, *has become extinct.*" . . . Again, "The circumstance of one individual, or many, it matters not the number, *ceasing to accept the 'Apology' for the truth*, gives no warrant whatever for the assertion that the profession of Friends has changed." . . . . And finally, "On the part of Friends, *there must of necessity be a continued adherence to their ancient and unalterable profession, as expounded in the 'Apology' of Robert Barclay;* or it will stand against them a conspicuous and unmistakable monument of their apostasy; so that we may repeat our text, and conclude, No Barclay no Friend."

Dr. Ash's printed letter has also drawn out a reply in lithograph, signed "J. F., a Bristol Friend," which affords us another glimpse into the inner working of quakerism, and strongly confirms the facts mentioned in this volume, that double-dealing is resorted to and approved of by "weighty Friends," when they deem it expedient to keep "the world" and the uninitiated members of the Society ignorant of the true state of affairs. This faithful follower of George Fox greatly regrets Dr. Ash's secession, and argues, that because he is himself a Friend, and would not maintain that Barclay and the other quaker writers "have been entirely free from incorrect or imperfect views of divine truth," that therefore Dr. Ash might

have quieted his conscience in the same easy way, and allowed Robert Barclay's false doctrines to be spread abroad without making any fuss about it. J. F. says: "I write thus to show thee that on general principles, without entering into the special reasons pointed out by thee, I believe thou art quite right in thinking that the Society *ought not* to persist in publishing Barclay's 'Apology,' as if it officially sanctioned every sentence in that work. Nevertheless, I do not think thou art right in resigning thy membership in our Society. By so doing, it seems to me that thou hast, in the view of the observing churches and of *the world*, rendered thy disunity with some *matters of opinion* far more publicly conspicuous than thy unity with many more. To *the world* especially, and to the worldly-minded members of the church, who are but a part of the world, the disunity alone will be visible; for thou knowest *they* cannot see the unity that remains after church membership is disclaimed. Christians have to bear certain testimonies *to the world* as well as to each other. *Jesus Christ teaches us that the visible unity of Christians is to operate in inducing the world to believe.* It is, therefore, a *very* serious matter, that either churches or individuals should so exhibit disunity, as to disparage the visible character of the church of Christ." Thus, according to J. F., provided an outward conformity, or, as he calls it, "a visible unity," is maintained, a man may disseminate false doctrines, and thereby lure poor souls to destruction; or he may privately confess, and say, "I do not approve of these doctrines, or think them Scriptural," and yet be guiltless; while, under the sanction of his name, character, and influence, others spread the poison. J. F. would have Dr. Ash to continue in visible connection with Friends, that thereby *the world* might be induced to believe. To believe what? False doctrines! vital errors! And he scruples not to use the name of our adorable Redeemer as authorizing such flagrant dishonesty.

Dr. Ash believes the doctrines of most vital importance to the soul of man are not held savingly by the Society of Friends. He says, justification as taught by them, "gives a view of the subject *widely differing* from that most precious doctrine of Scripture which represents men as being justified by faith, and as hence having peace with God, and the blessed hope of everlasting life." Dr. Ash also thinks Barclay's arguments in support of Friends' doctrine of "immediate revelation

is *very far from supporting a true view*;" and he thinks Friends' views of the Holy Scriptures, are not only in themselves *highly objectionable*, but at the present time "peculiarly *dangerous*." Yet J. F. can see no impropriety in Dr. Ash continuing in "visible unity" with the Society! and thinks he was *not right* in seceding. Oh! quakerism, quakerism! thine advocate has done, unwittingly, good service to the cause of truth and righteousness, in thus showing thee as thou art, unprincipled and worldly-minded; false to thy Maker, and careless of the souls of thy children; ready to sacrifice the dearest interests of humanity for the purpose of self-aggrandizement. To swell the number of thy unhappy votaries, to maintain a schism in the Christian church, and to appear fair to *the world*, conscience may be stifled, and a man may lend the countenance of his character to the dissemination of doctrines which are equally insulting to the Redeemer, and fatal to the souls of those who hold them; which he knows to be false, and has confessed to be "vital errors."

The different characters in the Society, the two classes, those who "*accept the apology for the truth*," and those who decline taking any apology for truth, are by this interesting and instructive event put in possession of a fact which ought to influence each one of them. Any Friend who reads and obeys the Bible, accepting it as the alone rule of faith, must now see, that to be a Bible Christian involves *of necessity* a rejection of the false and heretical doctrines taught by George Fox and his contemporaries, and embodied by Robert Barclay in his "Apology." The object of my volume is greatly aided by this clear and open declaration of the double-dealing which is practised, and even approved of, by the "weighty Friends."

The conclusion of the matter, therefore, is this: that a man is not a faithful believer in Bible Christianity if he countenances or subscribes to Robert Barclay's false doctrines and vital errors; but a man is not a quaker unless he does subscribe to Barclay—therefore quakerism and Christianity are diametrically opposed to each other.

THE END.

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